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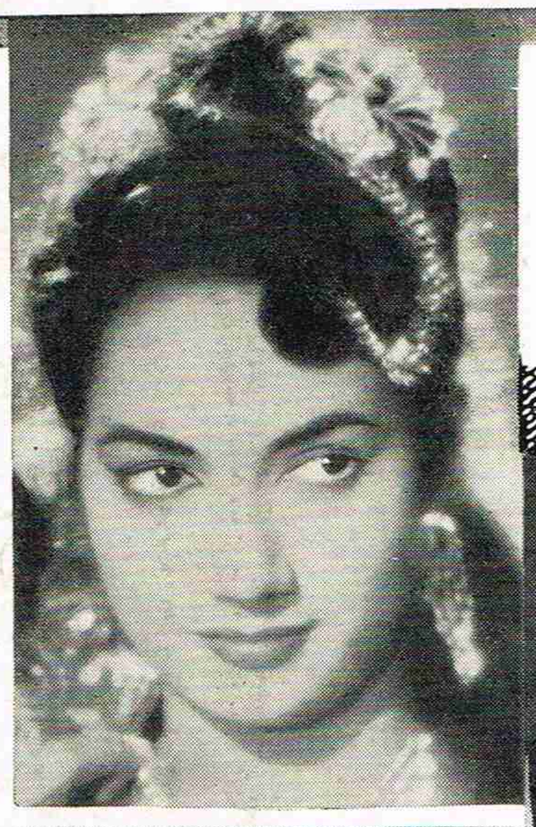

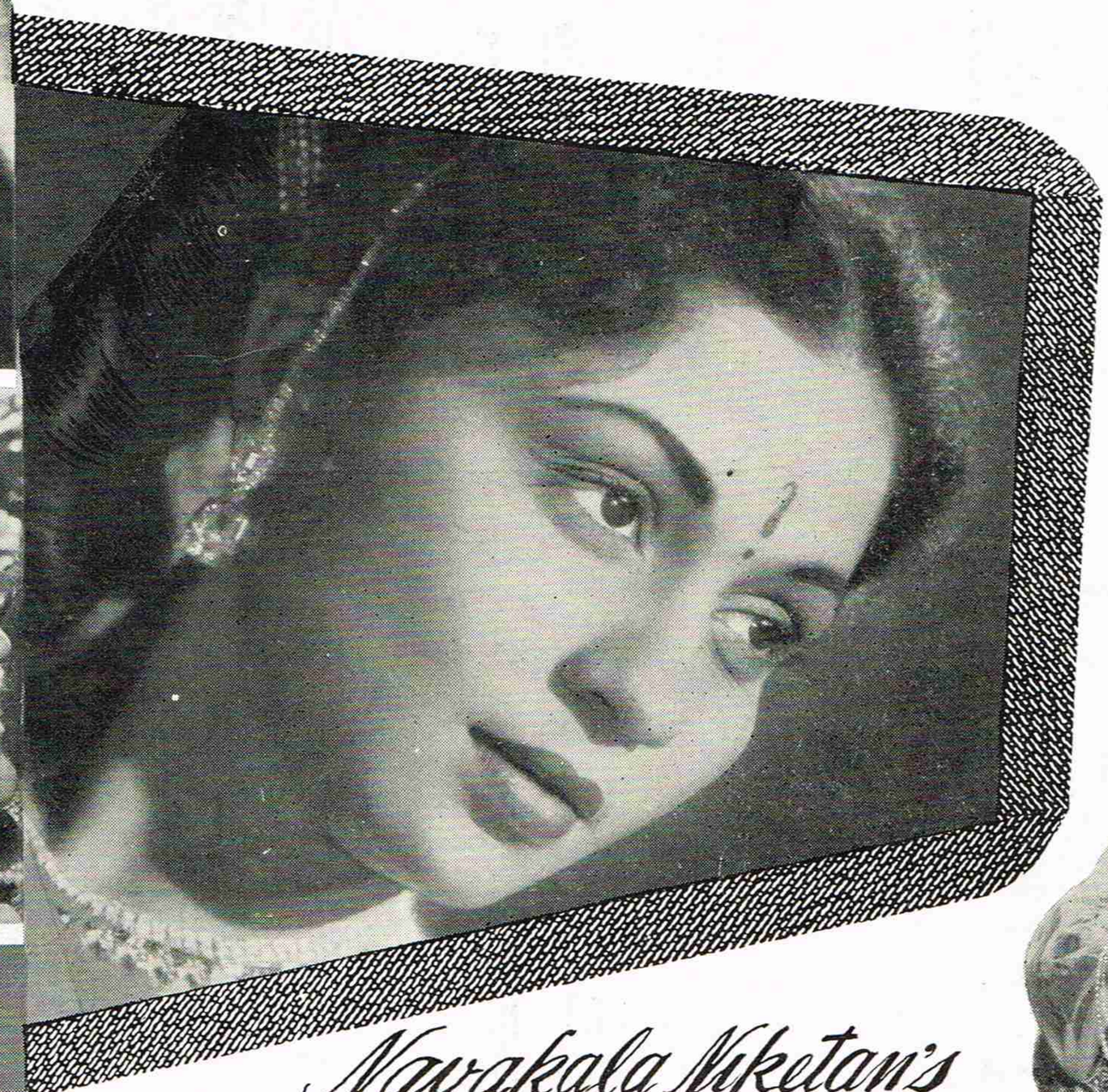

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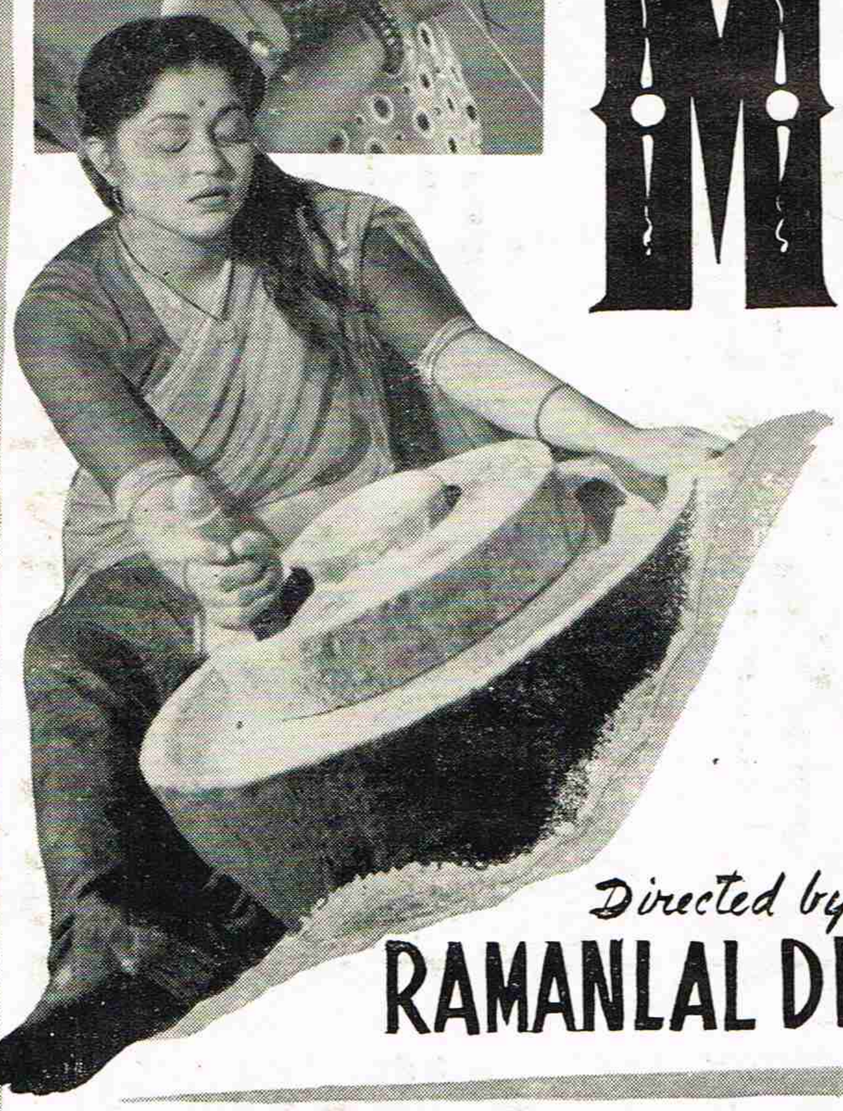

STARRING: NIRUPA ROY, SHAHU MODAK, RAJ KUMAR, KRISHNA KUMARI, INDIRA, ROOP LAXMI, KAMAL, SUNDAR, MADAN PURI, CHHOTU, S. K. PREM *WITH* ROOP KUMAR *AND* SHAKILA.

MUSIC: **N. DUTTA**

DIALOGUE: **S. K. PREM**

SONGS:
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RAMANLAL DESAI

Produced by
RAMESH VYAS

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Editor : B A B U R A O P A T E L

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Grave-diggers Of Hinduism

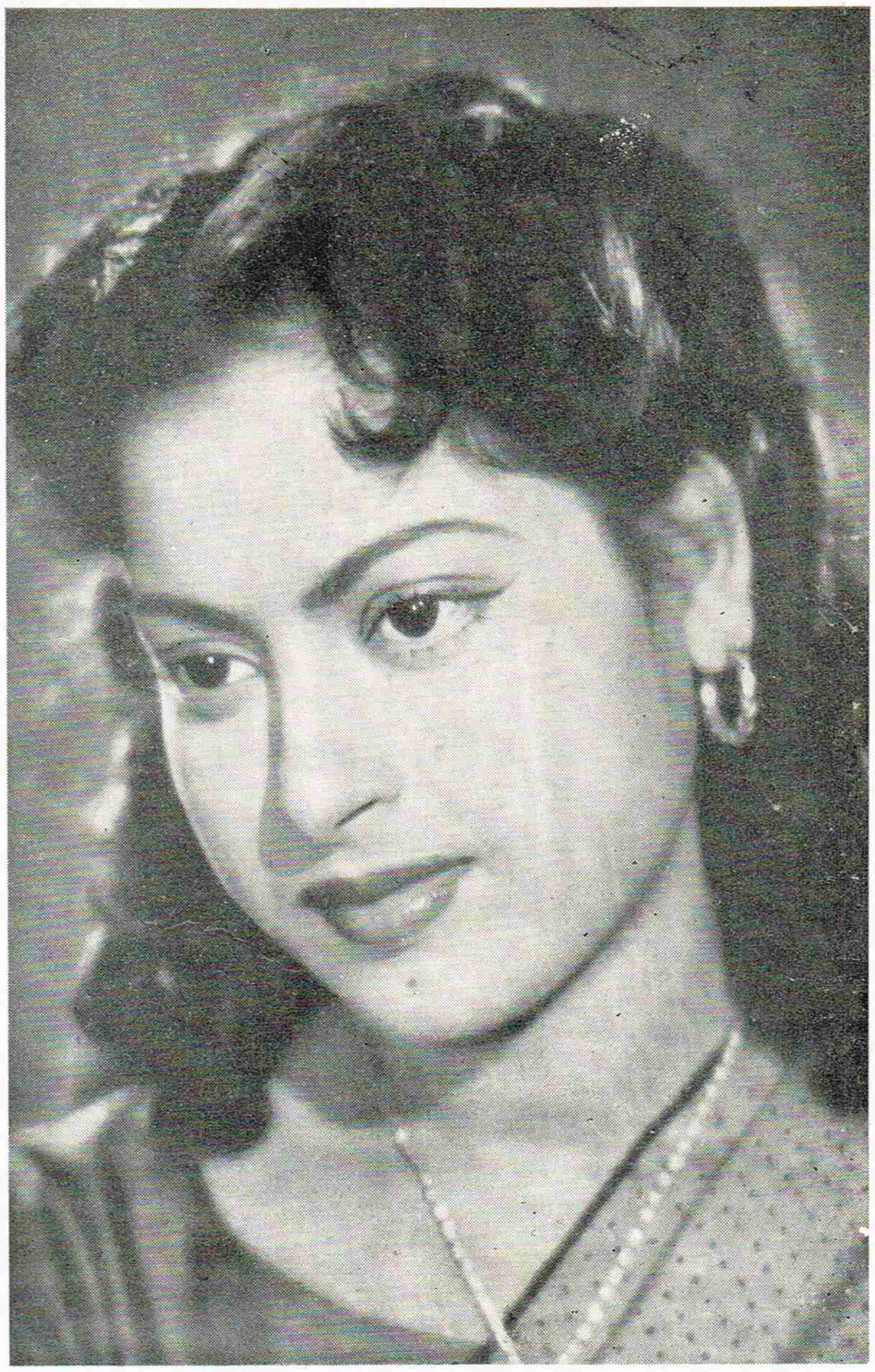
Film censoring in India is also going to take a Congress complexion of monogamy, neutrality, celibacy, divorce, Panchsheela and other doubtful virtues which are these days being rammed down the throats of people without their consent.

The Central Board of Film Censors has now decided to apply rules and standards governing the censorship of modern social themes to mythological films and has asked the Indian producers, particularly the South Indian ones, "not to glorify or sanctify social usages, customary practices or other actions which according to modern standards of social behaviour in India are considered sinful or criminal".

This fiat raises several new issues. Firstly, what are the modern standards of social behaviour in India which are not sinful or criminal? Secondly, can we take liberties with the lives and legends of our mythology which is essentially a colourful record of our social, cultural and religious history through the ages and which has created sacred and idealistic altars of worship for millions of people through thousands of years? Thirdly, can we deny to the film producers their constitutional right of freedom of expression under Article 19(a) of our Constitution by imposing illegal, unreasonable and improper restrictions on their right of expression which restrictions in their turn again deny to the producers their fundamental freedom to practise any profession, or to carry on any occupation, trade or business under Article 19(g) of our Constitution?

Let us now analyse the issues one by one. What are the modern standards of social behaviour which are considered sinful or criminal in present day India?

According to the new marriage laws fabricated by our Congressmen, it is a social crime to take a second legal wife to bed. And yet we find thousands of khadi-wrapped Congressmen virtually living in brothels in the sinful and illicit embrace of cheap prostitutes turning the dark hours of nature's rest into Arabian nights of human vice and crime. This cheap and irreverent approach to our womanhood is seen not only in the rank and file of our Congress but also in their top leadership. The recent decision of our Congressmen to elect 15% women to our legislatures on the Congress ticket is, we are told, partly a compensation for personal services rendered by some of the female candidates to top line Congressmen. It is not exactly a state secret that several Congress ministers have patronized certain married women and as a result of this patronage the fortunes of their husbands have suddenly assumed rainbow hues. We personally know of one of our top-line Congress ministers taking intimate secular interest in a peculiar non-Hindu home and adding to the secular population of the country while the woman's husband, a lawyer, stands outside his wife's bedroom with a towel in hand to collect the harvest of a sudden boom in his professional practice. This is a very common



There is a good aim in those eyes, a deep design and a glint of ruthlessness. All women are ruthless designers, even if they don't show it, until they have trapped a man. And to be effective hunters women can do anything. Amazons used to do away with one of nature's twin gifts to them in order to aim at their prey better. Let us see what all Anita Guha does to trap her man in "Dekh Kabira Roya", a romantic comedy produced and directed by Amiya Chakravarty.

practice, particularly in the department that deals with foreign appointments and international travel. Is this behaviour, as prescribed by some of the top Congressmen, the standard of social behaviour we are expected to observe?

And if this Congressmen's prescription of a single-wife-and-several-mistresses is to be used as the yardstick of judging the standard of social behaviour in ancient days, how can we dispose of the 16,000 legal wives which Lord Krishna is reported to have had? Leave alone his bedroom regiment of 16,000, Lord Krishna would be denied even Satyabhama, his second wife, under the present Congress regime of monogamy. And without her half the drama of this great warrior's romantic life would be

The altar is ahead and maidenhood is shortly to be left behind. The phase of life to which she is bidding farewell was a rainbow-coloured season of sweet dreams and the phase she is now entering is full of mysteries to her. That is why she is looking hesitant. Women like to explore all the regions of life but they always tremble on the threshold once. That is their nature. Meena Kumari, of course, knows all a bout post-maidenhood but she acts convincingly in "Miss Mary" a romantic comedy produced by AVM.

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lost to the world. Perhaps, we could put a white cap on Lord Krishna's sacred head and in a minute turn all his wives, except the first one, into "deshsevikas" of those days. That would at once qualify Lord Krishna for a Congress ministership and make his milkmaids eligible for our legislatures and foreign services.

Let us examine the other Congress standards of social behaviour which are not considered sinful or criminal.

By what particular standard of morality or efficiency can Pandit Nehru, the Prime Minister, justify the continuous employment of his own sister, Vijayalakshmi Pandit, in foreign service to enjoy the best plums of office? And this act of family favouritism comes home to brood as a national tragedy when we realize the mess this woman has made of our relations with Britain over the Suez and Kashmir problems. Don't we have thousands of men and hundreds of women better suited and better qualified than Pandit Nehru's sister? Couldn't Pandit Nehru, of all people, set an exemplary standard of social and public behaviour by keeping at least the members of his own family out of the scramble for the loaves and fishes of office?

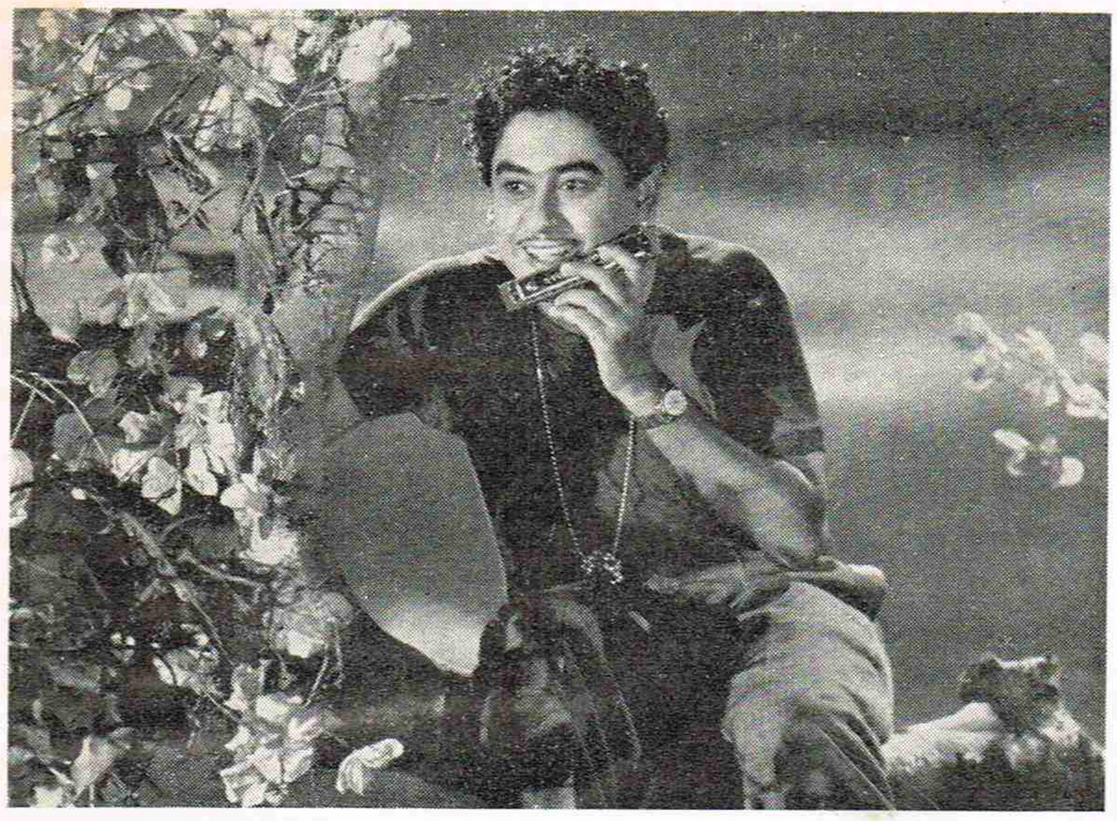
What was that particular standard of social behaviour and public morality which inspired Prime Minister Nehru's Defence Minister Katju to state in Parliament, "The Government does not propose to inquire further into the jeep or other defence purchases made in London seven years ago" and in saying this bury disgracefully an 18-lakh worth of jeep scandal which brought Pandit Nehru's favourite, Krishna Menon, into lurid limelight?

And what was the particular standard of moral and social behaviour which goaded Chief Minister Morarji Desai, the second Congress "mahatma", to pay a delayed dowry of Rs. 50 lakhs packed in tubewells to the son-in-law of K.M. Munshi, the Congress Governor of Uttar Pradesh?

Such examples of "modern standards of social behaviour which are not considered sinful or criminal" by Congressmen are almost endless. From the stolen minute of illicit sex in a brothel to the 10-crore fraud at the Bhakra-Nangal Project, there are thousands of eloquent examples of modern Congress standards of social behaviour which will make even the Kansas and Ravanas of old blush with shame. The fabled villains of Hindu mythology were green amateurs in sin and crime in comparison with the present-day hypocritical heroes of the Congress pantheon.

Which is then the yardstick by which the Central Board of Film Censors is going to measure and establish "modern standards of social behaviour"? If behaviour of our Congress rulers is to be the measure of social behaviour then the common yardstick will be too small an instrument to survey miles and miles of fraud, corruption, favouritism and nepotism in Congress India.

It is thus patently wrong for the Central Board of Film Censors to struggle to achieve "modern standards of social behaviour". They would, therefore, do well to confine their ambitions to "decent standards of social behaviour" because the phrase, "modern standards" brings our Congressmen into the picture and makes the



Love is a great driving force. It impels a man to do all sorts of jumps and climbs in life. Kishore Kumar has evidently received an extra strong current to land that high in "Aasha", a thrilling entertainer produced and directed by M. V. Raman.

practice of virtue a very hazardous occupation. It is easier to define decent standards because decency has a definition and history as old as Hinduism and some of the rarest examples of decency in human behaviour are found in the two immortal epics of the Hindus—the Ramayana and the Mahabharata—the mythology which Congress censors are now seeking to twist and turn and cover with their own white shroud of modern Congress standards of social behaviour.

This proposed vandalism brings us to the second question whether "modern" Congress liberties can be taken with the lives and legends of our mythology which is primarily a record of our social, cultural and religious history through the ages?

If the censors were to blame our film producers for distorting the tales and legends of our mythology and presenting its gods and heroes on the screen in such poor and frivolous a manner as to excite pity and ridicule for them, we would be with the censors all the way. We have often condemned our film producers for caricaturing our gods on the screen and presenting to the people miracles and monsters which neither define true Hinduism nor contribute to the devotional life of the people.

Very rarely have our producers captured the spiritual essence and beauty of our mythological scriptures to the study of which the great German scholar, Max Muller, dedicated his whole life. But whenever they have done so, as was seen in some pictures produced by the late Mr. Phalke, V. Shantaram, R.G. Torney, S.S. Vasan and a few others, the Indian screen has brought new spiritual beauty and devotional warmth into the lives of millions of people. But these rare exceptions apart, the Indian screen has mostly murdered our gods, destroyed our altars and turned our glorious mythology into an unenviable record of miracles and monsters. If, therefore, the censors would insist on Hindu mythology being translated to the screen in beautiful symbols and in cultural portrayals in keeping with our traditions, we would support them whole-heartedly and even insist on banning those pictures which abuse and outrage our unique spiritual treasure merely for the purposes of commercial exploitation.

But when the Film Censors ask film producers, "not to glorify or sanctify social usages, customary practices or other actions which according to modern standards of social behaviour in India are considered sinful or criminal", they seek to root out an ancient culture and tradition and in its place sow seeds of proverbial Congress virtues which will soon make our people look like bastards in their own homes.

Through ages the Hindu marriage laws have revolved round the sanctity of a woman's person. The Hindu woman marries one man and prays to get the same husband through seven births. Whether she gets the same man or not, her sentiment has a lofty sanctity which is not found in any other religion or society of the world. It is this sanctity of our marriage tie which has kept the Hindu religious and community life intact through the

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He has made a proposition and is waiting for her reply with bated breath. Villains have no patience. They are always in a hurry because they have a date with their deserts. See Vyjayantimala and Pran bringing suspense to the screen in "Aasha", an exciting tale produced and directed by M. V. Raman.

vicissitudes of our long history. Even the fanatic Moghul invaders, who ruled the country for centuries, could not break through the spiritual defence of Hinduism and had to be satisfied by converting only the lowest classes among the Hindus.

Is this seven-birth marital tie between man and woman to be condemned because our Congressmen have now passed a Hindu Divorce Act? If our film producers continue to propagate and promote the Hindu woman's proverbial loyalty to her husband through seven births whatever the torture and vicissitudes she may go through, will the producers be declared guilty of preaching a social attitude contrary to the "modern standards of social behaviour"? Is it necessary that because our Gandhian Congressmen have enacted a modern streamlined divorce law, our film producers should encourage husbands to lift their wives from their own beds and throw them into other beds merely to supply some grist to the Congress divorce mill?

The myths and legends of all nations are based on certain social and historical truths. While the Ramayana inspires the ideal of man's devotion to a single wife, as seen in the inimitable personal life of Ramchandra, the Mahabharata reveals its heroes as having more wives than one and Draupadi having five husbands. This one single fact of Draupadi having five husbands, reflecting the polyandrous state of society in those days, proves the historical base of the Mahabharata. The writer did not make an attempt to hide this aspect of the life of the heroine of the Mahabharata but has, on the other hand, raised her story to a level of sex-relationship between man and woman. Draupadi was a historical figure which influenced the writer and the writer could not escape her by introducing fictional character with imaginary virtues. It is this type of factual material which makes our mythology a record of history.

Now, how is a film producer to produce the life of Draupadi showing her five husbands and yet "not glorify customary practices which according to modern standards of social behaviour in India are considered sinful or criminal"? According to the Congress laws, it is adultery for a woman to have five legal husbands even though some Congress "deshsevikas" have as many as a dozen paramours to promote Nehru's "socialistic pattern of society".

Rightly or wrongly, and we do not desire to sit in judgement over our religious tradition, millions and millions of our people worship Draupadi as a sati and would like to see her lifestory glorified on the screen. But with the new fiat of the Central Board of Film Censors, how can any producer take the risk of portraying Draupadi's life truthfully on the screen by putting five husbands into her bed? That would be at once "sinful and criminal" according to modern Congress standards. And Draupadi, not being a Congresswoman, was honest enough to claim her five husbands all at once in broad daylight and not use them one by one—without one knowing about the other—as our modern Congresswomen do. The film producer thus cannot escape from the sheer honesty of Draupadi's life if he is at all to stick to the social and political history of those days. But can he risk Draupadi's lifestory with the new censor fiat?

This is a political game—pure and simple. Congressmen have come to realize that orthodox and traditional Hinduism is the only force that challenges the secular supremacy of Congress rule in India. They have also realized that unless this Hinduism is completely destroyed in India, their "welfare" dream of a "socialistic pattern of society" cannot come true. Hinduism is the main obstacle in Nehru's race towards Communism. It is therefore natural that Nehru should want Hinduism to be obliterated. That is why, with or without any reason, he condemns the Hindu political parties as communal, conveniently forgetting the glaring logic of politics that only that party becomes communal in sheer self-defence which is small in number and minor in political status. The 32-crore Hindus of India do not have to be communal in their own country. By the very virtue of their numbers, the Hindus can afford to be at once generous and indifferent to narrow and bigoted communal ambitions.

But Nehru and his cunning Congressmen have no use for reason or intelligent argument. They have a fixed purpose in view and that is to destroy traditional and cultural Hinduism so as to lend caste to foreign and perfidious elements in our country and with their help prepare the country for the establishment of Communism under the mild and misleading label of "socialistic pattern of society". Our people have not yet come to realize that Nehru is an agent of international Communism and that he condemns the local Communists only when they chal-

lenge his leadership. To Nehru his leadership is a religion greater than even Communism.

It is with this political motive that the Congress film censors are seeking to destroy our cultural and traditional Hinduism by imposing illegal restrictions on the portrayal of our mythological stories. They feel that once the Hindu gods of mythology are destroyed, secular deities of the Congress can be installed on the vacant altars. It was this monstrous ambition which made certain Congress supporters demand from several idol-makers in Bombay idols of Ganapati with a Gandhi cap on his head. Hundreds of Ganapati idols with Gandhi caps were paraded through the streets of Bombay during the last Ganapati celebrations. When these Congress knaves can even defile and distort one of our most sacred images of god in this manner, nothing can be beyond them. They grudge us our gods, they grudge us our religion, they grudge us our culture, they grudge us our traditions and they grudge us even our spiritual heritage. They want to destroy everything that is Hindu under the handy excuse of being secular. Secularity, however, means non-interference by the State in the personal religion of the citizen. But count the laws which have been made to destroy Hindu life. The new fiat of the Congress Film Censors takes this fell purpose a step further by controlling a powerful medium like the film with its triple appeal to the human eye, ear and heart.

Film producers, however, can challenge this fiat on constitutional grounds. Film production is a factual expression of art and thought, just as any writing or speech is and is therefore protected by Article 19(a) of our Constitution which guarantees freedom of speech and expression except in the case of any matter which offends against decency or morality. In our mythological tales there is never anything that is indecent or immoral. All our mythological tales have a better moral than the doubtful exploits of our Congressmen. Producers, therefore, can challenge this restriction under Article 19(a) and win their case.

The fiat by the Congress Censors also clashes against another fundamental right of the citizen. Film production is a business with its inherent right of freedom of expression as its main asset and foundation. Article 19(g) of our Constitution guarantees the right to practise any profession, or to carry on any occupation, trade or business subject only to reasonable restrictions in the interests of the general public.

Now, a mythological story based usually on a religious sentiment produced with its inherent historical and traditional accuracy, does not in any way whatsoever affect the interests of the general public. But the fiat of the Congress Censors will directly interfere with the fundamental freedom of the producer to carry on his business.

It is high time, therefore, that our producers woke up to the menace that is slowly but surely creeping towards them and challenged this seemingly innocent censor fiat on constitutional grounds, otherwise what little freedom of expression they have today will also be lost.

And let our producers always remember that Nehru, the demigod of the Congress demons, is but an agent of international Communism and is rushing our country to a godless state.

Gwalior, Baburao Patel.
17-2-1957.

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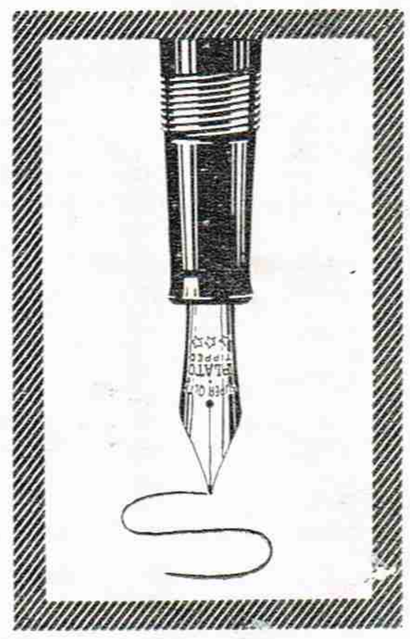

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(In this section, the editor himself replies to queries from the readers. As thousands of letters are received every month—some anxious and several frivolous—it is neither possible nor convenient to attend to all. Selected letters are usually treated in an informative and humorous strain and no offence is meant to anyone.)

T. A. RAMANATHAN (Calcutta)

If Nehru runs away to Himalayas?

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T. T. Krishnamachari & Co. No "Private Ltd", Sir?

That saves the expense of an auditor and a fixed starting point in taxation.

Why do you admire Israelites?

Israel is a small conscience of a long history of crime and persecution. I like the Israelites because they are bravely fighting back the menacing Arabs. I think the Sinai Peninsula should be given to Israel to give to the Suez waterway a more international look and a greater stability.

Like Nehru, why don't you also have a short stick in your hand?

Where am I to get the people to beat?

Is S. K. Patil good at practising hypocrisy?

Good? Patil can write a masterly treatise on the art.

Will Sohrab Modi give us any more great historicals?

Hystericals, you mean? What has poor Sohrab to do with history?

Nalini Jaywant looks bored!

All divorced women have that look.

THOSE FIVE CIGARETTES MEAN FIVE PROPOSALS FROM RATS. DO YOU KNOW HOW BORED I AM?
NO, I DON'T! I AM NOT MARRIED YOU KNOW! EVERYONE TELLS ME MARRIAGE IS A BORING JOB

If someone presents Baburao Patel with 21 lakhs?

I will transfer 'filmindia' to you.

If Acharya Kripalani beats his wife Sucheta?

Nehru will use the Preventive Detention Act on that old Sindhi.

Why do producers keep K. N. Singh's money in their pocket?

Singh is a waster and producers get a social conscience where Singh's money is concerned.

What is your high regard for your new Chief Minister Chavan due to?

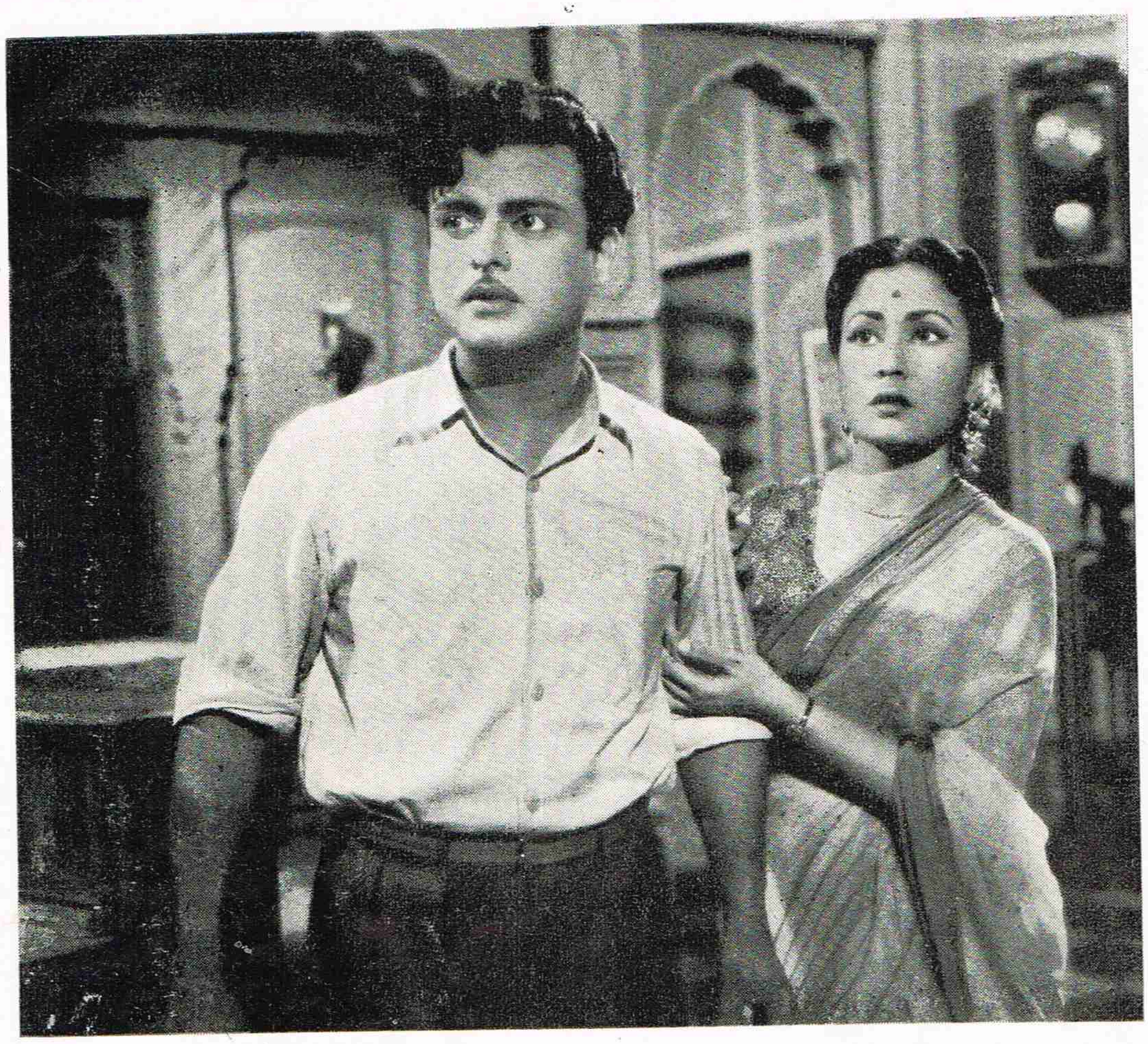
He has just begun a big job. Let us all give him a good start till he disappoints us. Opportunity is the very essence of democracy.

Is A. R. Kardar charitable?

Charity begins after debts are paid.

Does Iris remember you?

She cannot forget me. Iris is a good and warm-hearted girl. She always remembers her friends.



The trouble—whatever it is—seems to have arrived and the lovers are tense. Lovers have always had to surmount many an obstacle before climbing a common bed. Let us find out what trouble Ganesh and Meena Kumari face in this situation in "Miss Mary", a potential box-office hit produced by AVM.

Why does Salebhoy now admire S. K. Patil?

Pat. must have promised to become a Muslim if Nehru refuses to take Patil into the Cabinet this time.

What do you specially like in Vyjayantimala?

Isn't she great in parts?

Who looks after Rao Saheb Parker?

Producer Hiten Chaudhary claims to be Parker's godfather and guardian.

What is Bombay's greatest municipal problem?

To clean the Corporation Hall after a meeting of the Corporators.

What is Jayashree doing?

Divorced in a hurry and repenting at leisure.

What is Nehru's attitude towards prayer?

Nehru says he is not a religious man. I guess he stands before the mirror and prays to himself.

A local library has increased its membership by introducing "filmindia"?

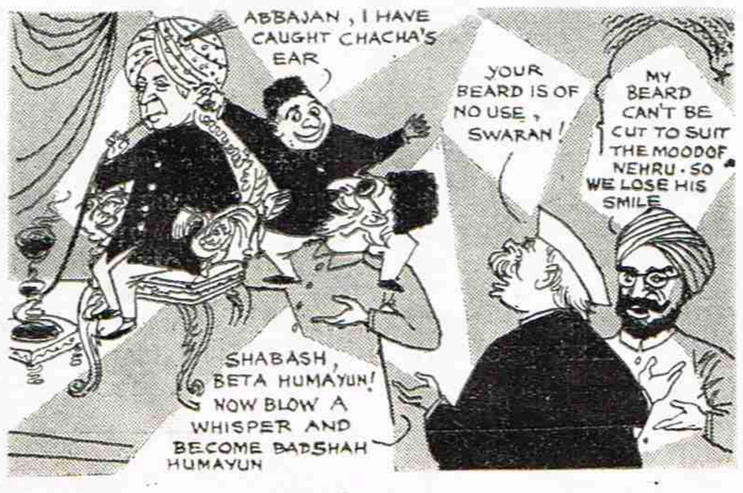
I know a library which takes fourteen copies and deprives me of a sale of at least a thousand copies every month.

How to count the R.S.S. boys?

You need Xray eyes to spot the R.S.S. boys. They are unusual boys inside usual ones.

What is Humayun Kabir's achievement?

Sitting on Maulana's shoulder he has caught Nehru's ear.


ABBAJAN, I HAVE CAUGHT CHACHA'S EAR
YOUR BEARD IS OF NO USE, SWARAN!
MY BEARD CAN'T BE CUT TO SUIT THE MOODOF NEHRU · SO WE LOSE HIS SMILE
SHABASH, BETA HUMAYUN! NOW BLOW A WHISPER AND BECOME BADSHAH HUMAYUN

What do you admire in the American character?

America is too young a nation yet to have a distinctive racial character. It has, however, a national complexion of democracy.

EBENEZER S. SOANS (Calcutta)

Have you ever seen Jesus?

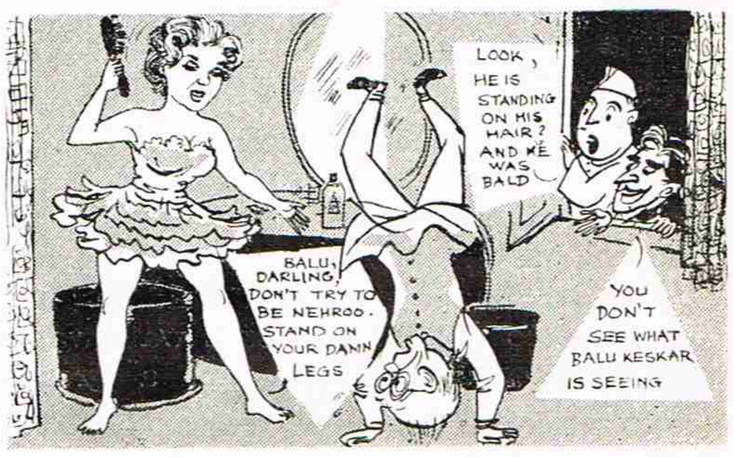
I search for Him in the garb of Lord Shiva. I'll meet Him one day. I have never been denied things which I have badly wanted.

If Goharbai is kidnapped?

The kidnapper will have to start a Turkish Bath to keep the old girl in shape.

If Marilyn Monroe winks at Balu Keskar?

Balu's bald head will grow hair.


LOOK, HE IS STANDING ON HIS HAIR? AND HE WAS BALD
BALU, DARLING, DON'T TRY TO BE NEHROO. STAND ON YOUR DAMN LEGS
YOU DON'T SEE WHAT BALU KESKAR IS SEEING

What is this "Pakeeza"?

That is Kamal Amrohi's attempt to rehabilitate Meena Kumari's maidenhood.

Does Morarji Desai like dark women?

Morarji did not leave Bulsar to meet dark women.

If prostitutes begin to love?

They begin to pay supertax on invisible income.

T. C. THAKER (Ahmedabad)

If Kamla Nehru comes to life again?

She won't recognize her husband. The man she married has become a Congress monster.

Asses may eat dirty papers but they won't touch a white cap.

They wear it.

What made Nehru visit America all of a sudden?

His second Five-Year Plan needs money. What the Russians promise, the Americans pay.

What did Gandhiji leave for his son Devdas?

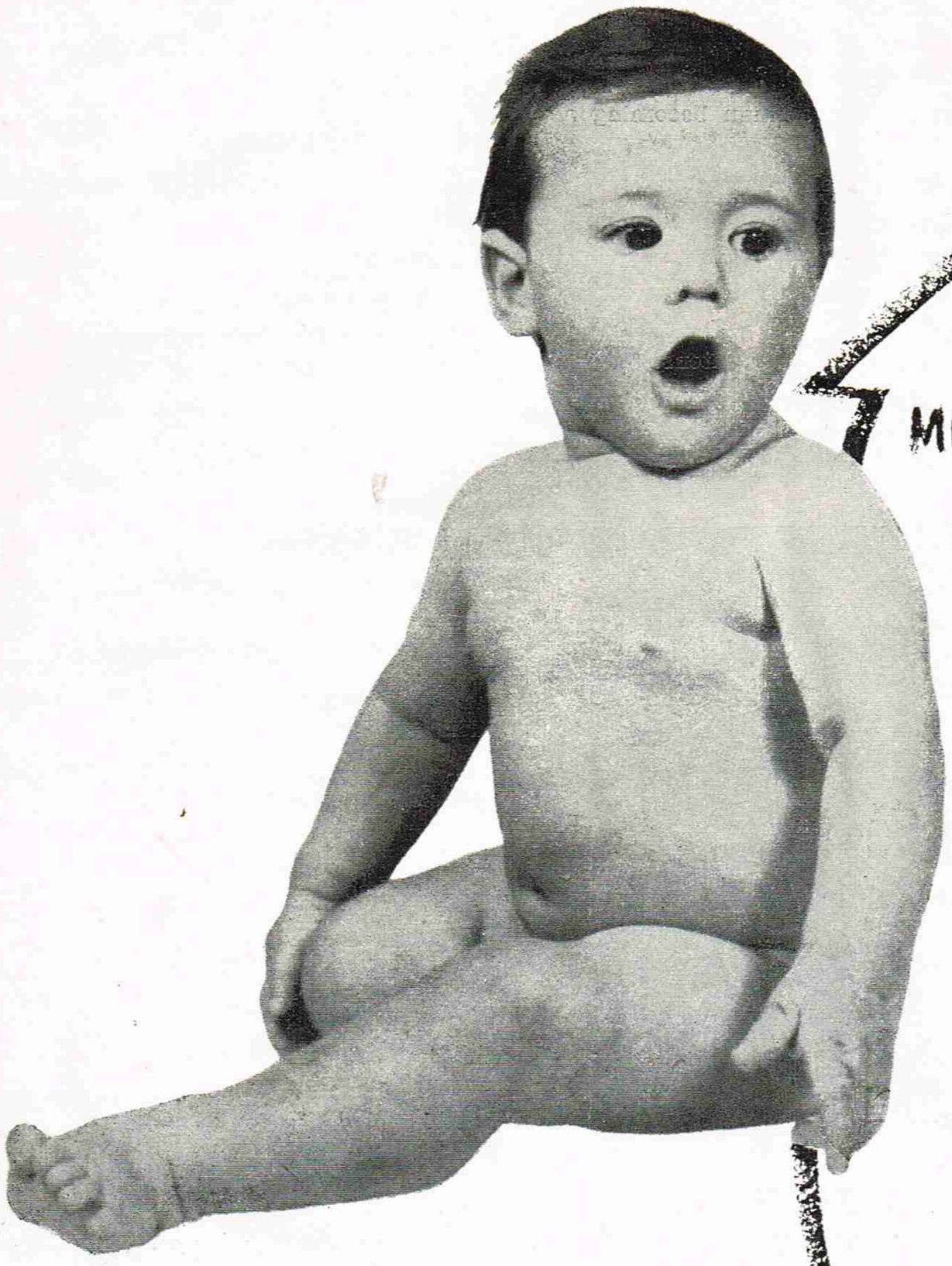
Birla and 'Hindustan Times'.

Is it advisable to quit Congress?

The Congress has killed democracy. Unless people form an Opposition, there will be no democracy in our country.

What is the present age of Rajkumari Amrit Kaur?

A woman is as old as she looks, they say. Rajkumari looks 150 years old.



CAREFUL!
MIND YOU DON'T SPILL ANY!

I've heard it's no use crying over spilled milk ! But if there's any chance of my missing a drop of my delicious Glaxo, then I feel I'm justified in letting out a shout. Apart from this, you'll never hear a murmur from me. Just as long as I go on getting my Glaxo regularly, I'm a model of perfection, like every Glaxo Baby.

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INVALIDS AND GENERAL ADULT USES.
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R. 68

That is a tale of youth and curves and it is called Shakila. See it vibrating in "Mohini" produced by Navkala Niketan.

Dr. Ambedkar embraced Buddhism and attained Nirvan immediately. Wonder?

Sounds as easy as the Islamic Paradise. Doesn't it?

MISS M. KASHINATH (Thana)

Are our hospitals improving?

No. Less people are coming out alive.

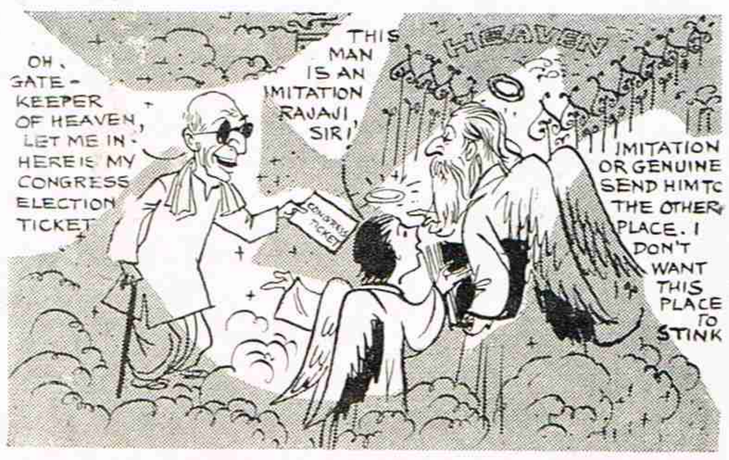
Miss Indumati Chimanlal seems to be a sensible lady?

Yes, she didn't allow any man to mess up her "Miss".

K. LAKSHMI (Madras)

Why are even the dead bodies of Congressmen wrapped in tricolour cloth?

So that they may not land in heaven by mistake.


OH, GATE-KEEPER OF HEAVEN, LET ME IN. HERE IS MY CONGRESS ELECTION TICKET
THIS MAN IS AN IMITATION RAJAJI SIR!
HEAVEN
IMITATION OR GENUINE SEND HIM TO THE OTHER PLACE. I DON'T WANT THIS PLACE TO STINK

Was Matunga better before the Madrasis settled there?

Madrasis are a cleaner people than the so-called Bombaywallahs. Matunga started smelling after the Punjabis landed there.

Seen a man biting a dog?

I have seen a Congressman becoming a minister.

If ministers write their confessions?

That will be writing the bank accounts of their sons and sons-in-law.

Why are your enemies afraid of meeting you face to face?

Truth has a face that frightens.

Why doesn't the Congress prohibit brothels?

And lose so many election offices?

Kishore Kumar plays another merry, musical role in Mehtab Films' "Kabhi Andhera Kabhi Ujala".

AMULZ HASNANI (Amreli)

Can you imagine the face of a prostitute in her cage facing a Pathan customer?

Prostitutes respect money not men. They know that the biggest Pathan becomes a mere mouse in a woman's bed.

C. V. WASUDEV (Bombay)

They say things are cheap in Pakistan?

Yes, virtue goes begging with no buyers.

Does a modern choli tickle you?

Not me! I have been in Eden more than thirty years.

No Bharat Ratna for Mahalanobis?

He will get it. Let the second Five-Year Plan fail.

Is not Income Tax Officer Jadhav a lucky guy?

Yes, he escaped into retirement.

Do you admire K. A. Abbas?

Very much! He knows how to take the maximum out of Indian artistes with minimum payment.

I dreamt that you embraced Islam!

That is one way of becoming a Congress minister.

MRS. V. RAMANATHAN (Calcutta)

How do you appreciate Kamini Kaushal's dance?

I like the dance she gives her husband.

We have no open-air theatre?

I thought Dr. Roy had turned the whole of Calcutta into an open-air theatre.

Has Vankudre Shantaram begun to look for sympathy and generosity?

When a man makes profits, he looks for a salute.

How to wear the Gandhi cap?

It fits well if you empty the head of all character and self-respect.

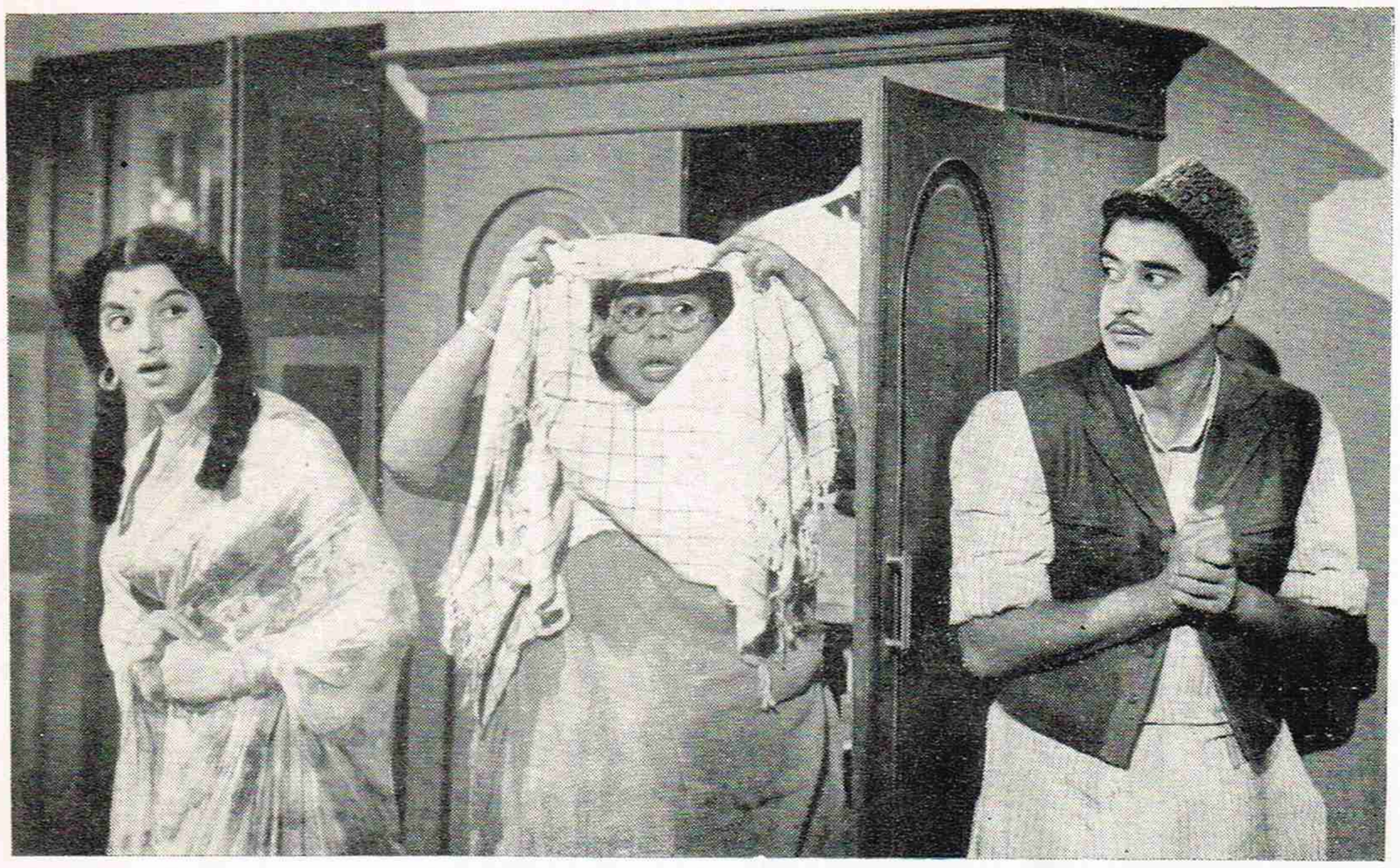
Is yours a spiritual film industry?

Yes, it is completely run on illicit liquor.

They say Nargis is half-mad?

I suppose all people who nurse a wrong passion are half-mad.

The sail has been hoisted and the boat is ready to move. But without a rudder a boat only drifts at the whims of the wind. Let us hope there is someone to steer pretty Padmini to a happy shore in "Payal", a colourful entertainer produced by Madras Talkies.



Obesity, a physical disorder, is an exceedingly popular source of humour in our films even in these enlightened times and we meet Tuntun, a gentle woman of great proportions, in every second picture we see. We don't grudge her her living but we do pity the sense of humour of our producers who thrust her on the screen solely to provoke laugh in crude, illiterate picturegoers by making her shake the maunds of meat she carries. Let us hope she has an interesting character to portray between Chitra and Kishore Kumar in "Kabhi Andhera Kabhi Ujala", a social tale produced by Mehtab Films.

What is wrong with an average Maharashtrian?

He has no interest in the rest of the world.

Are actresses ever sincere in their remarks about their husbands?

Very rarely! Most of the star-husbands are only meter-readers.

What is charming in Kamini Kaushal?

That is for the microscope to say.

Is Dr. Kathju imaginative?

Deaf people use their ears to fill their lives with imagination.

EH, YOU DEAF DUFFER, I AM GOING TO MAKE YOU CHIEF MINISTER OF MADHYA PRADESH
THANK YOU, SIR, BUT YOU ARE LIVING STILL - HOW CAN I BECOME PRIME MINISTER?
NOT PRIME MINISTER, ONLY CHIEF MINISTER.

B. BENIWAL (Jodhpur)

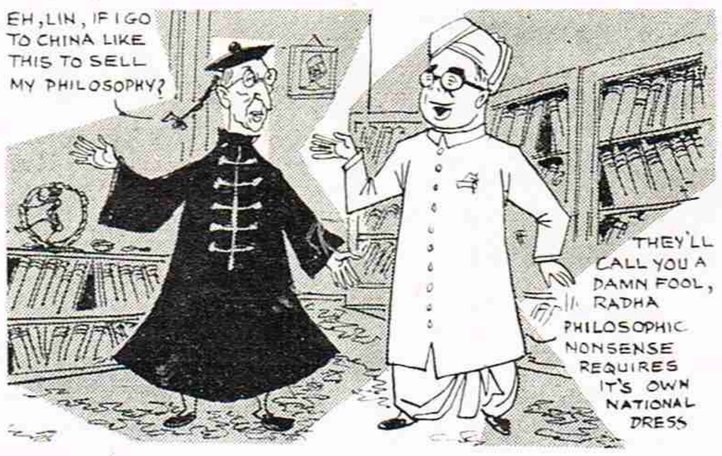
If I also start practising the Juma-Juma formula of taking bath?

Jodhpur will cease to be a tourist attraction.

PREM C. SINHA (Arrah)

What have you to comment on Lin Yutang's writings?

Lin Yutang is the Sino-American edition of our Radhakrishnan. They sell old canned wisdom.


EH, LIN, IF I GO TO CHINA LIKE THIS TO SELL MY PHILOSOPHY?
THEY'LL CALL YOU A DAMN FOOL, RADHA
PHILOSOPHIC NONSENSE REQUIRES IT'S OWN NATIONAL DRESS

P. S. GOEL (Meerut)

What are the uses of lipstick?

It gives the kiss a shadow.

Has a non-earning husband a right to taste his wife's honey?

Honey? Our star-husbands often run away with the whole beehive.

Do you remember your childhood?

There is nothing in it to remember except the smoke of my mother's pyre. A step-child has no nursery tales to tell.

Describe the story of the Indian woman?

She used to be a father-husband-son woman once but now she is a Congress-woman with father, husband and son as optional subjects.

Burma is a neighbour and friend of ours?

That is what we think but a poor neighbour is a dangerous friend.

E. V. CHHAPWALEY (Uran)

What if Suraiya starts winking?

She has been winking like a fire-fly for years without lighting up any heart.

If Morarji Desai takes an overdose of sleeping pills?

I hate such rash optimism.

PREM C. SINHA (Arrah)

How can one swallow blatant lies in a country which owes much to that apostle of truth called Gandhiji?

The same way as Indian Airlines Corporation expect their passengers to swallow boiled eggs without salt.

Is the soul of Stalin in peace?

Didn't they say the Requiem Mass for him in Hungary?

Has Birla contributed to our prosperity?

WHEN NERVES ARE LOST ALL IS LOST

* SUDDEN SHOCK
* MISFORTUNE
* WORRY
* OVERWORK
* CHRONIC INDIGESTION

are common causes of **NERVOUS DEBILITY**

* FORGETFULNESS
* FEAR COMPLEX
* DELUSIONS
* THOUGHTS OF SUICIDE
* HALLUCINATIONS

are its terrible consequence

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NERVOUS DEBILITY

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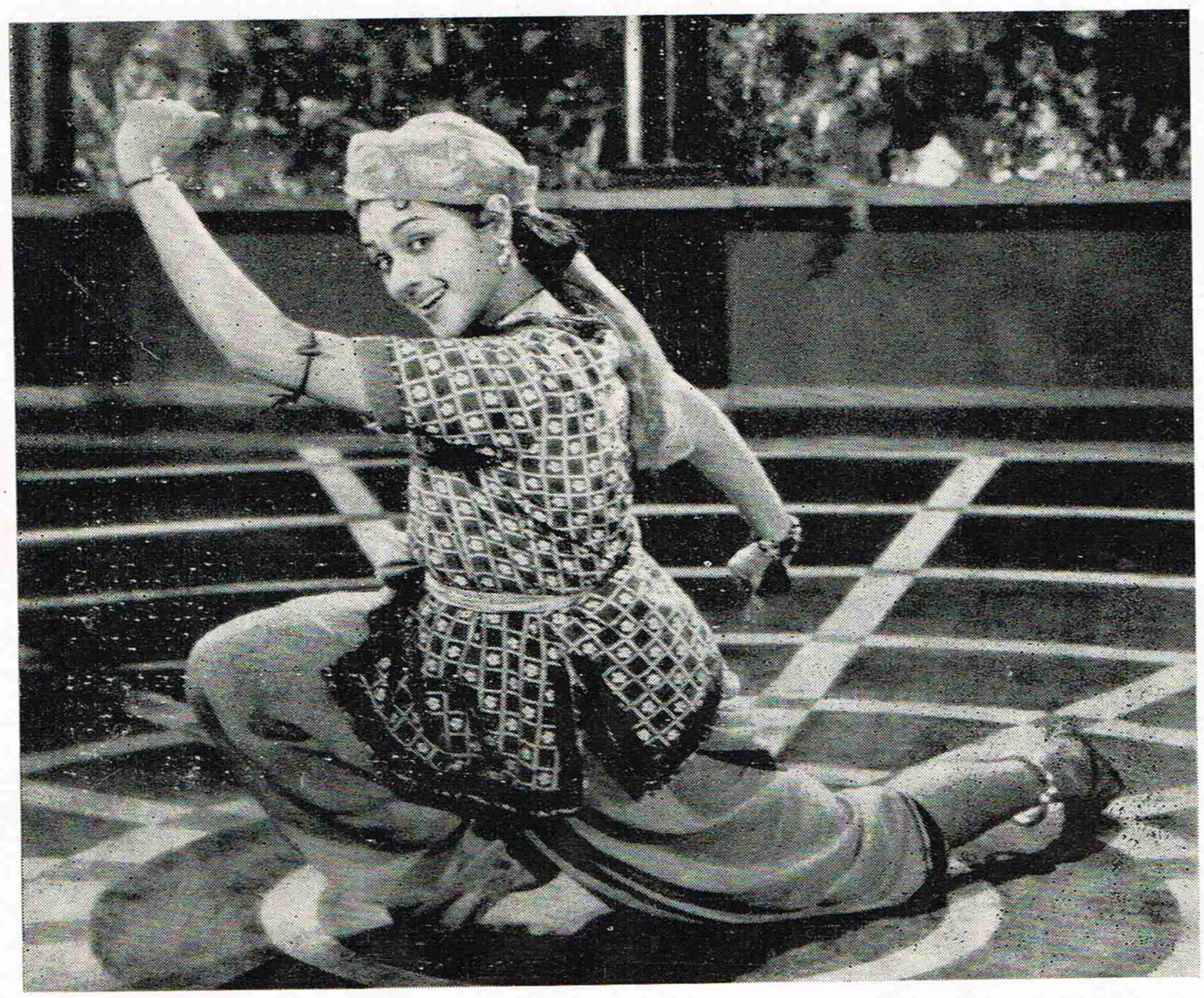


The male attire only covers the body, it does not caress the contours. Padmini is a woman of many charms but they are swallowed here by the male dress she wears in "Payal", a song and dance tale produced by Madras Talkies.

He claims to have contributed to our freedom.

SUBHASH J. RELE (Bombay)

My neighbour is a nun?

And you are still a Hindu? A young nun in the neighbourhood is a terrific temptation to be a Christian.

Do you suffer from insomnia?

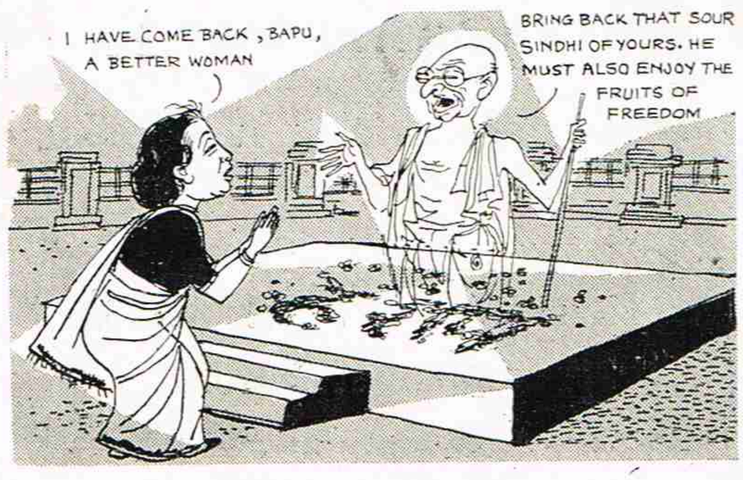
At 53 a man sleeps part by part.

If eyes had no tears?

Pain would look mad.

Sucheta Kripalani has again joined Cons. For what?

To legalize her visits to Rajghat.



Have you lost interest in Mangalore girls?

Yes, I have no time to warm frozen food. I like a boiling cup.

Have you faith in Allah?

Which one—the one in India or the one in Pakistan?

Do you take Dhebar seriously?

His comedy doesn't even have any philosophy behind it. It is slapstick.

Who is Tulsidas Kilachand?

That is the man who promised a thousand wells and five hundred 'dharamshalas' to his Patan Parliamentary Constituency.

When two pimps meet?

They discuss horse flesh, not woman flesh.

Where is Nayantara now?

She is in advertisement films selling washing soaps or buying Saving Certificates.

What exercise do you suggest to star-husbands?

Warming their star-bed once a month at least.

What is Raja Hutheesingh's complaint?

That Nehru need not have gone all the way to London to pick up a diplomat.

Will "Aasha" be a hit?

That is the biggest danger of 1957.

What does Kardar propose to do with all his money?

He has six daughters. Each gets a dowry of Rs. 5 lakhs. Rest of the money remains with Mrs. Kardar.

Is Morarji Desai going upwards or downwards?

Outwards!

What do the wives of V.I.P's do?

They assassinate the character of other V.I.P. wives.

Muslim girls run after Hindu boys these days?

Yes, to avoid "talaq, talaq, talaq", the three fatal words which switch off the current from their marital beds.

P. V. R. SYAMALA RAO (Bhojudih)

What is the result of Nehru-Ike meeting?

We get more dollars for silence.

Dhebar says he will not contest elections?

We don't mind if he does. A biscuit, more or less, doesn't make much difference to the Congress factory.

G. SUBBA RAO (Madras)

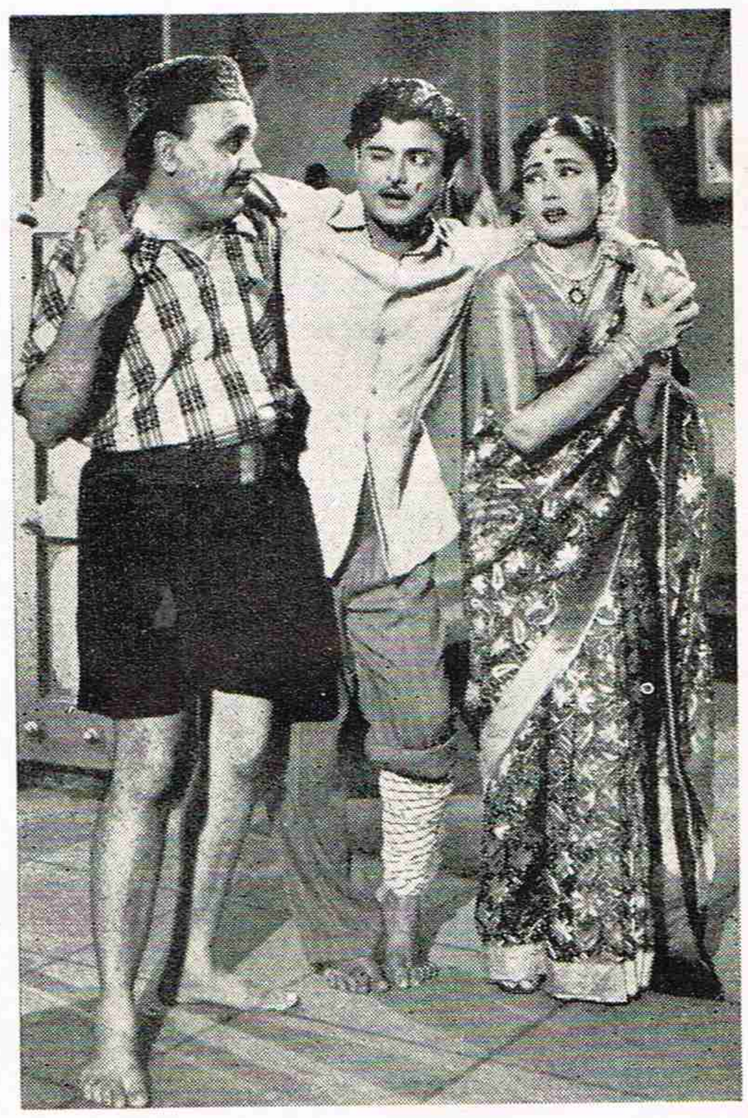
At last I dreamt of Suraiya?

Remember, one dreamer of Suraiya was recently found murdered near her staircase.

DHARAM B. SINGH (New Delhi)

Explosions in Delhi?

The Pakistanis are testing the Hindu guts.



This is a scene in which the one with the funny and bare legs and the one with the bandaged leg are trying to pull the third one's leg. Om Prakash, Ganesh and Meena Kumari bring some fun to the screen in "Miss Mary" produced by AVM.

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T. A. RAMANATHAN (Calcutta)

Can Ameeta dance?

She can make a Marwari dance beautifully.

M. P. ABHYANKAR (Nagpur)

Durgabai Deshmukh puts great force in her speeches?

She is a sincere woman who is too much in earnest.

TIRTH K. AIDASANI (Bombay)

What is 'Bapnu Ghar'?

That is Manu Subedar's lotus collection of widows.

B. T. PURANIK (Bombay)

Pakistan considers India to be her enemy?

Yes, but we have not the courage even to accept that.

How are the Lamas concerned with peace?

They bless the dead.

How do you like Guru Dutt as a hero?

He looks stupid on the screen though he is quite intelligent and cunning.

B. N. SHARMA (Lucknow)

Is Maulana Azad really happy in India?

He prays five times a day to live longer in spite of the paradise promised to a Muslim after death.

V. P. GOEL (Bombay)

Why does Nehru scratch his head sometimes whilst speaking?

Secular eczema.

A. L. SETHI (Kharagpur)

Is there any treatment for mumps?

The homeopathic drug, Mercury Cor 6, a dose every six hours, will in normal cases cure the disease.

When I see a Sardarji, I start praising. Do you?

I must do the same in future, because they misunderstand me.

Don't you ever cry for your mother's love?

I do. My wife rushes to the rescue.

S. KASIRAMAN (Bombay)

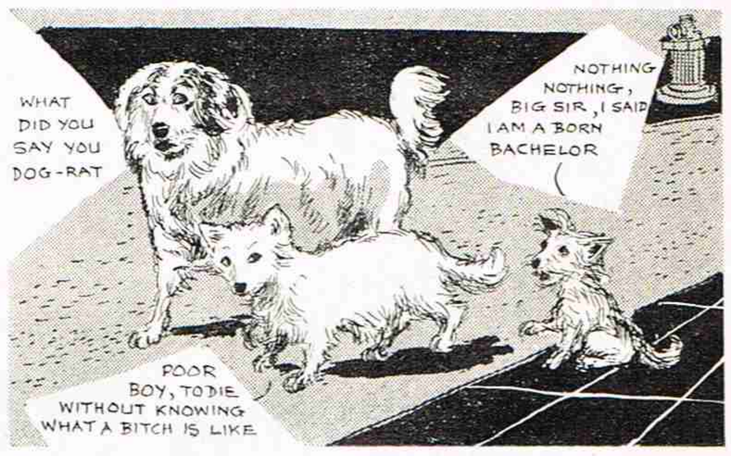
Two high police officials were arrested for alleged abduction and supply of girls for immoral purposes in Jullundur. Since when have these police officials started this business?

Most of the Congress police are in some business or other. In Bombay Prohibition brings them the profits of freedom.

P. C. BANSAL (Meerut)

Can't we do away with marriages and co-exist?

Won't that be a strain on strong men?


WHAT DID YOU SAY YOU DOG-RAT
NOTHING NOTHING, BIG SIR, I SAID I AM A BORN BACHELOR
POOR BOY, TO DIE WITHOUT KNOWING WHAT A BITCH IS LIKE

"A zip in every sip!"

DILIP KUMAR-

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Packing & Postage or Freight Extra Remit Cost in Advance while Ordering.

AT ALL SODA FOUNTAINS

As. 6 A GLASS

Can you suggest some new taxes?

Congressmen are thinking of putting a meter on the double-bed.

P. S. RAO (Madras)

I feel that you are a bit of an egoist!

A bit? Don't underrate my stock.

M. S. V. RAMAN (Poona)

Is Shantaram going to marry again?

He has still to get rid of wife No. 1 She is tough and will see him off first.

Did you purchase an Indian-made car?

I never believed in fairy tales.

MRS. V. RAMANATHAN (Calcutta)

Is Nargis religious?

Yes, she wants to build a mosque with the bricks of a neighbour's home.

RAJ, SOMEONE IS TRYING TO GET INTO OUR BEDROOM!
THAT MUST BE A RAT, SLEEP NOW
THAT IS NOT THE WAY TO DADDY'S BEDROOM, GO BY THE FRONT DOOR
SHUT UP, DABBOO

NARAYAN DAS MUNDRA (Calcutta)

They say that stars influence destiny?

Kamal Amrohi's destiny is influenced by a film star.

P. N. DESAI (Ratnagiri)

Say something about the "Forum of Free Enterprise"?

That seems to be A. D. Shroff's private enterprise.

K. P. MALAVIA (Bombay)

Of what pattern is U Ba Swe?

He is a gay guy who drinks and gambles and allows work only to punctuate play.

How tall is Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan?

He can enter through his brother's jail door without bending.

S. MANOHAR (Patiala)

What is the future of Hungary?

People who can fight for freedom and die in thousands have a glorious future. They are bound to be free one day.

A. G. SOMAN (Amravati)

What is an orphan in the hands of a prostitute?

Prostitutes often lend parentage and legitimacy to an orphan and turn a crime to some social purpose.

HARIRAM G. JUGAT (Bombay)

Why do lawyers wear black coats?

That is an old warrior in a new battle dress. Watch Nirupa Roy providing sex-appeal in "Mohini", a costume yarn produced by Navkala Niketan.

To respect their client's funeral. Lawyers are a very polite people.

C. V. RAJAN (Calcutta)

But you did own a car once?

I did, but I sold it to pay my income-tax.

R. ATHMARAMAN (Madras)

Who discovered Rajkumari Amrit Kaur?

She was probably the inspiration of Gandhiji's celibacy.

What is your first act as soon as you wake up every morning?

I am answering this question at 6.45 a.m. in the Punjab Mail on my way to Gwalior. Isn't that pretty early in the morning?

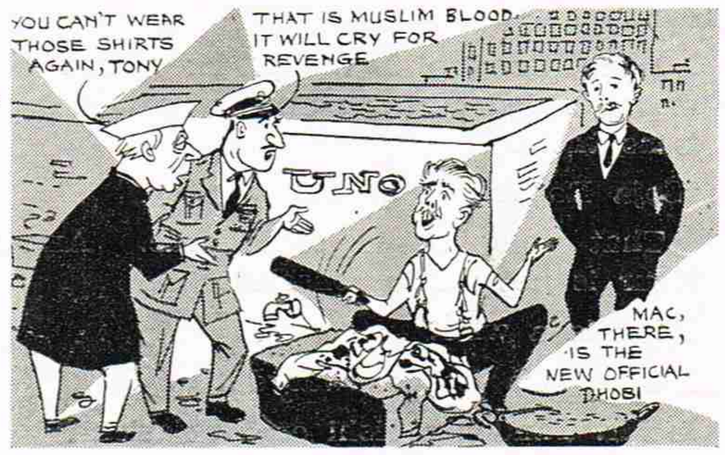
A. L. CHANDRASEKHAR (Bangalore)

Where will Suhrawardy end?

In a grave with a broken heart.

What is this U.N.O.?

It is an international dhobi-ghat where they wash their dirty linen hoping to change the warp and woof of nations.



YOGENDRA NARAIN (Allahabad)

If widows marry widowers?

There will be no traffic jams.

K. PATTANNA (Madras)

Are you a philosopher?

How else can you bear socialistic pattern of society?

MOHD. W. ANSARI (Lucknow)

What happened to the solar cookers?

They went up with Sir Shanti Swarup Bhatnagar to cook his meals in heaven.

R. N. SREENIVASAN (Raichur)

My wife adores Nehru in spite of reading your articles on Nehru?

My wife has the same symptoms. Nehru is a peculiar female disease.

Do you smoke heavily like other writers?

I don't smoke at all though my cartoonist insists on showing that I do. He thinks that a cartoon must be a complete misrepresentation of a man.

Any politician who seeks your advice?

In advice, journalists always give free home service whether politicians want it or not.

Please suggest some nice secular name for me?

Turn Sreenivasan into Sher Nizam and demand promotion next day straight fro Nehru.

PRIZE WINNERS FOR MARCH

1st Prize to T. A. Ramanathan (Calcutta); 2nd Prize to Ebenezer S. Soans (Calcutta); 3rd Prize to Prem C. Sinha (Arrah); 4th Prize to K. A. K. Ayyangar (Madras) and 10 consolation prizes to the following:—Amulz Hasnani (Amreli); P. S. Goel (Meerut); P. C. Bansal (Meerut); A. L. Chandrasekhar (Bangalore); R. N. Sreenivasan (Raichur); Jagmohan Singh (Phagwara); P. N. Desai (Ratnagiri); N. Krishnamurti (Bombay); Mohd. W. Ansari (Lucknow) and Mrs. Rajani Devi (Bombay). Money orders are being sent to all the prize winners.

K. A. K. AYYANGAR (Madras)

I dreamt that Maulana Azad was kidnapped and taken to Pakistan?

Rosy dreams never come true.

I want to go to heaven. Your advice, please?

Don't, Gandhiji is there. They have removed nylon curtains and put khadi curtains there.

"Soja Rajkumari soja"?

That song never came true. Amrit Kaur is not music conscious.

What is a wife?

That is a jeep on war duty.

Is Mr. Tandon a rishi or a rajarishi?

Tandon is a Congress sadhu. That is a new order of secular saintliness in which beards lose their community and religion.

Are angels your relations?

How else could I have lived through nine years of Nehru's rule?

At last we have a Congressman as Finance Minister?

Yes, the loot has the Gandhian hallmark.

How do you like the newspaper 'Hindu'?

It is badly needed for our idli-dosai industry.

D. SOLOMON (Bombay)

How to behave with a man who has a bossing nature?

Flatter and make a fool of him. That is what Muslims do with Nehru every morning.

MANSUKH G. BHAGAT (Bombay)

Venus Bannerjee seems to be very happy?

That is a benediction of an empty head.

How is it that Tamil actresses are generally heavy?

The idlis they eat pile up on their chest.

PREM C. SINHA (Arrah)

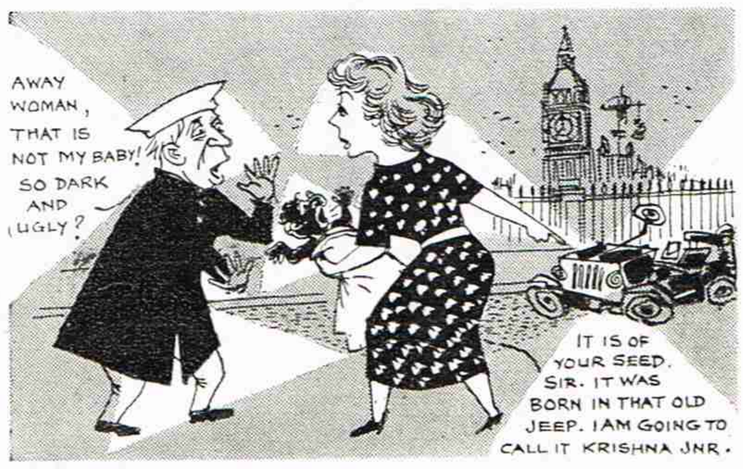
Does Pant consult an astrologer?

All the prospective Prime Ministers go to the astrologer with Nehru's horoscope.

MRS. V. RAMANATHAN (Calcutta)

Why does Nehru hush up scandals?

Because he has himself sown the seed of most of the scandals.


AWAY WOMAN, THAT IS NOT MY BABY! SO DARK AND UGLY?
IT IS OF YOUR SEED, SIR. IT WAS BORN IN THAT OLD JEEP. I AM GOING TO CALL IT KRISHNA JNR.

K. VISWANATHAN (Calcutta)

What is the distance between Baburao Patel and Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru?

I live in Hindu India. He lives in Muslim India. These are different worlds.

K. P. MALAVIA (Bombay)

Can S. K. Patil talk on horses?

What is a horse to a man who can talk on Krishna Menon? A horse is always a noble theme.

K. RAMA RAO (Shimoga)

A sadhu has been strongly predicting that Mahatma Gandhi will be reborn in India shortly?

Let the "mahatmas" he left behind die first.

JAGMOHAN SINGH (Phagwara)

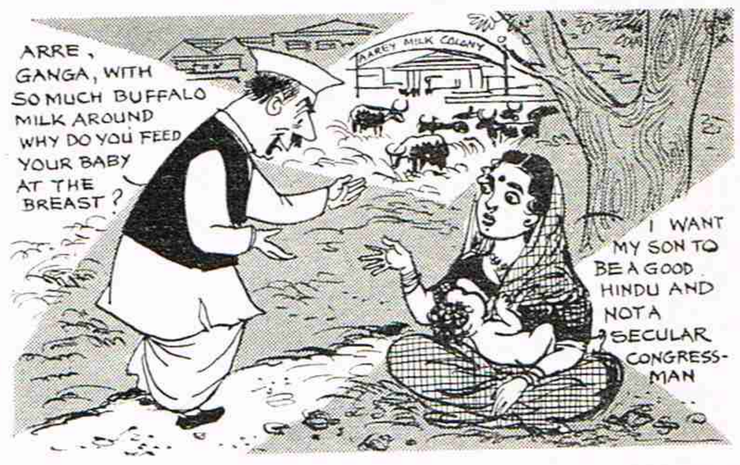
What do you think of short-sized husbands?

Big-sized neighbours often run away with their wives.

HEMCHANDRA PATIL (Koppal)

How are the girls working at Aarey Milk Colony?

They are safe. The buffaloes are being milked.


ARRE, GANGA, WITH SO MUCH BUFFALO MILK AROUND WHY DO YOU FEED YOUR BABY AT THE BREAST?
AAREY MILK COLONY
I WANT MY SON TO BE A GOOD HINDU AND NOT A SECULAR CONGRESSMAN

M. V. S. PASUPATHI NAIDU (Calcutta)

Are you a Hindu fanatic?

A Hindu doesn't have to be a fanatic because he belongs to a large and generous race. Fanaticism is the defence of a militant minority.

I think you are too much interested in yourself?

That is why I work hard and sell a copy of 'filmindia' for Rs. 3|-. Why don't you get interested in yourself?

MRS. RAJANI DEVI (Bombay)

If Jayashree whistles?

Her three children answer the whistle. Hers is now a home without a husband.

If Baburao Patel embraces Islam?

The sun will rise in the west.

Can Nargis sing?

Yes and the crows keep chorus with her.

Do you shake hands with women?

Only if their faces are young and beautiful. Beautiful faces often have beautiful hands.

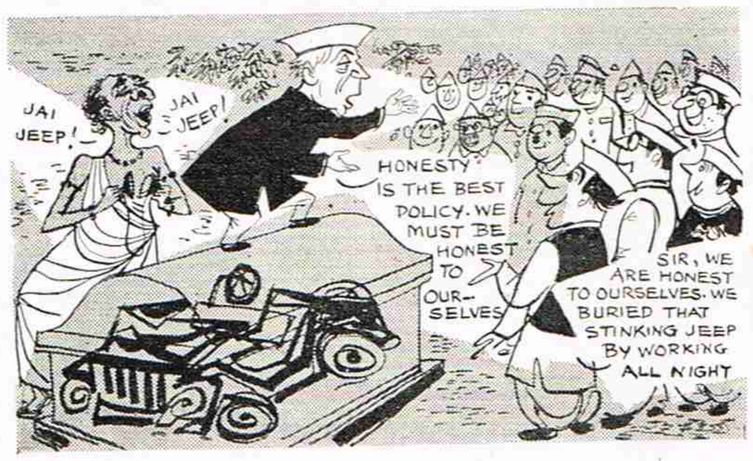
Why do you dislike Pakistanis?

Because they abuse Nehru, the darling of our dreams.

N. KRISHNAMURTI (Bombay)

Great Nehru! How lofty are his principles?

He can stand on the tomb of the jeep scandal and preach honesty.


JAI JEEP!
JAI JEEP!
HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY. WE MUST BE HONEST TO OURSELVES
SIR, WE ARE HONEST TO OURSELVES. WE BURIED THAT STINKING JEEP BY WORKING ALL NIGHT

Rs. 300/- EVERY MONTH IN 14 PRIZES

The following prizes will be awarded every month for questions which are considered interesting or elicit interesting replies in the "Editor's Mail".

1st Prize: Rs. 100|-; 2nd Prize: Rs. 50|-; 3rd Prize: Rs. 30|-; 4th Prize: Rs. 20|- and 10 Consolation Prizes of Rs. 10|- each.

A reader can ask as many questions as he likes but those letters which bear the Priority Coupon will be answered first. A reader gets three coupons free per copy and he has therefore the chance to catch the bus thrice every month. Questions should be neatly written, or typed if possible, with some blank space left between two questions. It is in this blank space that the editor writes his replies. Unless the letters are signed they won't be considered.

In awarding prizes, the editor's decision shall be final and absolutely binding and no correspondence will be entertained about the distribution of the prizes.

The names of the prize-winners will be announced in "filmindia" every month and the prize money will be remitted by money order.

Cut the coupons below and fix them to your questions if you want to be answered quickly.

1 PRIORITY COUPON
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3 PRIORITY COUPON
CUT HERE MARCH 1957

There are few things more emphatic in the world than a woman's youth. And before this emphasis a man not only forgets all his arguments but loses even his power to think and behaves like an animal caught in the blinding glare of a hunter's flash-light, aware of the impending danger but unable to avert it. Watch Vyjayantimala blinding the picturegoers with her emphatic youth in "Laaj", an exciting tale produced and directed by M. V. Raman.

This section is the monopoly of "JUDAS" and he writes what he likes and about things which he likes. The views expressed here are not necessarily ours, but they carry weight because they are written by a man who knows his job.

PENNY WISE AND POUND FOOLISH

When the British wanted more money for manslaughter during the last war, they added Section 18A to the Income Tax Act to recover from the citizen an advance tax based on his total income of the latest previous year in which he has been assessed. This section demands such an advance tax in size and shape varying from a single demand to four instalments during a year, dependent upon the time of the year and the inefficiency of the Income Tax Officer to issue a notice under this section in good time to catch 31st of March, the last date for the annual harvest. This date has a great psychological and financial importance because on the basis of this date the annual quotas of each zone and each Income Tax Officer are fixed.

If the Income Tax Officer wakes up in time, he demands the advance tax in four equal instalments: on 15th June, 15th September, 15th December and 15th March. But if this devil of the department decides to doze through the year and wake up suddenly on the 12th of March, he can demand the entire advance annual tax in a single payment within three days and if the tax is not paid, then, of course, the usual penalties follow.

This section has an India-rubber body which can be stretched to suit the whim and laziness of the Income Tax Officer and a lot of mischief of this section lies in this contractibility apart from its basic theme of advance taxation on imaginary income being inherently unjust and oppressive.

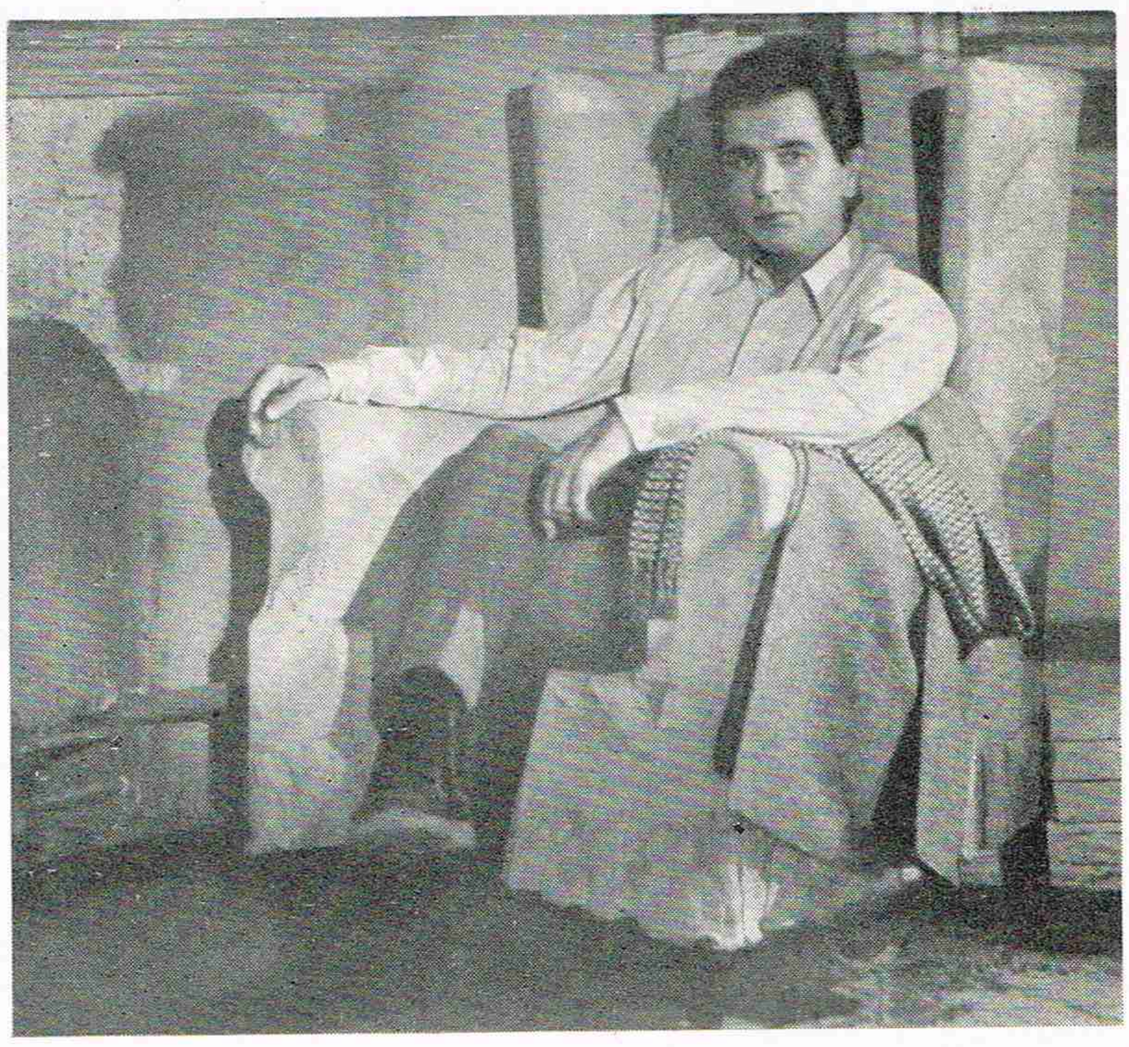
When Prime Minister Nehru condemns astrology and astrologers and asks our people to take a logical and practical view of life and not depend on the mysteries of astrology, Section 18A of his Income Tax Act compels the assessees to be astrologers to guess accurately what they are likely to earn in the year to come. And if the guess goes wrong, the Income Tax Officer turns round and says that the assessee has deliberately furnished inaccurate guesswork and saying so proceeds to levy a penalty on the assessee. Thus an assessee must not only submit an accurate return of his income in the current year but must also accurately foresee his earnings in the next year. And if his foresight goes wrong, his character is also lost because he is accused of a deliberate distortion of guesswork and punished with a penalty. Can there be anything more glaringly unjust?

The British were ingenious in devising ways to rob their slaves. To every crime they lent a complexion of justice and often made virtue look like crime. They made laws to drown their conscience and denied conscience to others by saying that ignorance of their law was no excuse. But in framing Section 18A, the British surpassed themselves. For, by this section they gave shape

and body to an unborn future and from it extracted milk—or is it blood?—to nurse the present. Section 18A admits the Income Tax Officer into the womb of the future long before the assessee himself runs to sow a seed of enterprise in it. This section has thus been an outrage on the spirit and privacy of all enterprise. But our people could not scream or complain. They were slaves then and slaves could turn their tongues only to praise.

Our power-crazy Congressmen, who succeeded the British, inherited their laws and gave new lease and complexion to slavery by continuing the old laws and giving them an extra edge by calling them "welfare" laws. Not once have these white-capped fools stopped to think and ask themselves the basic question: Can the laws made by British imperialists to bleed their slaves be used to milk the citizens of a free nation? Isn't there a basic difference between blood and milk?

Apart from the inequity inherent in Section 18A, let us see what tyrannies are heaped upon the assessee in its practical application. Whatever his profession or trade, this section demands from an assessee not only



A man is never in better company than when he is alone with himself. He can then hear the beats of his own heart and the whispers of his conscience and learn to see life more clearly in an hour than he can in a thousand Arabian nights of din and dalliance. And a man who does not fear to be left alone with his conscience need not fear anything in the world. Watch Dilip Kumar being interviewed by his conscience in "Madhumati", a sensitive theme produced and directed by Bimal Roy.

an accurate guess of his future income but also an immediate tax on this invisible income even before earning it. And the section legalizes this tax on the future as a legal debt of the past and proceeds to levy a penalty if it is not paid according to the whim and inefficiency of the Income Tax Officer.

Now, how many people in the world can say today what they would earn continuously during the next twelve months? Income these days is as uncertain as death. And yet our stupid government wants us to see beyond the horizon and from there extract for the next twelve months an estimate which must be accurate to avoid penalties. Is this humanly possible? If our Congress Government, with 2363 crores of rupees in hand and a thousand experts working on the Five-Year Plan, cannot accurately say when they can complete a certain project, how can a single mortal collect the invisible straws of his future destiny and build a nest for the Income Tax Officer to step in and collect?

Let us take the film star as a concrete example. The world's best and shrewdest film star cannot say what he is going to earn next year. If a single picture fails not only does the stellar price go down by 50% but often the star has to go searching for contracts. Under such circumstances which film star in the world can make an accurate guess of his future income? And yet Section 18A demands that the present be pledged to salvage an unknown future.

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This is a moment of comical romance, asinine at one end and elephantine at the other. Agha and Indira Bansal provide the kind of comedy their fans expect from them in "Paristan", an adventure yarn produced and directed by Dhirubhai Desai.

The Indian film producer, who trades with borrowed capital, is in a worse position. He has not only to pay an advance tax for the coming year but also a tax on potential profits of his picture—another invisible asset. The Income Tax Officer does not wait to see whether a picture actually makes a profit or not—income tax being a tax on actual income—but he proceeds to collect a tax on the assumption that a picture is going to make a profit in the long run. Seeing that 95% of our pictures fail to bring back the investments on them, the tax collected on them actually becomes an addition to the cost of production.

Income tax has, therefore, become the main reason why producers are going out of business every day and the indigenous film industry is not making any progress. Ultimately, by the inevitable law of diminishing returns, due to the tyrannies of taxation, the Government will get less and less tax every year from the Indian film industry till there will be nothing left to take and no film industry to tax.

To illustrate our thesis, let us tell the story of that bold and enterprising producer, S.M.S. Naidu, who made that great hit "Azaad".

On 18th March 1955 when "Azaad" was first released in Bombay, Producer Naidu owed his bankers thirteen lakhs of rupees. That shows that Naidu was trading on borrowed capital and therefore taking a tremendous risk in producing "Azaad" featuring Dilip Kumar, Meena Kumari and other stars. Naidu had to advertise his picture widely and boldly to make his daring gamble a success.

But the publicity of the picture gave his Income Tax Officer an attack of jaundice. Within a month of the release of his picture and before Naidu could get even his first month's collection from his distributor, Naidu received a notice from the Income Tax Department to pay Rs. 10 lakhs as advance tax under Section 18A.

Naidu had not yet paid even a pie to his bankers who had lent all the money for his enterprise. He had still to pay a number of other production bills. He had thought of giving his staff a good bonus immediately all his debts were paid. But long before he could do any of these legitimate things, the Income Tax Department stepped in and demanded Rs. 10 lakhs as advance tax from him.

Naidu had already entered into commitments for two new pictures with Dilip Kumar, Vyjayantimala and other stars. He had already made his production arrangements to shoot two new pictures and thus cash quickly the goodwill created by the success of "Azaad". But the income tax demand of Rs. 10 lakhs got him stumped. He tried to reason with the Income Tax Department but the

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Department wanted nothing less than the proverbial pound of flesh. Naidu became desperate and decided to close down his business. He gave notice to the workers, closed his studio and stopped production. And he told the Income Tax Department that as he was not going to produce any pictures in the next year, no advance tax was due from him. The Income Tax Department thus put one of our most energetic and enterprising producers on the shelf.

What was the result of driving Naidu out of business? Over 400 studio workers have been idle and unemployed for two years now. The Government has not only missed income-tax on Naidu's enterprise for two years but also entertainment and other taxes on at least four pictures which Naidu could have produced during two years. Seeing that "Azaad" paid over thirty lakhs of rupees in Entertainment Tax alone, the Government has lost over a crore and quarter rupees by way of Entertainment Tax on four pictures. By disabling a dynamic wealth-creator like Naidu for two years, the Income Tax Department has not only lost its share of Naidu's blood but also deprived other tax departments of their shares.

This is the love-me-love-my-dog situation between Johnny Walker and Shyama. Johnny Walker, however, soon hopes to be promoted to more inspiring fondling in "Duniya Rang Rangeeli", a colourful comedy produced by Sadiq Productions.

What has happened to Naidu is precisely what is happening to Mehboob, Sadiq, Arora and other active producers. The Income Tax Department is crushing them and making them useless for future enterprise.

What is true of the film industry is perhaps more true of other industries where the Income Tax Officer applies this Section 18A and seeks to draw blood from the assessees a year in advance. For, anything extracted in advance in this outrageous manner cannot be milk. It must be blood. For, milk can only be drawn when it is collected in the udders. What is forcibly extracted out of empty inflamed udders is blood, blood that leaves the assessee anaemic and lifeless. That certainly should not be the spirit and purpose of our income tax laws.

The Government is welcome to a reasonable tax on actual income but to expect a tax on future guesswork and to collect it with punitive measures is a tyranny which no free citizen can tolerate.

Section 18A is the instrument of this tyranny which is driving enterprising wealth-creators like Naidu out of business. That is a nation's loss for the sadistic delight of a few revenue monsters.

Section 18A must therefore be scrapped. It insults the citizen of a free country.

GANDHIJI'S ESTATE

It is high time Pandit Nehru—who condemns fascism, colonialism, Communism and other isms in which it becomes difficult to distinguish the State from the political party in power—separated his Congress Party from the State. At the moment both are so harmoniously mixed that when one looks at India, one looks upon a private estate of Nehru and his "welfare" henchmen.

That Nehru's Government is only a synonym for corruption can be proved by a thousand instances if necessary. We shall, however, quote only the recent one of

My favourite ....

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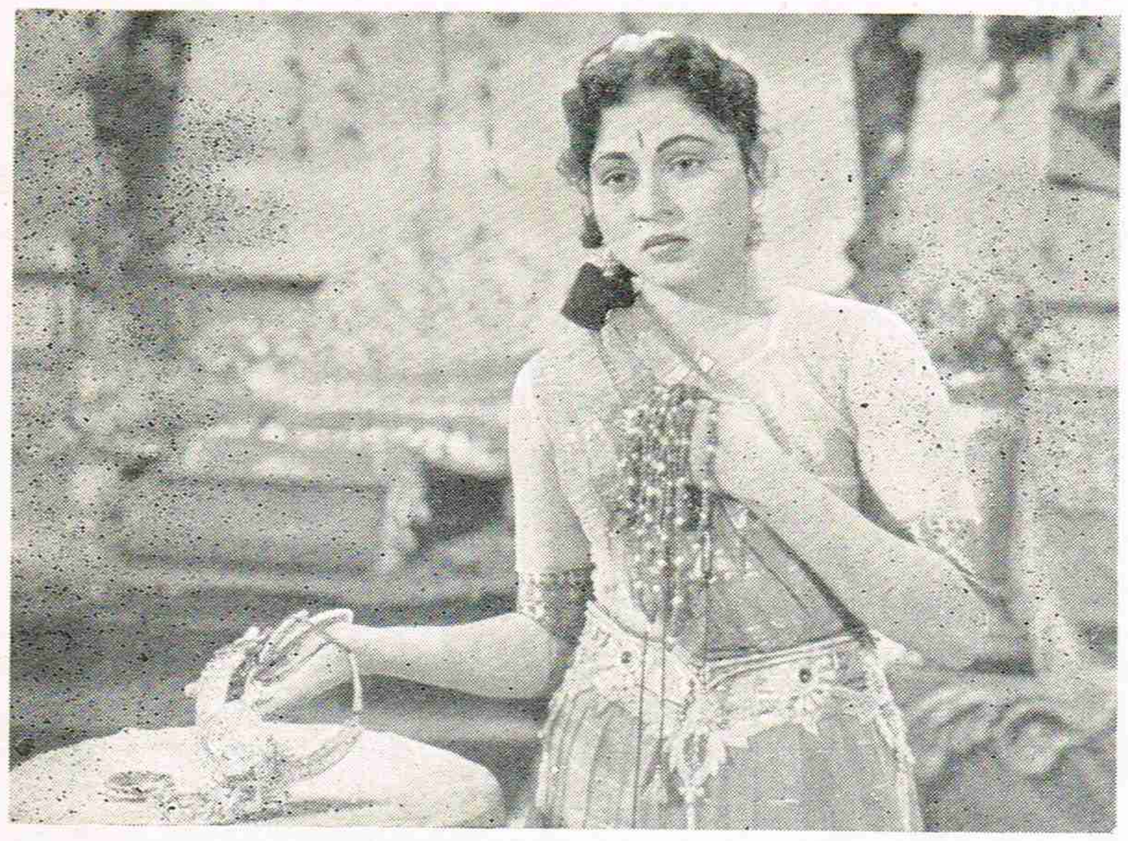

If Nirupa Roy is complaining here about the poor quality of the jewellery the producers have supplied her to wear in the picture, then she must start wearing her own in future. And she must be having plenty. Anyway, see this old girl doing something in "Nagmani" a mythological tale.

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the 62nd Session of the Congress at Laxmibai Nagar, Indore.

Remembering that the Congress Party was the Party in power, our Railway Ministry built a special railway station at Laxmibai Nagar to make it easier for the Congressmen to attend the session. The cost of this station is not known.

70 acres of land on which this Congress "nagar" was temporarily built were bulldozered, filled up and made presentable at the cost of Rs. 50 lakhs. That was the dowry given by the State Government.

The Public Works Department spent Rs. 14 lakhs to make new roads for Congress Caesars to reach Laxmibai Nagar.

The Indore Municipality spent Rs. 20 lakhs for asphalting the roads of Indore to prevent the piles of our Congressmen from bleeding.

The local powerhouse spent Rs. 9 lakhs to light up the 62nd Session of the Congress.

And after all this, Shriman Narayan, General Secretary of the Congress, assured us that a country-wide "anti-waste movement" is being launched by the Congress and said "An undeveloped country, like India, will have to conserve her resources for all-round progress and development. We will have to take special care to avoid all types of wasteful expenditure and conspicuous consumption". The damn humbug! He said this without blushing, and in the midst of a waste of lakhs around him.

It was at this session that the people got a glimpse of the "socialist pattern of society" promised by the Congress Government to the people. There were two broad divisions of the people:—the "netas" and the "janata". The "netas" were again subdivided into "bungallow-wallas" and the "barrack-room-wallahs". The "blue" blood of the Working Committee was of course, housed in old palaces and fed on special and sumptuous food. Nehru moved about in the luxurious personal car of the Maharaja of Indore. Dhebar insisted that all his food should be specially cooked in "gramodyog" oil. As no one had ever heard of this oil before they cooked his food in the best home-made ghee Indore was capable of. The furniture in the bungalows and the barracks came from the quarters of the M.L.A.s in Bhopal. That was official furniture for private party purpose. All this and more was arranged by the local fuehrer Khadivala, who once hawked khadi in the streets of Indore. If a hawker can do all this, how much more can a Nehru do? And he is doing it every day when he allows his favourites to waste the wealth of India.

India is thus not a State. It is a private enterprise belonging to a corporation of corrupt Congressmen headed by no less a man than the great Nehru.

And let us thank Gandhiji for this heritage. True to his Bania instinct, he left behind an institution that is yielding rich dividends. Gandhiji was certainly the greatest businessman ever born in the world. Let us hope the Congressmen enjoy his estate for a long time to come. Nine years have already passed.

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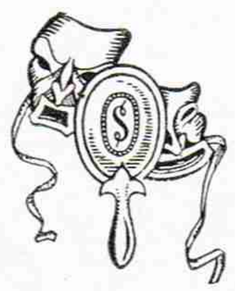

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OUR DISGRACEFUL AIR SERVICE

A Government report says that the Indian Airlines Corporation, our nationalized air transport under the chairmanship of Shanker Prasad I.C.S., lost a neat Rs. 1,20,00,000 (A crore and twenty lakhs) last year. People expected some loss in the working, for whatever our Congress Government has touched so far has shown a loss, but Shanker Prasad saw to it that it was the highest annual loss recorded so far. Shanker Prasad has thus created an all-India record of his own. Let us hope he beats his own record next year and puts the people to greater loss.

The main reason for this loss is the bullet-proof head of Shanker Prasad, the Chairman of the Corporation. Shanker Prasad being a hide-bound I.C.S. officer of the old order lacks the flight of imagination that is needed to fly aeroplanes on commercial lines and make the job paying. The general complaint of the top executives of the Corporation is that any sensible suggestion for the improvement of our air services has to be virtually drilled into the skull of Shanker Prasad—an effort that leaves the executives too exhausted for other organizational work.

For instance, when the Air-India International—our foreign section under Mr. Tata's chairmanship—asked for some experienced Indian pilots to fly their new Super Constellations on international routes saying that doing so would give our pilots precious flying experience and Indian aviation greater prestige in the international field Shanker Prasad refused to grant the request. When some pilots of the Indian Airlines Corporation volunteered to join Air-India International, Shanker Prasad is reported to have threatened them with dismissal. Result: the Air-India International is now compelled to invite as many as 44 Australian trainees to pilot the new Super Constellations paying tempting salaries, in spite of being aware of the risk of handing over this expensive and difficult aircraft to trainees.

Shanker Prasad is creating quite a few other records also in the organizational set up of the Corporation. For some mysterious reasons, the employees of the Corporation have been constantly on the verge of a strike ever since this stiff-necked I.C.S. took over the chairmanship. With almost a perfect lack of imagination and complete ignorance of human values, Shanker Prasad seems to have made the employees so hostile that the Union of these employees had to submit a memorandum to the Prime Minister charging the Corporation with "mismanagement and harassment of employees" and with rank nepotism and favouritism in the matter of appointments.

When the "Current", a Bombay weekly, criticized the autocratic methods of Shanker Prasad, I.C.S., the

Women have to hide more and therefore wear more. No wonder they feel more warm than men. Jamuna is evidently in need of some air in "Miss Mary", a gay entertainer produced by AVM.

man turned round and ordered the copies of the "Current" off the planes as if the Indian Airlines Corporation belonged to Shanker Prasad's family. Don't be surprised therefore if "Filmindia" is stopped from being served in the planes after Shanker Prasad reads our comment. The man is evidently too prosaic to be different. At the moment, however, "Filmindia" is the first magazine all passengers ask for. It won't be there next month. Our predictions rarely go wrong.

Coming back to our air services, the planes that fly these days are a sight to see. When the Tatas ran this inland service everything was spick and span. The shrewd, business-minded Parsis gave every flight a honeymoon flavour by putting into the plane a neat and smartly dressed airhostess who smiled at the passengers more often than was necessary and made even airsick passengers feel at home with her personal service. The food, which the Parsis served, was almost always good and tasty. Passengers were always treated with extreme courtesy and made to feel as if their patronage was greatly valued. The personal touch of the Tata personnel made the passengers take a personal interest in the success of our civil aviation. Every time the planes flew they looked as if they had just stepped out of the manufacturer's factory. And the Tatas maintained this standard of service for years from 1932 when J.R.D. Tata piloted the first flight.

What is the service like in our nationalized air service under Shanker Prasad, I.C.S.? Let us give our own experience of three flights.

On 29th December 1956 we flew to Delhi by the morning flight. The plane we boarded had a stange smell of dry fish and we wondered whether the Corporation had begun to fly dry fish from Juhu to Delhi. The seat covers were torn, the lever that helps to push the seat back did not operate. The airhostess struggled for ten minutes and then asked us to change the seat. The belt in the other seat would not stay fixed and we had to hold it all the time fearing that we would be asked to change the seat again. The round paper bags for air sick passengers were rolling all over the plane and Miss Menezes, the airhostess, almost stumbled over one threatening a passenger with the breakfast that he did not expect. The airhostess was wrapped in a dirty blue sari to which she was not used. With that sari she had to cross a bund every time she went up and down the plane carrying trays of food and drink. The airhostess was not smart and the sari made her less so and clumsy in addition. Miss Menezes was evidently a "noo" one because when passengers complained that they had to swallow hard-boiled eggs without the courtesy of the proverbial pinch of salt, she could not even give an understanding smile. The tea was hot gutter water which made us rinse our mouth in a hurry. The breakfast cannot be described. It was rotten. Miss Menezes was evidently in her odd days because she seemed to need a lot of rest and could not be easily called out of her seat without a bell, which was invisible. Passengers had to get up and walk to her for a glass of water. Service, indeed!

The return flight from Delhi was no better. The only difference was a service-conscious airhostess, Miss

Swaran Puri, who tried to serve courtesy when the passengers complained of bad food. She was also hampered by the sari, however deftly she tried to manage it.

On 16th January we flew to Bhopal in what they call a Heron. The flight was perfect in so far as the pilot's job was concerned. But the rest of it was dirty and rotten as usual. The salt was again missing. The Heron is a small narrow plane with a single seat on either side of the narrow gangway. The whole affair is so narrow that in spite of the gangway one almost feels the breath of the passenger on the other side. This plane had dirty windows which gave it the look of a municipal lavatory. The plane did not seem to have been cleaned at least for a month seeing that it was dirty both inside and outside. The cushion covers were torn as usual and the paper fans placed in the seat pockets looked hygienically frightening. They were so dirty that one almost shivered to touch them. The plane had a smell all its own and the door of the pilot's cabin kept opening and banging all the time, its fittings having lost their purpose. Little Capt. Borwankar gave a broad friendly smile at every stop but he did not tell us where his little Heron had got the stink. But we knew when we used the toilet room at Aurangabad.

Aurangabad has an airport which is a big toilet room—and it has a toilet room which is unique in the world, one urinal being as high as a man's chest while the other is as low as his ankle. Shanker Prasad, I.C.S., has sprayed his Herons with perfume taken from this toilet room. The Aurangabad airport is a disgrace in structure and maintenance and becomes a bad poster of Nehru's India to the foreigners who visit the world-famous caves of Ellora and Ajanta. Shanker Prasad could have easily

The double exposure has made Trilok Kapoor multiply but the single exposure seems to be driving him crazy. See Trilok Kapoor resorting to magic to win Nirupa Roy in "Nagmani", a mythological tale directed by Raman B. Desai.

lost another couple of lakhs of rupees and made the airport picturesque, presentable and hospitable. That is one airport that deserves an year-round artistic maintenance.

On 18th January, we arrived at the Bhopal airport to wait for the little toilet-box to take us to Gwalior. As the Gwalior airport was not ready to receive us owing to a fog we had to wait for an hour. Ultimately we arrived at Gwalior with an English family bound for Agra.

In the morning the Agra airport also had a fog like the Gwalior one but by two in the afternoon there was no fog in the whole of Uttar Pradesh. But the Agra airport refused to receive the service from Bombay because the airport officer had given himself a holiday and gone away after seeing the fog early in the morning.

Capt. Borwankar tried his best to persuade Agra to receive him as he had English passengers who wanted to see the Taj in the moonlight. But the subordinate Agra official did not care. He was an I.A.F. chap and the airport is also in I.A.F. control. Capt. Borwankar apologized and went back to Bombay, leaving the English family in Gwalior, a hundred miles away from the Taj.

As Capt. Borwankar's toilet-box disappeared into the air, the Englishman said "I didn't expect this". And we said "Do you think the British left India too early?" The poor chap did not know that the British had left behind Shanker Prasad, I.C.S., a member of the "steel frame" forged in England.

Our air services will continue to be a disgrace as long as hide-bound officials continue to dominate them. Civil aviation is a business and a business needs service and a shop-front. A bureaucratic bug doesn't know what these words mean.

Now, Shanker Prasad, I.C.S., can order "Filmindia" off the planes. He cannot do better. Let him, however, remember that "Filmindia" puts the passengers in good humour when they have to swallow hard-boiled eggs without any salt.

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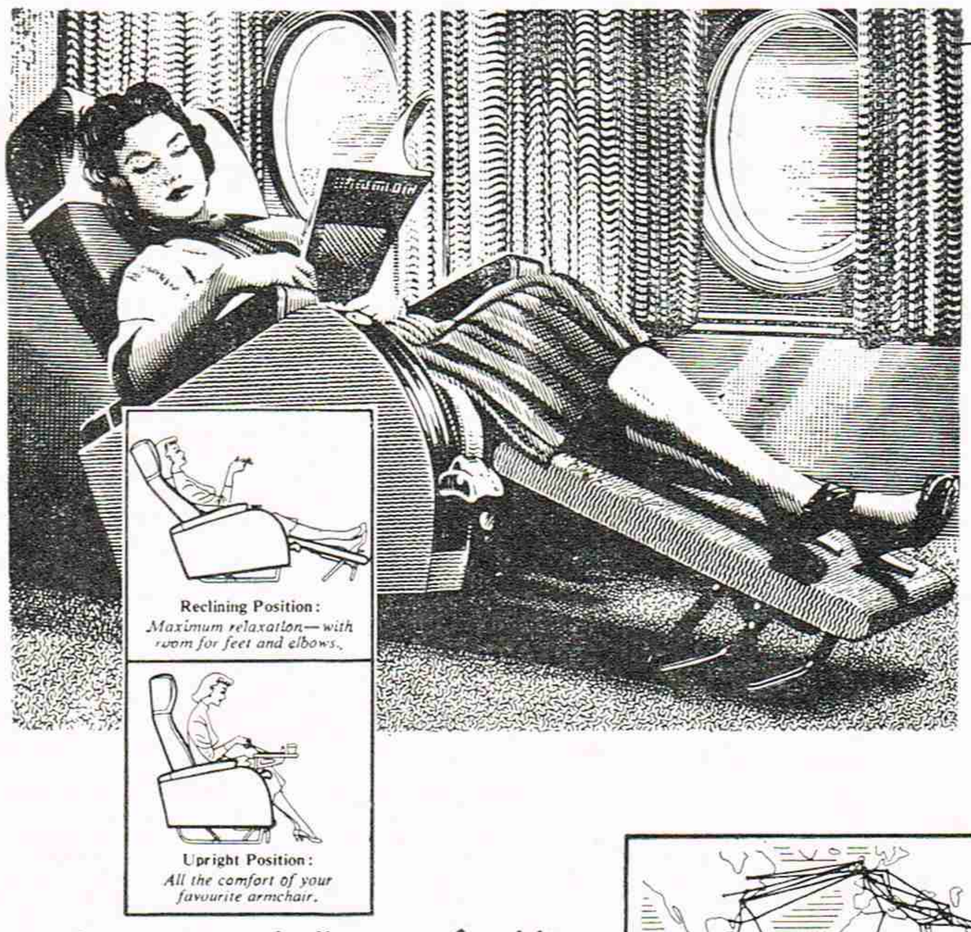
YOU'LL HARDLY BELIEVE—

THAT the nation has been in the throes of a "free and fair" election in which Pandit Nehru, of all people, used a specially-chartered plane at Government expense for his Party's election campaign and used the entire Government machinery to bring Congressmen into power again. With such corruption beginning from the top what was done by the rank and file of Congressmen can hardly be imagined.

THAT in the Gird, Morena and Bhind districts of Madhya Pradesh, Congressmen engaged bands of dacoits to tour the countryside in jeeps and threaten the villagers with loot, rape and arson if they did not vote for the Congress. Editor Patel, while campaigning for his election, actually met an armed gang of dacoits in Sirsagaon, in the Gird District of Gwalior, riding in a jeep and firing bullets in the air to threaten the villagers. When Editor Patel asked the dacoits where they got the jeep from, a tough guy called Kalla Dakoo said, "Kangress wallone deeyi hain". Editor Patel asked the dacoits to keep the jeep as an election souvenir and not return it. Editor Patel, they say, escaped trouble because someone from his party told the dacoits that the burly editor also belonged to the same community of Rajputs as the dacoits.

THAT the smelly Congressmen of Madhya Pradesh at last succeeded in snatching the Maharani of Gwalior from her sissy-like husband and making her another Congress "deshsevika". And seeing the way Congressmen jeeped her around night and day powdering her with the dust of Guna-Bhilsa villages, the soul of Mahadji Scindia kept screaming in agony. And we thought Congressmen would be satisfied by merely taking power from the blue-blooded princes. Let us hope Khadivala of Madhya Pradesh doesn't ultimately turn the 'Mahrooja' of Gwalior into a khadi hawker. We won't be surprised. Whatever these Congressmen have touched so far has automatically degenerated.

THAT in the "free and fair" election in which the Congress-loving Maharani of Gwalior is seeking a seat for the Lok Sabha, the 'Maharooja' has purchased, of course in various names, 20 jeeps, and 200 cycles and engaged 2000 "free volunteers" for propaganda. These "volunteers" travel at their own expense, live on air and sleep under trees to keep the Maharani within the Rs. 25000|- legal limit of election expenditure. The 20 jeeps, they say, are tuned to run on water drawn from Guna-Bhilsa wells. If everyone in the old Gwalior State loves the "Mahrooja" and his charming Maharani, as we were often told, why was such a show of armament necessary? Was the "Mahrooja" staging a invasion of the Guno-Bhilsa constitutency frightened by V.G. Deshpande, the Mahasabha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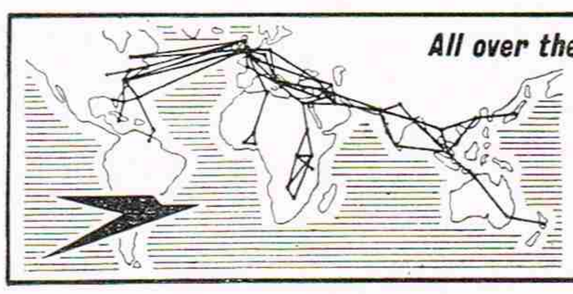

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"mouse", as the one-eyed Sardar of Gwalior described him?

THAT the man most excited over elections in Gwalior was Sardar Angre. His Christian name is Chandrojirao. Goodness knows what that means but the excitement of the elections made even Chandroji's glass eye dance to the orders of his "Mahrooja". Chandroji has three little Angres—Sambhaji, Shahaji and Shivaji—all carrying guns from their drawing rooms to their bedrooms to maintain their martial traditions. The Angres seem to look upon the elections as another "holi" festival the way they sprinkle mud and colour on people and push them around.

THAT talking of "Mahroojas" and Maharanis we are reminded of the poor little Raja of Ramnad who applied for a Congress ticket and was refused one by Dhebar, the Chaplin-moustached president of the Congress, on the grounds that the Raja had five wives and was a racegoer. It was sheer lack of imagination on the part of Dhebar to lose five Ranis from one bed for the Lok Sabha. Aren't five Ranis from a single Raja better than a single Maharani from a single "Mahrooja"? After all, what Congressmen want is merely a percentage of women.

THAT in the "free and fair" elections, even Pandit Nehru's daughter—the long-nosed Indira—suddenly discovered that some of the Opposition parties received foreign aid from foreign countries. But when Acharya Kripalani called the bluff, the Nehru stripling turned round and cried, "I didn't say that. The newspapers got me wrong". That is an old story of the newspapers going wrong. "Puppu" Nehru also rushed to the rescue of his stripling and blamed the newspapers and asked them to report the various Nehrus correctly. The only way to do it would be to publish two editions: A morning original and an evening contradiction. For, all the Nehrus speak with two mouths.

THAT in the midst of his election campaign, Pandit Nehru found time to take Ladyben Mountbatten to Aurangabad and explain to Ladyben the 2000-year old frescoes. Ladyben looked at Nehru and wondered what food men ate in those times to get their strong and manly figures. "Neroobhai" returned the complaint.

THAT Republic Day saw the nation's shaking pillar, Pandit Govind Ballabh Pant, being decorated with Bharat Ratna. That made the other six Prime Minister-in-waiting rush to their astrolegers with a common grievance. Morarji Desai, the second "mahatma", was asked to wait till 1959 for his turn. The main Saturn in Morarji's way seems to be Robinhood Krishnamachari. T.T.K. seems to want all this and heaven too.

THAT Jayaprakash Narayan, the statement-spitting Socialist, gave a new slogan to our starving people. He recently told them to, "Bant ke khana", (Share and eat). J.P. thought it was a new idea he was giving without knowing that Nehru's Congressmen already shared and ate 2363 crores of rupees in five years under the handy label of a Five-Year Plan.

THAT Hargovind Singh, until recently Education Minister for Uttar Pradesh, was refused a Congress ticket by the High Command. It is said that a rival of his dug out one of the skeletons from Hargovind's past and prejudiced the minds of the Congress bosses. The alleged charge was that he had abducted a "cow" once upon a time. Why, a Bombay minister used to rush to the rescue of a "cow" every afternoon from a professional beefeater till the "cow" gave birth to some secular calves which looked neither like the beefeater nor like the saviour. New Congress goverdhan-giridharis!

THAT Pandit Nehru whilst witnessing a folk dance in New Delhi recently, seeing two pretty Oriya female dancers, lifted his own thin legs to do a "jhumra". Age has funny regrets and funnier ways of expressing them. Govind Ballabh Pant, of course, does "Abhinaya" all the time, but Morarji, Dhebarji, Katjuji and other ji's now want more Oriya female dancers to set up their own private practice of folk dancing.

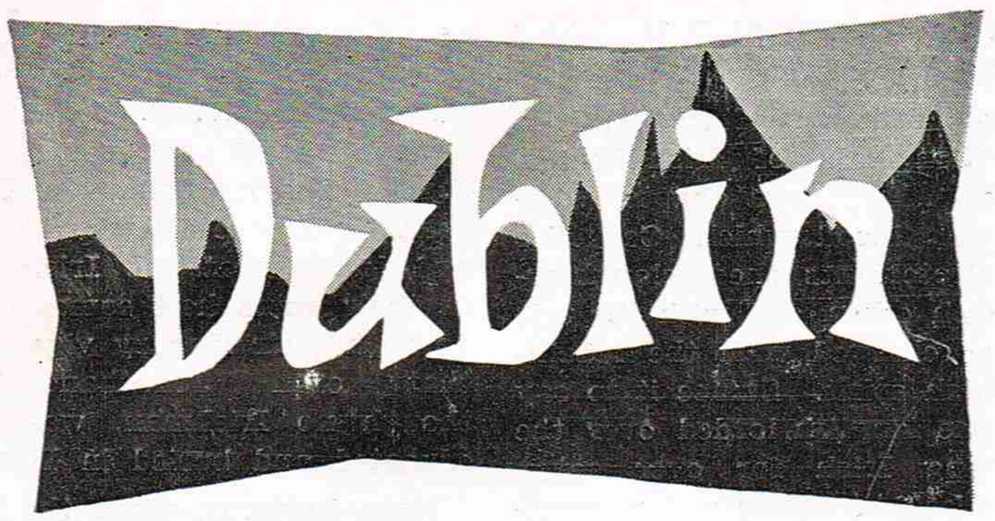
THAT Morarji Desai, the second "mahatma" of the Congress, has become extremely popular these days. While in the Surat district people greeted him with stones, in Bihar they used softer material—shoes—to welcome this living hero of the Ahmedabad fast. People seem to be well educated by the Congress.

THAT whatever Nehru, his government and the world may think of Sheikh Abdullah, Mridula Sarabhai still says "Sheikh Abdullah is a patriot and an Indian national to the core—a bitter antagonist of two-nation theorists and exploiters of masses". Obstinacy is a virtue with the Sarabhai girl. It was this obstinacy which made old Ambalal amass a frightening fortune.

THAT Dhebar, the Chaplin-moustached president of the Congress, finding nothing left to praise waxed eloquent over the glories of the white cap which he described as the "guiding light". Well, it has certainly lighted the path of many Congressmen to the cave of the forty thieves.

THAT according to S. K. Patil, the entire future of India is dependent on the election of Krishna Menon to the Lok Sabha from the Greater Bombay Constituency. Never were the fishermen of Danda and Juhu given such national importance. They have only to elect another fisherman from Malabar and save the country from Pakistan.

THAT the subtle whispering campaign launched by Congressmen against Chintaman Deshmukh, the man who left the Cabinet in a hurry, is having its effect on that intelligent Maharashtrian. At a luxury hotel in Calcutta recently, he was refused a room because his monthly salary was the nominal rupee. The Congress game is to insult this sincere and sensitive patriot wherever he goes and hound him out of India. One Congressman said, "Deshmukh cannot insult Nehru and live in India". What about Baburao Patel then? He is offered as grist to the income-tax 'chakki'.



Foundry Of Fortitude

Ireland is famous for many things but perhaps it is most famous as the birth-place of George Bernard Shaw. Regarded by many to be the greatest dramatist in the English language after Shakespeare, Shaw embodied the irrepressible Irish spirit and with his provocative and lashingly witty writings created in the world a new respect for the soil which had produced him. And even though Shaw later made England his physical home, the English will ever remain indebted to Ireland for him. Below is seen the house on Synge Street, Dublin, in which Shaw was born.

NESTLING close to Britain, the land of the stiff upper-lipped ones, lies Ireland, the land of a sturdy, colourful, uninhibited people whose wit is well-known and humour a racial characteristic, and who not only answer a stranger's question readily but offer him answers to half-a-dozen more questions which he does not ask, and in turn ask him a dozen questions themselves. The Irish are a people who realize that God has given human beings the mouth for something more besides eating and inhaling smoke. They love conversation as they love coffee, ale and whiskey, and life and laughter and liberty.

Britain, lying to its east, tried to shut out this colourful island's sun and push it into the obscurity of political subjugation for a long period of seven and a half centuries. It not only imposed upon Ireland its political overlordship, but persistently tried to hustle down its throat its own religion, language, customs, morals and manners, and thus to arrogate to itself not only the right to dictate its political destiny, but also to dominate its cultural life.

But the Irishman is an incorrigible customer. Nobody can improve him against his will. Nobody can make him do what he does not want to do. Nobody can bully him into changing his beliefs. And though he may feign to be converted for some time, an Irishman is never really converted. Not by force at least. That is because he has inherited a culture which is rich and ancient and colourful, and a racial character which is a bewildering blend of earthy commonsense and outlandish superstition, frankness and politeness, pliancy and stubbornness, quick temper and a great endurance for suffering, keen intellect and a soaring imagination. And the Irish character far from being easily influenced, easily influences those who come in contact with it.

And so Britain, the same Great Britain which ruled the waves and carried its language and manners thousands of miles across the seas and planted them in remote corners of the earth, failed to inject any great influence into the cultural life of Ireland, the land lying only a stone's throw away from it, in spite of having dominated it politically for over seven and a half centuries. And today when it has at last freed itself from the imperial embrace of Britain, Ireland is still a land of myth and legend and fairy tales, its dominant religion is still Catholicism, its customs and traditions are its own hoary ones, and its language is still Gaelic. And when the Irish do use English, the language acquires a new character while expressing the Gaelic mind.

JOHN BULL IN CHINA SHOP

In John Bull's Other Island, as Bernard Shaw described Ireland, John Bull never succeeded in looking anything better than a bull in china shop. He was out of place, brought destruction with him and achieved precious little beyond making a mess of Irish life and a fool of himself. In 1937, however, the Irish caught the Bull by the horns and shipped him back home. And though Ireland's last official link with Britain was severed only in 1949, the Irish have been the masters of their land for the last twenty years—or at least of most of the land, for, the territory called 'the Six Counties' or Northern Ireland is still in the imperial embrace of Britain and thus a lingering irritant to Irish English relations. The sovereign Ireland is now called Eire or the Republic of Ireland and it is not even a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations. The English evidently have singularly failed to impress the Irish with their friendship and that probably explains why Eire was the only country in the Commonwealth which remained neutral in the last World War.

Though little is known to history about the early days of Ireland. Irish legend gives vivid and copious accounts of them. It tells about the country's first invaders and the successive invaders and about the centuries of tribal kingdoms and tribal warfare that Ireland witnessed before the dawn of Christianity. It lists the ancient dynasties and kings and chieftains and gives vivid descriptions of their adventures. And it claims for the country a high state of civilization centuries before the Christian era by showing an Irish society which had already created and learnt to respect the Files (poets), the Seanchuidhes (chroniclers), the Brehons (judges), the Ollamhs (teachers) and the druids (priests), and which had witnessed the establishment of

O'Connell Street is one of the busiest thoroughfares in Dublin. It is also a noisy place because wherever there is more than one Irishman there is noise. An Irishman has always many things to say and he races with the time allotted to him by destiny on earth to blurt them all out.

even a Feis or central parliament.

History does not often nod in agreement with the legendary stories of Ireland, but the stories provide Ireland with a most rich mythology and folk-lore. In any event, the vast store of ancient poetry and saga that Ireland possesses do give some clue to the mind and spirit of Ireland's early days. The early Irish seem to have been somewhat pantheistic worshipping a number of gods in general and fire in particular, and sturdily believing in fairies and ghosts.

History, however, feels safe in commenting upon Ireland only from sixth century B.C. and in telling about the Celtic invasion and settlement of the country, first by Goidels and later by Brythones. The Celts, like all the migrating tribes of ancient history, came on the wave of violence but soon after reaching Ireland they put away their weapons and got busy with mating with the local population. The earlier inhabitants of Ireland evidently appreciated this gentler solution of the problems between the conquerors and the conquered, for, by the beginning of the Christian era Ireland became a land chiefly populated by the Celts.

ST. PATRICK ARRIVES

By the beginning of the fifth century Christianity was already known in Ireland and probably even practised by a small section in some parts of the country, but as a conversion movement it came to Ireland only with St. Patrick in 432. And since St. Patrick preached the faith gently and patiently, the Irish accepted it with comparative readiness and in a short time became so zealous that they started sending their own missionaries abroad. It were, in fact, Irish missionaries who brought Christianity to the Saxon kingdoms in the north and centre of England.

Around the end of the eighth century the notorious Vikings came leaping and shrieking to Ireland too and succeeded in establishing their domination over the land for over a century and among other things laid the foundation of the city of Dublin. But the Irish did not much like the barbarians and after soon reducing them to a defeated and subject race, got busy with their old occupation of fighting each other. But when they continued doing so for nearly a century and a half, and perhaps simultaneously gave birth to the now well-known Irish bull that an Irishman is never at peace except when he is fighting, they started attracting the attention of their closest neighbours where Henry II sat on the English throne. Henry's attention soon turned into action and the Anglo-Norman conquest of Ireland was practically complete by 1172.

What followed after this is a marathon tale of Irish-English tussle with many a chapter written with blood which Catholics and Protestants shed slaughtering each other, and with the tale always charged with the rebellious Irish spirit. Suffice it to say that the English lorded over the unwilling Irish for over seven and a half centuries and prevented the Irishman from revealing to the world that besides being a brave and rebellious land, his country is also an exquisitely beautiful item of geography with its gentle mountains and moody lakes and lush greenery, and that it is not without justification that his country had been nicknamed 'The Emerald Isle'. During the British domination, the outside world remembered Ireland's existence only when it heard great literary names like Congreve, Goldsmith, Farquhar, Oscar Wilde, W. B. Yeats, J. M. Synge, Sean O'Casey, James Joyce, Thomas Moore and, ofcourse, George Bernard Shaw, and learnt that the Irish blood in their veins had something to do with their literary vigour and that even Jonathan Swift, though no Irishman, was born, educated and buried in Ireland.

Now, however, when the Irishman is once again the master of his homeland and ready and willing to escort the tourist all over Ireland and proudly reveal to him the charm and beauty of his country, 'the Emerald Isle' is worth a visit. Beauty reigns over all Ireland but Dublin receives a fair measure of that reign and a visit to this capital of the Republic of Ireland provides a good glimpse of the

The Trinity College in Dublin was founded by Queen Elizabeth in 1591. Since then it has become one of the most celebrated centres of learning in the world. Congreve, Goldsmith, Oscar Wilde, Dean Swift and Synge are some of the great literary figures whose mind and character were moulded by this institution in their formative years.

heart and soul, and the history and culture of this Celtic land.

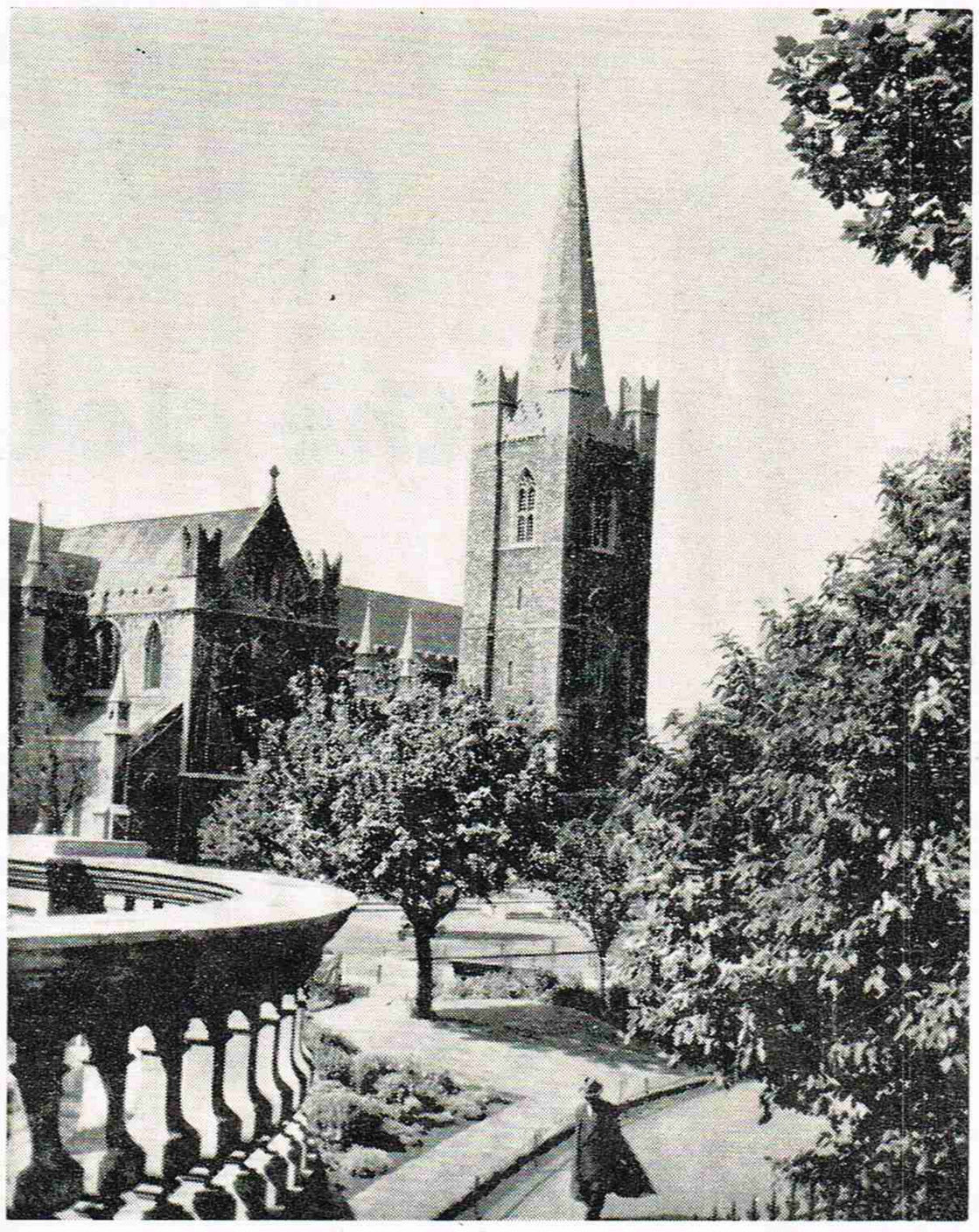
GIFT OF THE VIKINGS

An ancient city harking back to the days of the Vikings, Dublin is situated on the mouth of the River Liffey where it meets the Irish Sea. The city's name is derived from 'Dubh' and 'Linn', two Irish words meaning 'Black Pool'. But it has got an older Irish name, Baileatha-Cliath, and the Irish have reverted to the use of this name. Call it by whatever name, it is a handsome and cheerful metropolis containing all the landmarks of modern civilization and many a milestone of history. Encircled by the Circular Road and divided into two parts by the Liffey, it wears a modern look and yet smiles a smile which hides an acquaintance with the centuries gone by.

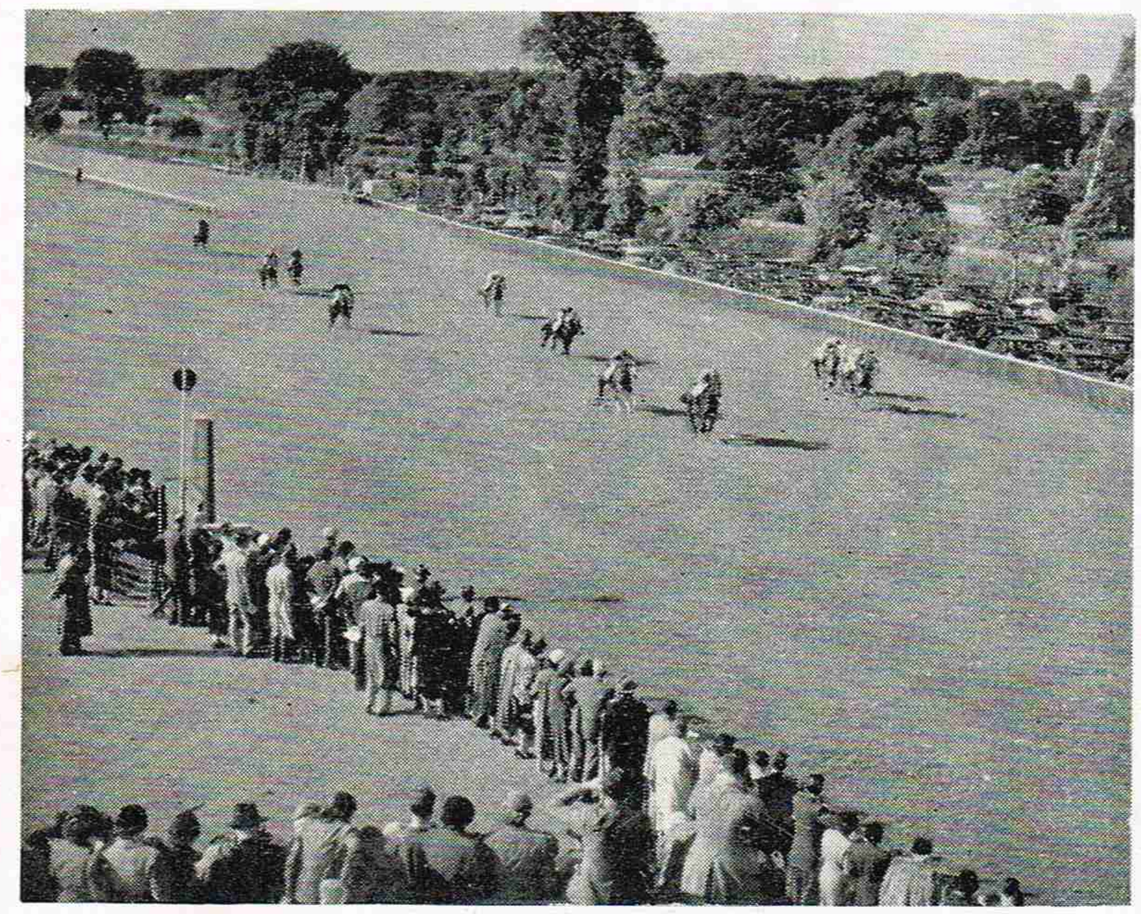
Among the buildings which take the mind flying back to the past are St. Patrick's Cathedral which dates back to 1192 and contains monuments to the memory of Swift and "Stella"; Christ Church Cathedral dating back to 1171; St. Mary's Abbey; St. Michan's Church, which was founded in 1096; the remains of St. Andoen's Church; Dublin Castle, originally built by the Normans in 1220, but largely rebuilt in the eighteenth century. The buildings at the Castle include the stately quarters of the former English Viceroys and the Bedford Tower housing the Heraldic Museum and Genealogical Office, and the Record Tower.

In the centre of the city in College Green is situated the ancient Dublin University consisting of a single college—Trinity College. It was founded in 1591 by Queen Elizabeth and through its portals have passed some of the most celebrated figures in English literature. The University consists of fine buildings and possesses a huge park, while its Library houses the famous Book of Kells—the vividly and luxuriously illuminated manuscript.

There are other buildings scattered over the city revealing the classical style of architecture of the Georgian era and illustrating the golden age of Irish architecture. They include the Four Courts and the Custom House, both on the quays of the Liffey. The Custom House, designed by James Gandon, is placed among the finest examples of the Renaissance in Europe. In the same group are Charlemont House, Powerscourt House, Tyrone House, etc. The classical architecture of Ireland is further revealed in the King's Inn, St. George's Church, the General Post Office—all product of the eighteenth century. And near the Custom House is the ultra-modern, glass-walled Arus Mhic Dhiarmuda, otherwise known as the "Bus Station". There is also the Bank of Ireland which once housed the semi-Independent Irish Parliament.



St. Patrick is regarded as the Patron-Saint of Ireland. He was the first to bring Christianity to Ireland as a conversion movement and with his gentle and patient methods achieved great success. In the picture is the famous Dublin Cathedral named after him and built in 1192.



Horse-racing is a national sport of Ireland and blood-stock a reputed national industry. And the Dublin Horse Show is famous all over the world. Dublin alone has three face courses, the most famous of which is in Phoenix Park, seen above.

Other attractive sights for the tourist in Dublin are the National Museum, the Natural History Museum, the new Civic Museum, the Heraldic Museum, the National Gallery on Merrion Square, the Municipal Gallery of Modern Art on Parnell Square, the City Hall, the famous Abbey Theatre, which conjures up the names of the famous Irish dramatists; the Dublin Chamber of Commerce, founded in 1783, and said to be oldest in the world; the world-famous Guinness' Brewery; the elegant suburbs of Ballsbridge, Pembroke, Rathmines, etc; the Grafton Street, the fashionable thoroughfare in the city; and of course the O'Connell Bridge, the chief connecting link across the Liffey between the two parts of the city.

Another thing which a visitor to Dublin should not miss and normally cannot miss is the Phoenix Park, where finest-bred Irish horses show their form, and which with its 1760 acres is said to be the biggest urban park in the world.

There is a lot to see in Dublin and should the tourist feel tired seeing the various places there is always Irish ale and whiskey to pick him up, or there is the famous Gaelic or Irish Coffee which is a mixture of hot black coffee and Irish whiskey topped by a thick layer of cream. With tonics like these inside him and the Irish hospitality around him, the visitor may well feel up to seeing the Irishman's whole little country and when he has done that he may also discover that Bernard Shaw was not merely doing his duty by the land of his birth when he said: "There is no magic like that of Ireland; there are no skies like Irish skies; there is no air like Irish air; the Irish climate will make the stiffest and slowest mind flexible for life".

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When a woman parts her lips that way and brings that languid look to her eyes, it means that she is ready to go to bed but not yet to sleep. It is a signal for all people to take leave of her except the man who has the licence to be in her bedroom. Shammi gives many signals in All India Pictures' "Production No. 22".

SYMPATHY FOR HUNGARIANS

According to a report of the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service, 350,000 immigrants were admitted in the U.S. during 1956. This was the highest figure since 1924. Out of these 350,000, Hungarian refugees alone numbered 21,500.

President Eisenhower is likely to introduce new legislation to permit more Hungarian refugees to enter U.S. Till then they can immigrate under the "parole" provision of the McCarran Walter Immigration law "until such time as the Congress acts".

So it is not only Canada that has offered a home to Hungarian refugees. U.S. has also welcomed them with open arms.

A SOCIALITE NURSE

The rich often develop an instinctive indifference towards suffering humanity in their inordinate desire to hold on to their wealth but once in a while there appears the human spirit that levels the millionaire with the commoner.

Olga Deterding, the 28-year-old member of a London millionaire family, experienced a sudden change of heart when she got an attack of malaria at Lambarene in West Africa during her recent holiday there. As soon as she got all right, she recruited herself as a leper nurse in the now famous jungle hospital set up by Dr. Albert Schweitzer at Lambarene. Olga works without a salary—her motto being selfless work. She doesn't touch money—in the typical Vinoba Bhave style who calls money the root of all evil.

Anyway from a fashionable socialite to a leper nurse is an unbelievable stride towards divinity.

REVIVING ARABIC

Egypt's Ministry of Education which has been conducting its universities mostly in English and French has decided to switch over to the Arabic language. In fact the Arabic language will dominate from the primer to the Ph.D. classes and will also become the medium of instruction.

A complete change-over to the new system, of course, involves tremendous labour because the Arabic language lacks modern scientific or cultural terms. More text books are required and educationists have already begun to do this job. At the moment, only physics is taught in Arabic at the Egyptian University.

A special committee has been appointed to coin new words from old Arab roots to modernize the Arabic language. The Arab League has sponsored a committee to standardize these terms in all Arabic countries.

The Ministry of Education has begun to translate world classics into Arabic under its "thousand great books" translation programme. In another ten years, Arabic, the Egyptians think, will come to occupy a place of importance as of old.

Our efforts at making Hindi the lingua franca of India are still far from satisfactory in spite of nine and a half years of freedom, thanks to the Ministry of Education ruled by the bearded Maulana.

NEGROES IN U.S.

According to a report submitted by a presidential committee headed by Mr. Maxwell Abbell, Negroes comprise 23.4% of Federal employees in U.S. in five major cities, including Washington.

Two findings worth nothing are that Negroes employed by the Federal Government "are well above their ratio to the total population" and they are "by no means confined either to the menial jobs of the Government or to the lower grades in the (civil service) Classification Act. 5% of the Negro workers in the five cities "were in supervisory jobs and had administrative direction over other employees."

This is the first comprehensive study made by the U.S. Government on this problem.

The position of the Negroes in the U.S. seems to be improving slowly. But the southern States are still hard nuts to crack. Segregation is their goal of life.

OLD AGE PENSION

Holland introduced recently old age pensions for men and

Even bearded ones feel hungry. Well, what has hunger to do with the hair on one's chin? It attacks anybody at any hour and its pangs subside only after a good meal. Let us see if Ranjan gets a meal with Roopmala looking so lost in the thoughts of some hunger of her own in "Paristan", a fairy tale produced and directed by Dhirubhai Desai.

women over 65. The pensions, however, will vary according to the cost of living.

So far, only 1|3rd of all wage earners made provisions for their old age. At least for those over 65, there is some guarantee for their future.

It is high time the Government of India also showed some concern for the aged and the ailing.

GERMANY'S GAIN

On January 1, 1957, Saarland, the 898-sq. mile bone of contention for centuries between the French and the Germans was ceded to the Federal Republic of West Germany. Reunion with West Germany was decided after a plebiscite in October 1955.

Rich in coal and strategic in importance, Saarland was once a part of Adolf Hitler's Third Reich and after 1947 a member of the French Union.

Though Saarlanders are German citizens, French customs will check their luggage and they will have to pay import duties up to 60% on German goods. The Communist Party recognized by the French up till now has been banned by West Germany.

France, however, has the right to mine 90 million tons of Saarland's coal for the next 25 years and an option to purchase 1|3rd of its coal production for ever.

Let us hope the Saarlanders are satisfied now with the new deal.

FISHY STORY

According to figures published in the F A O (Food And Agriculture Organization) Year book of Fishery Statistics, the picture of fishing in India is quite bright. India's annual catch of fish has gone up from 744,000 metric tons in 1952 to 839,000 metric tons in 1955. The world catch of fish has also risen considerably from 19,390,000 in 1948 to 27,720,000 metric tons in 1955, i.e. 40% higher than it was before the 1939-45 war.

But Japan still leads among the fishing countries, the 1955 figure being 4,720,000 metric tons. U.S. including Alaska caught 2,687,000 metric tons of fish in 1955. Other important countries are U.S.S.R., China (mainland), Norway and United Kingdom with 2,500,000, 2,000,000, 1,867,000 and 1,099,700 metric tons respectively.

But God knows what happens to the fish that is landed in India. The poor are still starving and all that they do get is, perhaps, a small piece of dried fish.

RURAL EDUCATION

Austria is making steady progress in the field of rural education. Nearly half of Austria's schools are rural and of these 22% are one-room and 22% two room schools.

Austria has a 'Rural-Schools Week' in which all teacher-training schools participate. To make this programme successful, the Ministry of Education subsidizes 6000 rural schools, visited by teacher trainees who want first hand experience.

'Child care centres' are slowly being replaced by nursery schools and kindergartens taught by qualified teachers. In 1945 there were 600 kindergartens in Austria while by 1955 there were more than 1200.

The social status of Austrian teachers is good but they are also poorly paid as in most countries. It looks as if the teaching profession is the least lucrative of all.

THE GRABBED GOLD

The Spanish Government is reported to have obtained documents proving its claim to a fabulous gold hoard shipped to Russia during the civil war. The gold is said to be worth £276 million.

In 1936, Finance Minister Dr. Negrin had accepted a Russian offer to look after the gold reserves of the Bank of Spain when Russia was supplying war equipment to the Republic forces in the civil war. A little before his death in exile in Paris last November, Dr. Negrin contacted the Spanish Government and helped them to recover the receipts for the gold shipment.

The Spanish Foreign Ministry said, "The documents provide the Spanish Government with the legal basis for asking for the return of the gold".

Let us wait and see if the gold comes back to its rightful owners.

WORKERS & WAGES

The U.S. Department's Bureau of Labour statistics show that in 1957 about 5 million workers will be paid about a billion dollars owing to deferred pay increases. The workers belong to every major industry group—auto, farm equipment, aircraft, steel, aluminium, metal-working industries, transport, food, mining, etc.

The trend between employers and workers is towards long-term contracts and more workers than ever before will receive wage increases in 1957 as a result of contracts negotiated in prior years. Most contracts also call for automatic cost-of-living pay changes. So the

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workers get their proportionate increase in salary depending on the Government's living cost index.

These five million workers have, therefore, no cause to complain.

FROM VERSE TO BED

Famous American-born poet, Thomas Stearns Eliot, 68, married his private secretary and "confidential clerk"—the thirty-year-old Miss Valerie Fletcher, in a modest church in West Kensington.

The only people present at the wedding ceremony were Eliot's lawyer and Valerie's parents.

Marrying was the best way of ensuring a permanent secretaryship from Valerie.

ATOMS FOR WAR

Dr. Pitrim A. Sorokin, well-known Harvard sociologist, has gloomy predictions for the future. His study made from the records of ancient and modern rulers leads him to believe that one out of four rulers was a murderer. Said Sorokin, "Within one or two decades, nuclear weapons will pass into the hands of criminals".

Dr. Sorokin doesn't seem to be far away from truth. Wasn't it Harry Truman, President of America, who ordered the atom bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki in 1945? Power makes many a ruler crazy.

F.B.I. & FINGERPRINTS

The Federal Bureau of Investigation, U.S., is one of the most remarkable institutions which helps to track down criminals through its fingerprint exchange. The fingerprint exchange includes 83 countries and the Bureau's identification division receives 20,000 sets of prints every working day. It has more than 137,000,000 sets, which, with duplicates, represent 70,000,000 persons. The sets are divided into 5 basic patterns and many sub-divisions, though no two are alike. The system is so accurate that a set of "arrest prints" wire-photographed from a police station can be identified in a few minutes.

It was an English magistrate in Bengal, Sir William Herschel, who devised the first workable system of identifying prints of all the fingers, towards the end of the 19th century. Chinese monarchs, we are told, used their thumbs instead of fingers, to sign documents. They never worried about finger prints.

Anyway, the F.B.I. needs all these finger prints and more with the crime rate going up higher and higher in the U.S.

OSTRICH FARMING

The ostrich farmer of South Africa is again coming into his own after 23 lean years of neglect. Before World War 1, ostrich plumes were third to gold and diamonds as the Union's chief source of revenue, each plume fetching as high a price as $300. One bird then was worth $5000.

Recently the market for ostrich skins required in the manufacture of purses and luggage is going up. Sun-dried, salted ostrich meat, called biltong, is a staple food of South-African sportsmen. Ostrich feathers are being used for dusters, fans and hat trim.

Who knows the future milady may again revert to wearing ostrich feathers if some Diors sets the fashion soon?

PUSH-BUTTON HOSPITAL

The Paracelsus Hospital, popularly known as the "push-button hospital" in Marl, a fast-growing industrial town in the Ruhr district of West Germany, is said to be the most modern in design and the most efficient in the world. Built in the form of the letter T with eight storeys, it minimizes movements by the staff. In this hospital no nurse or doctor has to walk more than three miles a day.

Many rooms are provided with oxygen on tap as well as electrical and other fittings so that the specialized equipment can be used without moving the patient unnecessarily.

The 'push button' hospital has thus done its bit to overcome the terrific nursing shortage in Germany. Other countries are also contemplating more 'push button' hospitals of this kind.

COBALT THERAPY

The first radio-active cobalt deep therapy unit was used recently in a London clinic. The radio-active cobalt in this unit was supplied by the Harwell Atomic Energy Establishment while the machine was built by the Nuclear Engineering Company of London.

The gamma-ray beam from the small piece of cobalt in the machine is equivalent to an X-ray beam produced at 3 million volts. Normal deep therapy machines operate at about 200,000 volts. In radio-active cobalt therapy, there is no disfiguring of skin usually associated with deep therapy.

BLAMING PROGENITORS

Dr. Oscar Touster, associate professor of biochemistry, Vanderbilt University School of Medicine, Nashville, won the annual Theobald Smith Award (of 1000 dollars) in medical sciences by the American Association for the Advancement of Science for discovering the cause of an inherited disease that doesn't need a cure.

Dr. Touster and his associates studied the cause of pentosuria, particularly common among Jews, where the person is unable to make use of a particular type of sugar known as L-xylose pentose. This is excreted in the urine and the disease is often mistaken for diabetes. Persons suffering from pentosuria lack a liver enzyme which converts the sugar to body use. This lack of the enzyme has now been found to be an inherited condition. One particular gene determines the lack or presence of the liver enzyme.

This discovery might throw more light on more serious inherited diseases, like muscular dystrophy, susceptibility to cancer, etc.

A RAY OF HOPE

Dr. Arthur B. Pardee and Rosa M. Litman, two researchers of Berkeley Virus Research Laboratory, University of California, accidentally hit upon a method whereby mutation or genetic changes resulted by changing the structure of the nucleic acid, the all-important life substance of a virus.

Rosa added sulfanilamide to the virus culture which prevented the formation of thymine, a vital part of the nucleic acid. Then another chemical

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She is straining her eyes and saving the strain on the neck only to measure her prey without making him conscious of his danger. Most women play this game skilfully and Vyjayantimala plays it most skilfully in "Aasha", an exciting entertainer produced and directed by M. V. Raman.

was added to take the place of thymine.

About 10% of the virus offspring were mutants with the substitute chemical. The rate of mutation was 1000 times higher than that got by any other way. And mutant viruses again produced mutants.

Dr. Wendell M. Stanley, the famous virologist and director of the Laboratory, noting these genetic changes in the chemical structure of the virus said, "Eventually infectious viruses might be made to produce non-infectious ones, thus halting virus infections in man, animals, and plants".

ANGINA PECTORIS

Angina pectoris, a dreaded heart disease caused by sclerosis of the coronary arteries in a chronic form, made many patients in old times feel that they were doomed to die soon.

Today after thirty years of research, more light has been thrown on angina and the mode of treatment also has been suitably changed. From amyl nitrite, doctors have gone to nitroglycerin as it usually prevents an attack or makes the attack less severe. The former is said to cause unnecessary dilation of the arteries.

The patient need no longer be given a warm climate or be subjected to removal of a part of the thyroid gland. Now an "atomic cocktail" of radioactive iodine is given. The patient can drink and smoke in moderation.

The disease has been found to be the result of imbalance in fat metabolism. Dr. Arthur M. Master, a well-known cardiologist of Mount Sinai Hospital in New York, says that this knowledge has brought about "an unparalleled surge of research in human and animal biochemistry".

CRIME & NARCOTICS

The U.S., world's indisputable leader in ammunition and atom bombs, also leads in crime rate. It has, besides, the biggest black market in narcotic drugs. There are now 100,000 narcotic addicts in the U.S. These addicts are responsible for 50% of the crimes in big cities and 25% of all other crimes reported by the U.S.

Speaking at the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Dr. Hubert S. Howe, a New York neurologist, said that in spite of 40 years of the Harrison Narcotic Act being in force, there was a black market in narcotics "with its insidious train of crime". "The public", added Dr. Howe, "has yet to grasp the fact that addicts are dangerous when they are without drugs, not when they are with them".

Dr. Howe suggested rehabilitation before the addict actually gave up his drug. This plan has been found successful in Britain where there are 279 known drug addicts. The patient's doctor alone decides about the amount of drug and whether it should be continued or not, or the addict gets it through the National Health Plan. This way, Dr. Howe felt, one could get rid of the black markets.

APPENDICITIS & SURGERY

For the modern surgeon an appendicitis operation has become the easiest thing on earth but Surgeon Eric Coldrey writing in the 'British Medical Journal,' warns against reckless appendicitis operations performed on patients within the first 24 hours of an attack. He usually operates on patients when the surgical risk is less. When surgery is likely to be risky, he rests his patient in bed, allows no food, gives him only water to drink and administers penicillin (250,000) units every six hours and in worse cases adds another antibiotic or one of the sulfas. To stop pain, he gives morphine or meperidine. After the infection goes down, he operates on the patient and finds quick recovery. Coldrey tried this system on 137 cases of acute appendicitis and only one patient, an old man of 78, died of pneumonia.

MANUEL'S MANUAL FEAT

Manuel Avendano Canepa, a young typist at the Peruvian War Ministry, set a new world record for endurance at the typewriter keyboard.

He typed 174 pages, double spacing in 30 hours, 5 minutes, non-stop. The previous non-stop typing record was held by an American — 26 hours, 5 minutes.

Manuel must be having rare fingers to perform this typing feat. He seems to be even smarter than the proverbially-fast Madrasi typists.

DRUNKEN FRENCHMEN

Frenchmen seem to be having rare guts, especially when it comes to driving motor cars in an "alcoholic coma" which would normally knock a person dead.

Recent tests on 2850 automobile drivers examined in France after traffic accidents showed that 22.4% registered more than 2.5 grams of alcohol in their blood. This much of alcohol in the blood is supposed to cause a "dead drunk" condition. But the gay Frenchman evidently wants to drive a car either to his home or to heaven. How can you blame him with the best of wine flowing in France?

THE MISSING LINK

The 'missing link' between man and ape has always excited the imagination of many an anthropologist. Now comes Dr. Raymond A. Dart, a scientist of the University of Witwatersan and Johannesburg, with his new theory that the major evolutionary gap between man and his apelike ancestors is bridged by creatures called Australopithecines.

More than 100 specimens of these Australopithecines have been studied and Dr. Dart says that they had almost human brains and bodies, walked erect in human fashion and improvised and used tools and weapons. Their weapons were crude, unshapen clubs. The fossil animals slain by the man-apes were very big.

Man is not the only big game hunter. There were cleverer man-apes (Australopithecines) before him who excelled man in this respect.

GROW MORE GIBBERELLIN

Dr. Reed A. Gray & Co., a plant physiologist of Merck & Co. Inc. had some remarkable results using gibberellins—a type of potent chemicals derived from a fungus found on diseased rice plants—on tomato seedlings. These tomato seedlings grew rapidly and produced twice the usual number of tomatoes, each fruit also weighing 40% more than the average.

As regards seeds of different flowers and vegetables treated with gibberellin, they too reacted similarly. They sprouted fast minimizing seed rot.

Perhaps gibberellin may solve many an agriculturist's problem some day.

ATOMS FOR PEACE

The effects of atomic radiation on living and non-living forms of matter are being studied at Harwell by British atomic scientists. For instance, atomic radiation induces a wheat plant to bear seven ears instead of the customary three or four.

Now in the "tulip experiments", atomic radiation made the tulips revert to the wild state in which they existed 1000 years ago before they were "improved" by man.

Antibiotics like penicillin were sterilized by rays which killed bacteria. The scientists are also experimenting with the irradiation of small quantities of vegetables, meat and other foods to sterilize them.

The newly formed Technological Irradiation Group said that many of the tests conducted by it and other sections of Harwell's Isotope Division point to constructive use of atomic radiation.

POCKET REFRIGERATOR

The Carrier Corporation of U.S. has developed a jet-powered refrigeration unit whose components can be packed into a ladies' handbag when necessary. These units will be used in Douglas Aircraft Company's new DC-8 jet airliners soon.

The units have been specially designed with an eye on substantial weight reduction. Each unit weighs less than the average male airline passenger.

NOTHING T.T.K.-PROOF YET

A London inventor, Harry Adler, has devised a cash bag that is bandit-proof. When grabbed out of one's hand, the cash bag screams and the noise continues non-stop for two hours. The bag also lets off a stream of tear gas.

People carrying the bags, however, are safe once they set the controls. But if a thief tries to grab the bag, the safety devices are thrown out of operation. A 17-guinea bag can hold £5000 while one costing 15 guineas can hold £3000.

Insurance companies are offering reduced premiums on insurance against robbery to people using the bags.

Banks, post-offices, etc., in India should start using these bandit-proof cash bags.

"NOO" PRINTING DEVICE

Russian engineer, Ivan Zhilevich, has invented a new printing device which requires neither a set of types, nor impressions, rotary press, etc. The main part of the machine is a ferro-magnetic tape (used in sound recording). With the help of a special device, invisible magnetic imprints of letters are made on the tape. By another process, the imprints are transferred to paper and dyed with paint.

The new device is likely to

simplify printing and cut down costs.

RATS & RADIO-ACTIVITY

M. Jean Maire and M. Michon, two French scientists of the Atomic Energy Commission, claim that they have found a way of protecting human beings from radio-activity.

In their report to the French Academy of Sciences, they said that rats had been given a particularly strong dose of Strontium-90 and also made to absorb a certain type of resin. In the autopsies they found that those treated with resin had eliminated a good part of Strontium-90 while in the untreated ones, Strontium-90 had attacked the bones.

CROSSING ATOMS

A group of scientists from the University of California has found a new way of producing atomic energy without the help of uranium or the multi-million-degree heat necessary in present thermo-nuclear reactions.

The energy was produced by the fusion of only a few hundred hydrogen atoms—so small in size that they cannot be measured with the most sensitive instruments.

The discovery is that an atomic particle called a negative mu meson can bring together the nuclei of a heavy hydrogen atom and a light hydrogen atom and fuse them into a helium atom. In this fusion process a little of the weight of the two hydrogen nuclei is converted into a tremendous amount of energy.

JAPAN'S ATOMIC REACTOR

In the atomic age it is the fashion to install atomic reactors and Japan doesn't want to lag behind in this respect. Preparations for the first atomic reactor have been made and it will go into operation this year at the Atomic Research Institute in the Ibaragi Prefecture north-west of Tokyo.

In 1954, a systematic survey of uranium deposits was made by the Japanese Government. Over 1000 applications have been filed by prospectors for uranium and thorium mining rights. Though the uranium ores found in Japan are of an inferior quality, there are some good mines on the Okayama-Tottori prefectural border. The total deposits are estimated at 300,000 tons and the rate of uranium content ranges from 0.07 to 0.13%.

Even India has an atomic reactor, though what purpose it exactly serves in our socialistic pattern is still a mystery.

EINSTEIN'S BEQUEST

Is there a true fourth dimension existing all round man? This is a question perplexing a team of American scientists. Dr. Robert Tschirgi, a physiologist, believes that man may be able to build a computer that can see round "the fourth dimensional corner" and translate what it finds there into a language man can understand. Then the future might not seem so mysterious.

A theoretical study of dimensional perception is being made and it is possible that time is primarily related to a "clock" in man's brain. Says Tschirgi, "In the world outside of us, motion may occur in directions which we cannot 'see' and which we must, therefore, interpret only a change in time". For instance, flatworms live in a two-dimensional world and cannot conceive of a third dimension.

PLASTIC HOUSES

Mr. Henry H. Reichhold, President of Reichhold Chemicals Inc., U.S., predicts that soon houses will be built with plastic resins containing their own reinforcing materials. Besides providing reinforcement, the filler-glass fibres, wood pulp or other material—would serve to stretch the plastic resin and reduce total costs.

The main material for plastic houses would be polyester resin but phenolics, epoxies and other resins might be also used. Reichhold was soon going to build the first plastic resin house.

SYNTHETIC PETROL

Mr. William Harthill, a Sheffield engineer, is reported to have invented a synthetic "petrol" composed of three liquids, supplies of which are abundant. The synthetic petrol looks like ordinary petrol, has the same smell and corresponds to 85 degrees of octane.

The Ministry of Fuel and Power has authorized Harthill to put the synthetic petrol on sale without rationing. Harthill says that he can produce 30,000 gallons a week to begin with. He has had many enquiries already from transport undertakings.

If the synthetic petrol proves a success, then many countries are likely to be benefited by it. We don't have to worry then about the Suez Canal.

INSECT-INFESTED NEW YORK

According to Dr. Harlan R. Shuyer, a pest control expert working for the Home Insect Control Bureau of Kansas, a non-profit organization, New York has the greatest insect infestation of a dozen other American cities surveyed.

New York has three times more cockroaches than Los Angeles, the city with the fewest bugs. Then come Philadelphia. Kansas City and Atlanta. Other pests worrying New Yorkers are silverfish and clover mites. The reason is said to be congestion, poor housing and a sprawling transportation system that carries insects along with human beings.

New York, it seems, is a conglomeration of glamour girls, cut-throats and cockroaches!

DEATH-CARRIERS

Three mammoth planes, B-52 Stratojets, belonging to the U.S. Air Force, completed their first jet-bomber non-stop round-the-world flight at 10-19 a.m. on January 19, 1957.

The 24325-mile flight took 45 hours and 19 minutes. Refuelling was done in the air. Stratojets are the potential carriers of the hydrogen bomb—which means that in case of a war a hydrogen bomb can be dropped anywhere in the world without wasting much time.

We don't know...

We don't know whether worries
turn Black Hair into Grey Hair or not,
but we do know that whatever may be
the cause of Greying of Hair, Loma surely
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A SHORT STORY

THE FROST AND THE THAW

By

DEVENDRA PRATAP

"She was a strange combination of two diametrically opposed virtues."

HER name was Naseem. I knew her for about three months many years ago.

She had come to Delhi to establish "contacts". She had just left college and wanted to get into films, a craze that had just begun to spread among the country's young.

Her devout Muslim parents, who lived a respectable, unblemished middle-class life in Lahore, naturally resented this. They opposed her with all their might. But being young, strong and adamant, she finally had her way. Silently, one night, she escaped from her home and took a train to Delhi.

A self-willed girl, Naseem had discarded the veil long ago. But all the same she always carried as part of her baggage two or three exquisitely lovely silk "burqas" which she sometimes wore. She did this more, one felt, to enhance her attraction or, at times, to assume an incognito, than in obedience to the injunctions of Islam. She had a wonderful, almost uncanny gift for being the best-dressed girl in any circle in which she moved. And, of course, she was beautiful, to which we shall revert later.

Before coming to Delhi, she had tried to get an entry into the numerous film studios which had sprung up in Lahore. She had a good singing voice but it was tremulous and did not carry well over the mike. Outside of a small drawing room, its spell was practically negligible.

She could converse fascinatingly for hours but her breath was short and her speech was always somewhat oddly halting in consequence. Her acting ability was of a somewhat mediocre kind and while she could often inject much genuine passion into her moods away from the camera, under the studio lights her eyebrows and her

mouth remained for the most part immobile and the overall impression left by her performance was one of flatness.

But she had two very remarkable gifts which, I am now inclined to think, were responsible for much of her misery. She was strikingly beautiful—and very, very kind and generous.

Her beauty was absolutely breathtaking. Look at her whichever way you like, judge her by any standards you will, and you came out with the conviction that here was perfection. When you saw her you felt almost intuitively that if she were half an inch shorter or her eyebrows a hair's breadth thicker, her nose a little longer or her lips a fraction of a millimeter fuller, her eyes a little more or less brown or her throat a little less slender, her fingers a little chubbier or her complexion anything but what it was, she would not exercise a quarter of the spell she did. So delicately balanced she seemed to be.

Every limb of hers was exquisitely turned out. From her smooth silken hair down to her dainty toes with their beautifully proportioned nails, she was an embodiment of perfection.

Her other virtue, therefore, seemed somewhat oddly placed in a girl like that. One would expect her to be a cruel, callous, hard-boiled gold-digger. She wasn't. Exceedingly unostentatious, she was kindliness itself: liberal, large-hearted, full of sympathy and fellow feeling. The more you knew her the more aware you became of this quality. She would often put a ten-rupee note into a beggar's bowl without thinking twice about it. Hotel bearers vied with one another in rushing to serve the table she graced. She was a strange combination, that girl, of two diametrically opposed virtues.

I met her at the hotel in Fatehpuri where she had anchored. The proprietor knew me and asked me to tea one afternoon. She was there and when I had recovered sufficiently from the almost dreamy stupor into which her beauty had thrown me, my friend told me who she was, why she was there and what she wanted. It seemed that I could help her, because it so transpired that in my capacity of his advertising consultant I was for the time being on good terms with one Seth Rasiklal, a Delhi millionaire, who was producing films in Bombay as a hobby. She wanted me to give her a break with him.

After tea, we became a little informal and, at my friend's bidding, Naseem sang a couple of popular songs for my benefit. I am not a great connoisseur of music but evèn with my limited understanding of it I could see that it was not a very inspiring performance and, judged solely by its merit, hardly likely to advance her prospects with the producer.

But I knew Seth Rasiklal better than to be discouraged by such an indifferent display. I was aware that most good looking girls—if they are willing to be "friendly"—had a chance to get roles in his pictures. But this Naseem—would *she* be willing to be "friendly"? She did not look that kind of a girl at all.

I took the hotel proprietor aside and stated the case. Entirely misjudging Naseem, I declared that the project was hopeless.

He rubbed his chin doubtfully. Then he said he would like to consult the girl. He went in and after a minute or two came out.

"It's all right," he said, winking. "You, too, if you wish."

For some reason I found it a very shattering announcement. From the high pedestal on which I had mentally set her a few minutes ago, Naseem came tumbling down with a crash to roll in dust at my feet. But that, as I later learnt, was how she was always behaving. You endowed her with the quality of aloofness and unapproachability and she suddenly struck your fancy a mortal blow by behaving in an exactly opposite manner and being—well, cheap.

I was disappointed. And appalled. I casually told her that I would see what I could do and took my departure, deciding firmly to do nothing at all.

But I had reckoned without the girl's dogged determination. One evening, a few days later, I found her at my one-room apartment. She asked me whether I had interceded in her behalf and with what results. She seemed so insular to gentle hints that I had to lie that the Seth had already recruited more staff than he knew what to do with and was, therefore, not interested. My tone, as I said this, was as dry and chilly as I could make it.

"Her energy and her devotion were astonishing."

She sensed at last that, for some obscure reason, she was an unwelcome visitor and, girding up her loins as it were, set about making herself agreeable in the only way most women can—vamping. As her antics continued, I thought less and less of her and, at last becoming quite exasperated, told her to try her undeniable charms on someone less indisposed to make use of them. It was not that I was a paragon of virtue. Only that my innate vanity was shaken at the thought of getting something I had done nothing to win or earn.

Strangely enough, she was not offended by my refusal. She sobered at once and gave up her efforts to seduce me with a sigh of relief. She laughed.

"It is good to come across someone who has more than usual resistance," she said. "But can't we be even friends?"

I looked up at her sharply and debated this unexpected question. At last I decided to risk it and said, "Oh, yes, of course, we can." We shook hands and became great friends.

About twentyfive days later I

fell very seriously ill. There was an epidemic of malaria in the city and I was one of the first victims.

This was very sad because my fortunes were at a very low ebb just then and I could not afford the expensive treatment which alone can combat this deadly disease. I wired to some relations for succour and sent S.O.S. messages to people I thought might rally round. But none did and, faced with Hobson's choice, I took to bed with a temperature of 103, letting nature take its course and hoping for the best.

Rescue came from the most unexpected quarter. From Naseem, in fact. Somehow she had come to know of my illness and before I had been in bed three days, she turned up with her baggage like an angel of mercy and took complete charge of my establishment.

I wanted to thank her but she wouldn't let me. Her energy and her devotion were astonishing. In less than a fortnight she had nursed me back to health, spending God knows how many sleepless nights beside me when I was in delirium. It was not until I had completely recovered that I learned that she had not only spent the three or four hundred rupees she had of her own in my treatment but also sold a beautiful gold necklace almost for a song in order to cover the deficiency.

I was overwhelmed with gratefulness and, truth to tell, became quite foolishly sentimental about Naseem, imagining at the same time that she felt the same way about me. What I did not realise, however, was that kindness, charity and large-heartedness were in her very blood and that she would do as much for anyone she had ever known: a beggar, an invalid woman, a pup. I was soon disillusioned, because when I was completely recovered and on my feet again she left my house as suddenly as she had come and went back to her hotel, her sentiments unburdened, her conscience untroubled.

On several occasions, some months later, I wanted to repay the debt in bits but she always warded me off by stressing that she didn't need the money. She soon became financially well off, because although her histrionic talent had been disproved for ever and her dreams of a stellar role in a film finally laid at rest, she had, God knows how, picked up an acquaintance with Seth Rasiklal independently of me and he was now paying her a very handsome allowance, enabling her to live a life of ease and luxury. She had moved to a classier hotel and felt no qualms at all in living the way she did. She looked upon her intimacy with the Seth—an intimacy that would have shocked the hidebound—merely as a means necessary to her existence. The morality or otherwise of it never bothered her for a moment.

And then one day when, despite her extravagance and liberal-handed charities, she had amassed a sum of Rs. 10,000—she had confided the figure to me only two days previously—she suddenly left Delhi and disappeared, leaving no trace, no letter, not a clue, and that city never saw her again. My friend, the Seth, who had by then become genuinely fond of her —as who wouldn't?—was prostrate with grief and I missed her a great deal myself. But when two months of frantic and expensive inquiry had failed to trace her, all of us settled down to our normal lives and Naseem became a sweet but dim memory, except on occasions when some train of thought or association of ideas brought her flashing back into our minds.

* * *

Everyone who knew Naseem ever so little in those days knows this part of her life's story.

But few know—and none certainly from among the old Delhi set—what kind of a life and where she lived after disappearing so mysteriously that morning years ago. I do.

I had gone to Bombay on an errand and was making a longish stay in the city. One evening a friend of mine, also an advertising man, suggested a visit to a certain *person* he knew. We took a taxi and after a long drive through many narrow streets stopped before a row of mean, filthy-looking flats. Climbing a dilapidated staircase, my friend beat a tattoo on a door on the third floor. The door opened and I found myself face to face with Naseem.

"Naseem!" I exclaimed and stood transfixed on the threshold.

She recognised me at once and, characteristically, hugged me with unrestrained delight. She always had a wonderful memory for faces.

For the benefit of my friend, who was staring at us open-mouthed and with popping eyes, she explained the scenario.

"Ghosts from my past", she said with a mischievous wink, motioning us to chairs and perching herself on the arm of mine.

"Isn't it good to see you, D.P.", she said. "How are you? What has brought you to Bombay? Where are you staying? How's life?"

My friend, a tactful man, if somewhat tongue-tied at the moment, sensed that this was going to be an exclusive kind of twosome and, cleverly fabricating an engagement elsewhere, left the two of us alone.

I stood her before me and looked her over, searchingly. She was still the bright-eyed, beautiful, carefree girl I had known in Delhi and, although the passage of time had left some inevitable marks about her, the lines of her face and figure still retained their former delicateness. She still walked erect, like a princess of royal blood, and her supple, lissome form had not lost the power to charm.

We lighted cigarettes and I looked at her quizzically.

"Autobiography?" she said, laughing.

I nodded.

So she narrated the history of the intervening years. From Delhi she had come straight to Bombay to "try her luck" in films once again. She was in easier circumstances then because, as I have already said, she had ten thousand rupees saved and could afford to wait leisurely for the right opportunity.

But before she could make any contacts in films she had fallen into the hands of a gang of traffickers in women who had eventually sold her for Rs. 2,000 to a handsome but rootless Frenchman of low repute temporarily resident in Bombay.

The foreigner had treated her well and even gallantly for a time but, exercising his glib tongue and suave charms, he had ultimately got hold of her money and disappeared, leaving beneath her pillow a sum of Rs. 1,000—"to see you through until something turns up" (this in French, which she had to have translated) —and a charming note of farewell—chivalrous and polished to the last!

This had been a great blow to her, for she had sincerely begun to love the scoundrel and for a time, therefore, she had been beside herself with grief. Many had been her sympathisers during those days of travail and not a few of them had magnanimously offered to replace the Frenchman but, with her natural love of independence and her usual disregard for morality and convention, she had ultimately decided to "fence on her own". And this, it seemed, she had done, and was still doing.

"That is how your friend knows me," she said with a wink which would have been immediately misunderstood by and repelled any decent man who didn't know her as well as I.

Not that "fencing on her own", she had made—as other shrewder girls would have made —her pile. Indeed, she confessed that with all her large circle of "friends" her existence had nearly always bordered on the "hand to mouth". This did not astonish me in the least, for she had always had a bad head for business and I knew that people—or, at least, a large proportion of them—had always been ready to take advantage of her incurable, large-hearted contempt for money.

As she finished her narrative, I sat silent and pensive. Neither of us spoke for quite a while.

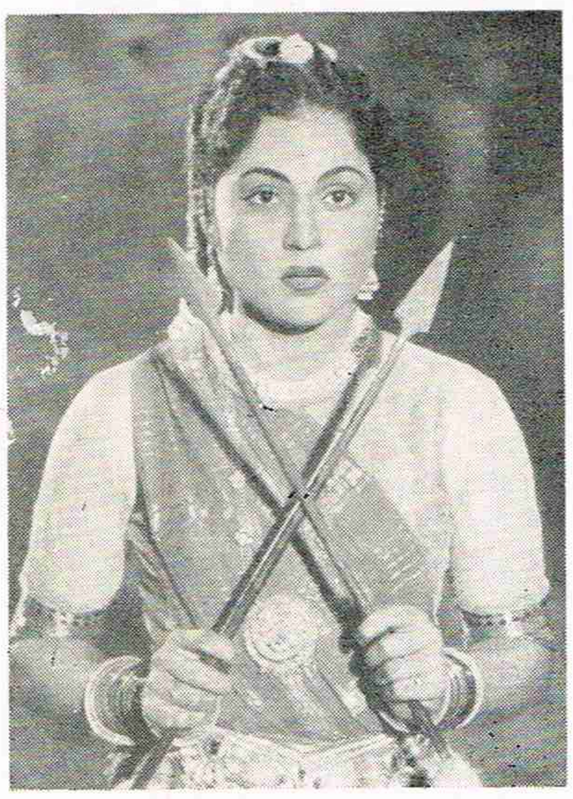
At last she sighed, shrugged her shoulders and life seemed to return to the room.

"Well, well," she said with a brave, self-deprecatory smile, "I mustn't bore you with my life's saga. Enough. Let's talk about *you*. How's the copy coming on? The slogans, the layouts. Not as horrific as in the past, I hope!"

It was just like her, too—to be facetious amid solemnity. I ignored the question and heaved myself up.

Something in the gesture made her forestall me.

"I know what you're going to say," she said. "You want me



Nirupa Roy guards invisible ramparts in "Nagmani", a mythological tale directed by Raman B. Desai.

to quit this life. They all do. When they are in a sentimental mood. But I think they're all the worst kind of hypocrites—loftily suggesting a course they know would leave me helpless and destitute. Tell me—would *you* take me for a wife now?"

I studied the carpet in silence.

"Got you there!" she exclaimed with a derisive little laugh. "No one has answered that question with a bold 'yes' so far. They all make the suggestion, of course, but I know it's only to get me into a pliant mood so they can have a good time. But I tell you, D. P., they only put my back up. Believe me, I am never nastier or more impatient with a man than when, influenced by liquor, he looks at me with his big, soulful eyes, gives my hand a sentimental squeeze and virtuously asks me to quit."

Remarkable insight.

"So what do you propose to do?" I asked.

"I intend to carry on."

"Like this?"

"Like this." There was finality in her voice. "Have some beer?"

She went into another room to collect glasses, while I walked up to her bed, surveying things.

When we had finished with beer and refreshments, it was eleven o'clock and time to go. I got up and extended my hand.

"I wish you all the luck in the world, Naseem," I said. "You're well equipped, I see, to face life. At present, and for a good many years, I hope, with your still undeniable beauty. Later on, maybe, with the stout personal philosophy you're developing. Carry on, old girl, and don't let a Frenchman come into your life again. You'll get along nicely."

* * *

About a fortnight later, when I returned to Delhi, I found in my letterbox an unregistered cover. The handwritting was unfamiliar to me. When I tore it open, I found cascading out of it five one-hundred-rupee notes and the following letter:

"Dear friend,

I know you can be very kind and generous, especially when you are in funds. You must have been—when you came round to see me. But really, my dear, I don't need the money. So, as I should only squander it on alcohol and other worthless pursuits if it stayed here a moment longer, I'm sending it back. I observe that when it comes to making a gift of money, even smart advertisement copywriters can become so flustered and disingenious as to find nothing better than the obvious pillow to leave it under—Naseem."

And, a fortnight after that, another letter—her last:

"Dear D.P.,

I am glad I sent back the money. Henri, the long-lost Frenchman is back—grizzled, repentant and very tender. We were married yesterday and he wants me to go back with him to Paris. Should that come about, I think I still have pride enough to want that we make the journey on his—not your—money!

Goodbye, dear friend. Henri has just come in with a bottle of Champagne...and that, if paid for, probably means only a deck passage to Marseilles, after all!"

MEENA KUMARI—

Youth is like lightning. It does not last long but while it lasts it dispels the shadows of life and lights up the world around. And there are some who manage to travel far in the brief flash of that lightning. Meena Kumari lights up the screen with youth in "Miss Mary", a sparkling entertainer produced by AVM and directed by Prasad.

PICTURES IN MAKING

are above surpri[illegible] and yet they are always the first to [illegible]rprise. But that is [illegible]nly because it adds an edge to their [illegible]d lends a more lethal complexion to their designs. And [illegible]esigns begin and end with the conquest of man, their [illegible]y who is the one who is always taken by surprise. Meet [illegible]aari playing an old game attractively in "Yahudi Ki [illegible] lavish entertainer produced by Savak Vacha and directed by Bimal Roy.

AVM's "Miss Mary" Due At Roxy—Producer M. V. Raman Launches A Lavish Technicolor Production—Madras Talkies' "Payal" Ready For Release—Bimal Roy's "Parivar" Still Popular At Swastik—Amiya's "Dekh Kabira Roya" Draws Crowds At Majestic—Mehboob's "Mother India" Nearing Completion—All India Pictures Produce Four Simultaneously.

[illegible]ODUC[illegible]IONS (Madras)

A [illegible] V. Meiyappan's [illegible] picture that has [illegible]o make a box- [illegible]eduled for re- [illegible] Delhi, Nagpur [illegible] on the 1st [illegible]xhibitors were [illegible]eir loins to [illegible] of picture- [illegible]dice. Contain- [illegible]e, a lilting [illegible]mant Kumar [illegible]ast consist- [illegible]ri, Kishore [illegible]muna, Jag-dish Sethi, Achala Sachdev, Om Prakash, etc., and expertly directed by Prasad, "Miss Mary" is expected to become a rarely thrilling comedy and a craze with the picturegoers. In Bombay, the picture is scheduled for an early release at the Roxy Cinema.

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MADRAS TALKIES (Madras)

"Payal", a tale of lilting songs and dancing bells, is now almost ready for release. Produced and directed by Joseph Taliath, the picture brings to the screen two talented eye-soothers, Padmini Sinha, Lalita Pawar, Raj Mehra, Randhir, Naina, Minoo Mumtaz, Om Prakash etc. Set against the background of wild jungles and narrating the adventures of a king, the picture is based on a story by Javar Sitaram and promises abundant thrills. The dialogue and lyrics are to be written by Rajendra Krishna, while the choice of the music director is still to be made. Meanwhile, Producer Raman's "Aasha" is nearly complete and fast heading for release and profits.

M. TARACHAND (Bombay)

M. Tarachand, the well-known firm of distributors, have acquired quite an impressive line-up of films all of which look like box-office hits. The first is Producer M. V. Raman's "Aasha", the star-studded musical comedy. The second is Anand Films' "Talaash". It is directed by veteran Vishram Bedekar and stars Ashok Kumar, Bina Rai, Ameeta, Mridula, Jagirdar and Yakub. Its music is composed by C. Ramchandra, while Rajendra Krishna writes the lyrics. The picture is complete and awaiting release. Another acquisition of M. Tarachand is G. M. Pictures' "Garma Garam", a hilarious comedy featuring Bhagwan, Agha, Om Prakash, Gope, Maruti and Nadira. It is directed by Santoshi, while the music direction is entrusted to Vinod.

NAVKALA NIKETAN (Bombay)

"Mohini", a costume drama based on a popular South Indian legend which has already provided a bilingual box-office hit in Tamil and Telegu, is fast nearing completion under the direction of Ramanlal Desai. The picture features Nirupa Roy, Shahu Modak, Shakila, Sunder, Madan Puri, Kamal and Roop Kumar among others, and carries a pleasant musical score by N. Dutta. And the way the picture is shaping up Producer Ramesh Vyas has every reason to feel sure of hitting the jackpot with "Mohini".

MEHTAB FILMS PRIVATE LTD. (Bombay)

The shooting of "Kabhi Andhera Kabhi Ujala", a tale depicting life's sunshine and shadows, is going on at a brisk pace under the direction of C. P. Dixit. In the cast are Kishore Kumar, Shekhar, Nutan, Chitra, Lalita Pawar, K. N. Singh, Minoo Mumtaz, Yakub and Ragini, and that makes it quite an impressive cast. The screenplay and the dialogue are entrusted to Rajinder Singh Bedi, the lyrics to Hasrat Jaipuri, while the music direction is in the capable hands of O. P. Nayyar.

BIMAL ROY PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

"Parivar", Producer Bimal Roy's entertaining gift to families, is still on the crest of the popularity wave and drawing crowds at the Swastik in Bombay where it had entered the 9th successful week. Meanwhile, Producer Bimal Roy is busy with his next, "Madhumati", a sensitive love tale starring Dilip Kumar and Vyjayantimala in the chief roles.

RAWAL FILMS (Bombay)

"Miss India", a fast and furious comedy directed by I. S. Johar, is now almost complete and ready for release all over India. Led by Nargis, who plays one of the most spicy roles of her career in the picture, the cast includes Pradeep Kumar, Pran, Badri Prasad, I. S. Johar, Nishi and Shammi. Rajendra Krishna writes the lyrics for which some lilting tunes are provided by S. D. Burman.

ALL INDIA PICTURES (Bombay)

All India Pictures appear to be the busiest producers in the industry these days. They have got four pictures under simultaneous production and many studio floors humming with activity. The pictures are "Bhakt Dhruv", a popular mythological tale starring Shahu Modak, Sulochana, Jeevan, Shammi, etc., and directed by Gunjal; "Neelofer", a costume thriller starring Chitra, Suresh, Nishi, Sunder, Helen etc., and directed by Producer P. N. Arora himself; "Production No. 21" starring Vyjayantimala, Pradeep Kumar, Purnima, Badri Prasad, Johnny Walker etc., and directed by M. Sadiq; and "Production No. 22" starring Shyama, Balraj Sahni, Rajinder Kumar, Anwar, Chitra, etc., and directed by Gunjal. Producer P. N. Arora is a man worth watching these days for the fiendish way he is working and worth emulating by other producers for his speed and efficiency.

DESAI FILMS (Bombay)

Desai Films have changed the title of their costume entertainer from "Sinhaldwip Ki Sundari" to "Sati Pariksha". Nanubhai Vakil, who directed the picture, is reported to have finished it in a record time of 24 shooting days. The picture is now awaiting release.

MEHBOOB PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

More work has been done on Producer - director Mehboob's "Mother India", a glorious theme on Indian peasant life being produced in Gevacolour and on a mammoth scale. Led by Nargis, the cast of "Mother India" includes Raj Kumar, Sunil Dutt, Rajendra Kumar, and child artiste Sajjad. Music-director Naushad looks after the melody and he has already composed some rarely thrilling tunes.

BOMBAY FILMS (Bombay)

Producer Savak B. Vacha's "Yahudi Ki Ladki" is steadily progressing towards completion. A costume drama designed on a lavish scale, the picture stars Sohrab Modi, Dilip Kumar, Meena Kumari, Anwar, Nigar, Nazir Hussein, Tiwari, Baby Naaz and Romi. To the popular story of Agha Hashar Kashmiri are added the lyrics of Shailendra and Hasrat Jaipuri and the music of Shankar and Jaikishen. Bimal Roy directs the picture with an eye on artistic beauty as well as box-office.

DOSSI FILMS PRIVATE LTD. (Bombay)

More shooting has been done on Producer Fali Mistry's "Chandan" which is being directed by M. V. Raman, the man who knows the address of success. "Chandan" stars Nutan, Kishore Kumar, Shyama, Mala Sinha, Achala Sachdev, Kamla Lakshman, K. N. Singh, Raj Mehra, Randhir, David etc. Rajendra Krishna writes its lyrics while Madan Mohan composes the music.

From the way he is looking, S. Manohar seems to have been just released from a refrigerator. If that is so, we don't wonder at his approaching Vyjayantimala in "Athisaya Penn", (Wonder Girl), a Tamil entertainer produced and directed by M. V. Raman.

The people at Columbia Gramophone Co. Ltd. recently decided to present Music Director Hemant Kumar with a bronze statuette of Saraswati and say some nice things about him over a cup of Indian tea. And this is how some of them looked at the function held at Alipore. From left to right they are: Kumar Robin Ray, Mr. M. C. Lall, Mrs. George, Hemant Kumar, Mr. P. K. Sen, Mr. K. Chatterji, and Mr. J. E. George, General Manager of the Company.

FILM GROUP (Bombay)

Veteran film-editor-turned-director Hrishikes Mukherjee has almost completed "Musafir", a tale which aims at making one think while making one laugh. The picture features Dilip Kumar, Suchitra Sen, Usha Kiran, Nirupa Roy, Shekhar, Bipin Gupta, Durga Khote, Nazir Hussein, David, Baby Naaz etc. Shailendra writes the lyrics which are set to music by Salil Chaudhary. The picture is to be released soon.

THAI INFORMATION SERVICE (Bombay)

"Angulimala", a costume tale in Gevacolour produced by the Thai Information Service, is fast progressing at the Mehboob Studios. The cast of the picture includes Nimmi, Bharat Bhooshan, Anita Guha, Ullhas, Prem Adib, Chandrashekhar, Manmohan Krishna, and Achala Sachdev. Veteran Vijay Bhatt directs the picture, Bharat Vyas provides the lyrics and Anil Biswas composes the music. A highlight of the picture is a number of dances by three talented dancers of Thailand.

SADIQ PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

Producer-director M. Sadiq, a reliable merriment-merchant, is going ahead with his two entertainers, "Mai Baap" and "Duniya Rang Rangeeli". The cast of "Duniya Rang Rangeeli" includes Shyama, Chand Usmani, Anita Guha and Johnny Walker. And between them these artistes provide ample sex appeal and slapstick in the picture. Producer Sadiq hopes to finish the picture soon. Meanwhile, "Mai Baap", which again features Shyama in the female lead, is also making progress.

SHRIRANGAM (Bombay)

Producer-director Amiya Chakravarty's "Dekh Kabira Ro[was released in Bombay at Majestic on 15th Februa[delighted crowds. Acclai[the public as a clean and spark[ling comedy "Dekh Kabi[features Anita Guha Khote, Ameeta, Jay[Anoop Kumar and lyrics of Rajendra set to lilting musi[Mohan.

CHITRA—

Women often go to shrubs and trees to whisper their dreams to them because they readily nod in sympathy and don't reveal the dreams. And dreams are a woman's most secret possession. She guards them more jealously than she guards herself. Let us see what dreams Chitra is revealing to the mute shrub in Desai Films' "Sati Pariksha", a mythological theme produced and directed by Nanubhai Vakil.

A woman fears nothing half as much as she fears the advancing age. She knows what all she can do with youth and shudders to think what she may have to do without it. And yet life does not consist of merely spring and summer, it consists of autumn and winter too. If it did not, probably we would not have philosophers. Let us, however, find out whether Nirupa Roy is pausing to think about the seasons of life or something else in Navkala Niketan's "Mohini" produced by Ramesh Vyas.

UNITED IN MARRIAGE

Bombay, January 20.

Well-known producer-director Mohan Segal of "New Delhi" fame married film actress Asha Mathur.

The Asha-Mohan romance began when the two met each other for the first time on the sets of "Krorepati" which Segal was directing for Om Prakash Segal. Asha had a big role in "Krorepati" and Mohan seems to have directed her in right earnest. The result is that Asha has become Mrs. Mohan Segal.

We wish them both a very happy married life. Let us hope Asha who was not much of a success on the screen gives up film work for good and settles down to the role of a charming housewife. That is a role which requires the utmost talent in a woman.

AVA'S FOURTH BED

Milan, January 22.

Hollywood actress Ava Gardner, the heroine of that notorious picture "Bhowani Junction", 34, received a novel present from 31-year-old Italian actor, Walter Chiari that thrilled Ava.

Sitting under the Christmas tree Chiari whispered his marriage proposal to Ava thus "As a Christmas present I want you to marry me." Ava is reported to have given her consent and they exchanged gifts. Ava gave Walter 24 ties and six woollen sweaters while Walter put a $2000 diamond ring round her finger.

Ava first met Walter at a party in Rome in 1953 at a time when he was engaged to Italian actress Lucien Bose. Ava's divorce from Frank Sinatra has not yet become final. This will be Ava's fourth marriage, her previous husbands being Mickey Rooney, Artie Shaw and Frank Sinatra.

Let's hope Ava has found her ideal in Walter after three experiments.

PAKISTANI CENSORSHIP

Lahore, January 18.

The West Pakistan Board of Film Censors banned the Hollywood film "Desperate Hours" as unsuitable for public exhibition in Lahore. Five Indian documentaries, titled, "Men of Letters", "Feminine Fashion", "Blossoms Reviewed", "Bharat Darshan" and "Century of Progress", were also declared as unsuitable for exhibition.

Even our non-violent, Panchsheela-laden documentaries seem to hurt the Pakistanis. Their hatred of India has probably made them lose all sense of values.

HER SECOND MIKE

New York, January 18.

Film actress Elizabeth Taylor underwent a serious spinal operation lasting for five hours in a New York hospital. The operation had to be performed to prevent her legs from getting paralysed. Her trouble was diagnosed as "a herniated or ruptured disc and two vertebrae of the spine fused."

Liz later got well, got her Mexican divorce from Actor Michael Wilding, and got married to Producer Mike Todd in Puerto Marques, Mexico. This is a third marriage for both, Liz and Mike Todd.

BREACH OF CONTRACT

Madras, January 15.

Mr. R. Sadasivam, Additional Judge, City Civil Court, allowed a suit in part preferred by a contractor, Mr. A. Krishnaiah Chetty, against Lalita and Padmini (the Travancore Sisters) for failure to give a dance performance arranged by him in the South Indian Athletic Association Park Fair and Exhibition during the 1950-51 season and decreed a sum of Rs. 2500 in his favour being the estimated loss of profit on that account.

The suit pertaining to Ragini was dismissed as she was a minor at the time of the contract.

The plaintiff stated that in utter disregard of their obligation to appear in a dance on January 7, 1951, the three sisters went to Singapore on December 29, 1950 to fulfil another engagement. The defendants argued that the agreement entered through a third party was conditional and it depended upon their not proceeding to Singapore.

The Judge held that there was a breach of contract and estimated the damages arising out of loss of profits at Rs. 2500 only.

ART LEAVES DIVORCEES

New York, January 19.

Film actor Edward Robinson, the gangster of many a Hollywood film, is selling his art collection for £1,100,000. The art collection was the joint property of Edward and his wife, divorced recently, and under Californian law, the two had an equal right to it.

The couple didn't know how to divide the masterpieces of Van Gogh, Cezanne, Picasso, etc., and they decided to sell them and share the cash.

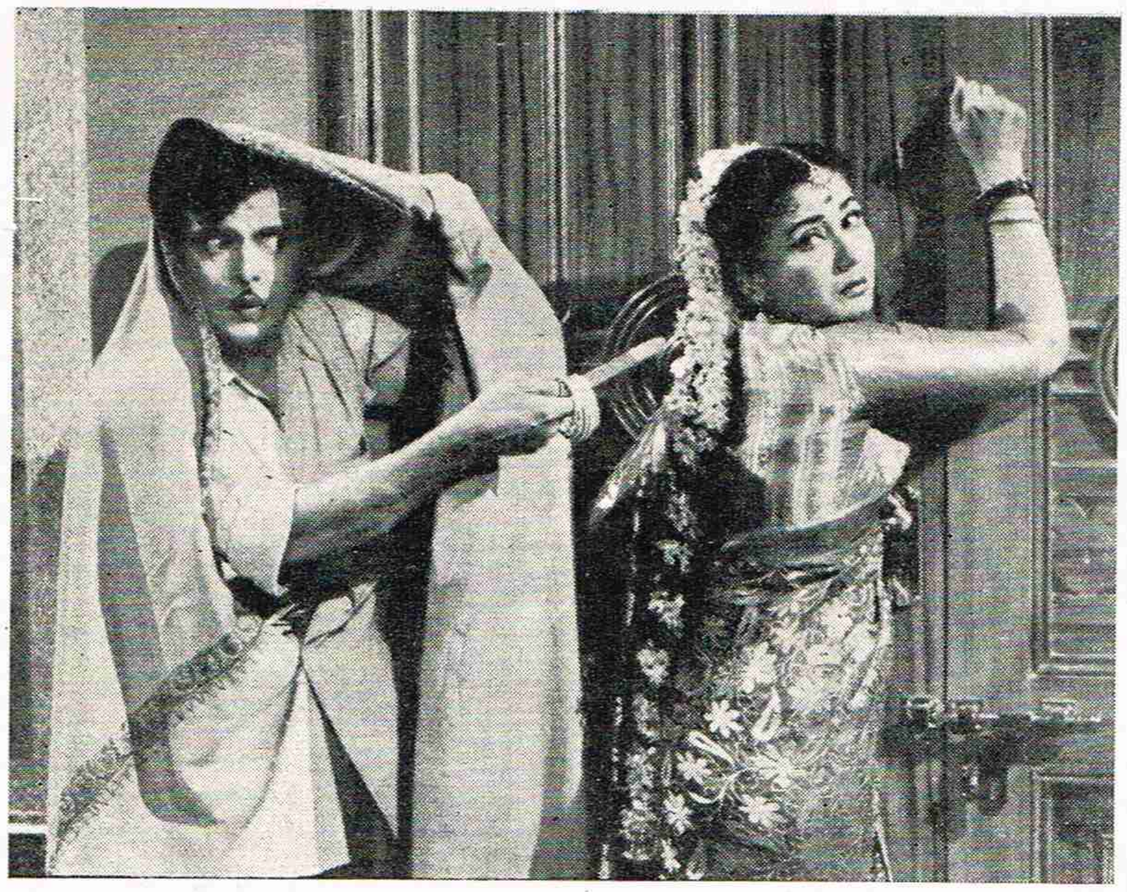
Mrs. Robinson divorced her husband after thirty years of uninterrupted married life.

IN COURT AGAIN

Bombay, January 19.

Presidency Magistrate Mr. H. G. Mahimtura, Girgaum Court, framed a charge against Jayashree, ex-wife of Mr. V. Shantaram, of "insult" under Section 504 of Indian Penal Code, on a complaint filed by B. B. Malpekar, Production Manager of Rajkamal Kala Mandir Limited. Malpekar alleged that when he called on Jayashree to deliver a letter given to him by Shantaram's solicitors, on June 4, 1956, Jayashree insulted him.

After a number of hearings, the Magistrate acquitted Jayashree of the charge observing that the alleged abusive episode was a "construction in the imagination" of the prosecution witnesses, who had betrayed discrepancies in their evidence.



Ganesh's wooing of Meena Kumari is still at the prankish plane while she already looks emotionally starved. Let us see whether he gives up the pranks in time or loses her in "Miss Mary", an exciting comedy produced by AVM.

BURLESQUE BACK

New York, January 16.

Burlesque, banned in New York in 1937 and permitted in a restricted form until 1942, has again returned to this crowded city. Mr. Thomas J. Phillips, President of the Burlesques Artists' Association, campaigned for a theatre licence from October 1954. Now Bernard J. C'Connell, Licence Commissioner, has granted a theatre licence. The previous Commissioner, Mr. Edward J. McCaffrey, refused a licence to burlesque because it was "synonymous with the strip tease and the dialogue of unvarnished salaciousness."

Last year, the Supreme Court waved aside McCaffrey's objections as "arbitrary and capricious" and said that he carried out his duties "in the light of his personal moral code".

The renovated burlesque will, however, be devoid of the customary strip tease, bumps and grinds. Anyway a 'moral' burlesque is better than no burlesque.

MAKING HAY

London, January 22.

British actor, Kenneth Moore, has become one of the most popular stars after his hit "Reach For The Sky." He will now make seven films for independent producer Major Daniel Angel (Rank Organisation) and three for 20th Century Fox.

Kenneth's first picture for Fox titled "The Sheriff of Fractured Jaw" is being filmed in Canada.

Luck seems to be smiling most generously on Kenneth with ten contracts one after another!

HOLLYWOOD & ITS CODE

New York, January 22.

The American film industry announced a few changes in its censorship code after 25 years.

In regard to sex, "open-mouth kissing" has been banned while child birth has "to be treated within the careful limits of good taste". Abortion may be "suggested" but must be seriously "condemned". Seduction, rape, adultery and fornication "shall not be explicitly treated nor justified". The showing of sex perversion and venereal disease is prohibited.

Drug addiction can be shown freely provided it is thoroughly condemned.

Miscegenation has to be dealt with without inciting hatred among people. The following words are banned: "chink", "dago", "frog", "greaser", "hunkie", "kike", "nigger", "spik", "wop" and "yid".

The code unfortunately remains on paper while most Hollywood producers continue to load their pictures with lewd sex, crime, addicts and gangsters. One has only to remember Elia Kazan's recent picture "Baby Doll" described by Time as "possibly the dirtiest American made motion picture that has ever been legally exhibited" to realize that the so-called American censorship code is a mere eyewash.

LESS NOISE

Calcutta, January 15.

The big and popular hotels of Calcutta have decided not to employ costly foreign orchestras and foreign artistes for their cabaret shows. The decision has been taken in cooperation with the Government to reduce "foreign exchange expenditure".

This means an yearly saving of Rs. 10 lakhs for Calcutta hotels. The hoteliers seem to have got a pinch of patriotism suddenly. Anyway, let us hope some deserving Indian artistes get a chance in place of the foreign ones.

SMOKING IN THEATRES

London, January 20.

Sir John Charles, Chief Medical Officer of the Ministry of Health, in his annual report to the Health Minister, has suggested that British cinemas and theatres should prohibit smoking on health grounds. Said Sir John Charles, "The practice of those countries which do not countenance smoking in theatres, cinemas or even public transport is one that deserves at least study, if not imitation."

Let us hope Britain follows the example of other countries and bans smoking in theatres and cinemas soon.

LESS REVENUE

Bangalore, January 20.

The Government of Mysore collected Rs. 4,93,032 as show tax for the year 1955 from all the cinemas. In 1954 it was Rs. 5,50,072.

Government's revenue has thus gone down by Rs. 57,040.

CATHOLICS WARNED

London, January 22.

The British Board of Censors granted "Baby Doll" an 'X' certificate, though the National Legion of Decency condemned it and Francis Cardinal Spellman of New York called it 'revolting', "morally repellent" and "grievously offensive to Christian standards of decency". Cardinal Spellman went even further and said, "I exhort Catholic people to refrain from patronizing this film under pain of sin."

Rev. John A. Burke of the Catholic Film Institute who saw the film felt that "Baby Doll" had a degrading story and was not suitable for children under 16. But it was not harmful for adult Catholics. Said Rev. John Burke, "The film is a powerful denunciation of social and racial intolerance and as such is something for thoughtful people to see".

"Baby Doll" is attracting audiences everywhere because of the controversy centering round its theme.

HER HUSBAND'S FRIEND

London, January 25.

Hollywod actor, Rod Steiger, 31, often known as the 'weeper' because of his ability to shed tears without glycerine, now in London, denied his romance with British blonde Diana Dors.

Said Rod, "This business of me and Diana being in love is arrant nonsense. I have been separated from my wife for three years. Not divorced. There is no one else. And I'm friends with Diana's husband. If they've got a row on, I am not getting into it."

Strangely enough, Rod Steiger often plays the villain in motion pictures though he knows the art of weeping. Some of his pictures are "The Big Knife", "Oklahoma". In London he is making "Across The Bridges".

Film columnists have a habit of chewing the romances of film stars. Rod is probably the victim of a wrong rumour.

NEWSREELS IN KANNADA

Bangalore, January 25.

The Mysore Film Chamber of Commerce has requested the Films Division, Ministry of Information and Broadcasting, Government of India, to issue newsreels and documentaries in Kannada.

The Films Division gives

newsreels and documentaries in quite a few regional languages like Tamil, Bengali, etc. One more, in Kannada, should not make a difference.

That is one way of winning Kannidagas for the Congress party.

STARS V. INCOME-TAX

Rome, January 30.

The Italian Income Tax Department is reported to be one of the friendliest in the whole world, where assessees, particularly from the fair sex, are listened to with respect and chivalry.

Gina Lollobrigida, Italy's top-earning actress, confessed to an annual earning of $48,000 while Sophia Loren, another sexy siren, brought her figure to $25,600 and hoydenish Anna Magnani to a paltry $5,600. The Income Tax Department estimated their earnings at $130,000, $97,000, and $48,000 for Gina, Sophia and Anna respectively.

The Italian tax collectors are evidently gallant knights.

HIS POSTHUMOUS SCORE

New York, January 23.

Bandleader Tommy Dorsey, who died recently at the age of 51, left no will as his was a sudden death. At the time of his death, he was about to divorce his third wife, Jane New Dorsey, an ex-show girl.

Tommy's estate, valued at $500,000, has started a legal fight among his heirs. Jane Dorsey wants to manage the estate but Tommy's two grown-up children by his first wife have asked for "competent hands" to look after the property.

STILL TOGETHER

London, January 24.

The current rumour that British star Anthony Steele and Swedish film actress Anita Ekberg are intending to divorce has upset the loving couple rather badly.

Said Anita, "If I get my hands on the person who starts these terrible rumours, I'll teach something". Anthony came out with, "I believe one person is at the back of all this—somebody who is intensely jealous of my having married Anita. I'm gunning for whoever it is. And let us get this straight—we are not splitting up."

After this public profession of love, let us pray that the Steele-Ekberg marriage lasts a long while.

PSYCHOPATHIC GIRL

Tokyo, January 14.

An excited teenage girl suddenly threw a bottle of sulphuric acid into the face of 19 year-old Hibari Misora, Japan's most popular singer-actress, at the Asakusa Kokusai Variety Theatre, on the night of January 13, just as she finished singing, "Que Sera Sera".

Hibari's face was badly scarred and there is a likelihood of her being permanently disfigured for life. Her sight, however, was saved.

The police who took charge of the teenage girl found a note book in her handbag in which was written, "I love Miss Misora more than anyone else. She is really beautiful. How I wish I could turn her into an ugly girl. I can no longer stand her pretty face."

The teenager appears to be a vicious sadist.

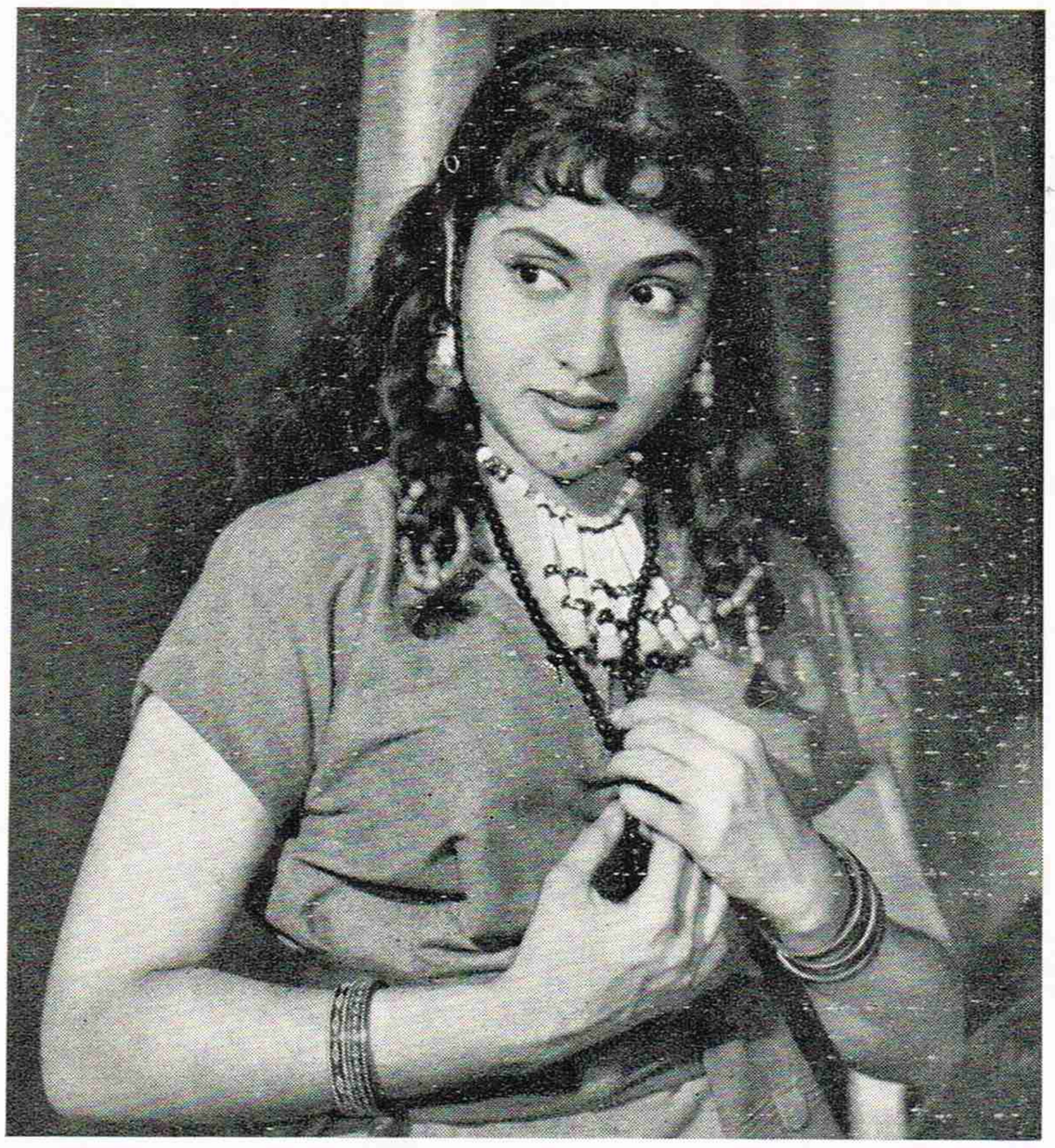
NO BRA, NO BICYCLE

London, January 16.

A moving nude girl on the stage is a great provocation to the London Dramatic Censorship Board. The Board banned an act in which a nude girl crosses the stage on a bicycle. The theatre producer argued with the Board that the girl would not actually move, because the bicycle would be pushed, not pedalled, from one side of the stage to the other, giving the appearance of movement.

The censors finally allowed one concession to the producer. The girl could do her bicycle act—provided she wore a brassiere.

The brassiere has evidently assumed greater importance than the proverbial fig leaf.



They say love and musk-scent can never be concealed, but so can't be a woman's youth. It is a song of rebellion which survives all suppression and never fails to win recognition from the world. Vyjayantimala gets a new get-up and brings rebellious youth to the screen in "Madhumati", an ambitious picture produced and directed by Bimal Roy.

DOCTOR DID IT

Rome, January 31.

Italian film actress Gina Lollobrigida, 28, confessed that she will soon become a mother. The child is expected some time in July.

Gina is married to a physician, Dr. Milo Skofic. Dr. Skofic said, "If the baby is a girl, I only hope she will resemble her mother."

Gina's shapely figure was seen recently in "Trapeze". Let us hope Gina doesn't lose her curves after the baby.

TWICE BITTEN

Hollywood, January 23.

Film actor Tyrone Power is busy dating Jill Medford, an English girl, these days.

But marrying Jill will take some time because Tyrone's last two marriages failed and he had to shell out a good amount of alimony. With present high income taxes, Tyrone

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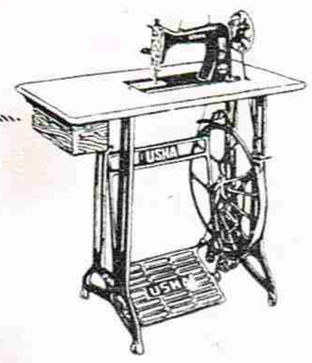

Agents : M/s. Bombay Premier Trading Co., Bombay.

Music is a great balm to aching hearts and many a citadel of womanhood has been conquered on the wings of music. Let us find out whose heart-strings Dilip Kumar is trying to pluck with that violin in "Musafir", a sensitive tale produced by Film Group and directed by Hrishikes Mukherjee.

is like a burnt child that dreads the fire.

5,000,000,000 FEET

Hollywood, January 10.

Technicolor Company of Hollywood recently celebrated the completion of its 5,000,000,000-th foot of processed film. Statisticians say that this quantity of film would keep a cinema projector running continuously for 105 years.

The biggest order for colour prints came from the producers of "Gone With The Wind" totalling approximately 41,000,000 feet of film. Nearly 2000 dye transfer prints have been made from the original negative.

'X' CERTIFICATE

London, January 25.

Of the total number of films shown in Britain during 1956, 43 were given 'X' certificates. 'X' certificate is usually given to films depicting violence, passion, crime and horror and films which bear the 'X' certificate cannot be seen by children under 16.

In 1955, 7 Hollywood films were granted the 'X' certificate while in 1956, the figure went up to 18. That speaks for the sex-crime content in American pictures.

France is another country which specializes in sex, some of the French film sex containers being Martine Carol, Francoise Arnoul and Brigitte Bardot. Sixteen French pictures were 'X'-certificated, an increase of three over 1955.

Anyway adult audiences over 16 see 'X' pictures—which almost always attract adolescent teenagers between 16 and 19.

VICTIM OF CANCER

Hollywood, January 15.

Popular Hollywood actor, Humphrey Bogart, died of cancer, in his home on January 14. Only last March, Bogart was operated for cancer of the oesophagus when he had lost 30 pounds weight. He had another nerve tissue operation a few weeks ago as he complained of severe pain. Death came from a general spread of the original cancer.

Born on December 25, 1900, in New York, Humphrey Bogart did many odd jobs before he took to screen acting. On the screen he specialized in 'tough guy' and villainish roles, though in private life he was a happily married man. His actress-wife Lauren Bacall also worked with him in quite a few pictures.

Humphrey Bogart, popularly known as 'Bogie', worked in several pictures some of the well-known ones being, "The African Queen", (for which he won an Academy Award) "Knock On Any Door", "Petrified Forest", "Deadline U.S.A.", "Big Sleep", and "Treasure of the Sierra Madre".

Bogie also served in the U.S. Navy during World War I. His bereaved wife Lauren bore the calamity bravely and asked that no photographers should attend the funeral. She wanted her two children, Stephen and Leslie, to attend school as usual. She requested 'Bogie's' fans not to send flowers but instead donate the money to the American Cancer Society.

NEW PRESIDENT

Madras, January 23.

Mr. B. M. Tata, recordist of Rajkamal Kalamandir, Bombay, was unanimously elected president of the All-India Technicians' Council for 1957.

OLD FILMS TO BURN

London, January 22.

Hundreds of copies of some of the best films ever made are to be destroyed in London, because theatres don't have enough storage space and because they are made of inflammable nitrate material. The melted classics will be used to make varnish and imitation leather. Some of the classics are "The Barrets of Wimpole Street", "Dr. Jekyll And Mr. Hyde", etc. Some films have been given to American television.

Britain's 300 non-profit-making film societies which screen classics exclusively are badly hit because as Mr. Sinclair Road of Federation of Film Societies put it, "We could not afford the £100 cost of making a new print from a preserved negative. I don't know how we shall fare."

EXTRA WAGES

Bombay, January 17.

The Theatre Employees' Union and the management of the Imperial Cinema, Bombay, decided to refer to adjudication the dispute relating to bonus for the year 1955 and gratuity of the employees of the cinema. An earlier agreement dated February 22, 1956, was also partially modified. The modification applies to scales of pay of certain category of workers and extra allowance for extra shows. The extra allowance for extra shows is from October 1, 1956, the extra shows being in excess of the three normal shows. Assistant managers, supervisors and head operator will be paid Rs. 2|8|- per extra show; assistant operators, electricians, booking clerks and head doorkeepers Rs. 1|8|-; doorkeepers and watchmen Re. 1|- and 'hamals', sweepers, office boys and others 12 annas per show.

At last the hard-working members of the cinema staff are getting their rightful dues for extra work done.

CRUSHING TAXATION

Madras, January 26.

In its annual review of the South Indian film industry, for the year 1956, the South Indian Film Chamber of Commerce stated that there was a marked rise in the number of films made but in most cases, the financial position of the producers did not improve. This was due to the "all too exacting nature of the taxation in general and the incidence of entertainment tax in particular."

The total length of feature films censored during the year 1956 was 16½ lakh feet, the average length of a picture being 15,000 feet. The total footage excised by censors was 26,500 feet.

EXPENSIVE NUN

Hollywood, January 27.

Producer Jack Warner is reported to have bought the rights of "The Nun's Story" by Kathryn Hulme for a sum of $250,000.

"The Nun's Story" was selected by the Book of the Month Club and has the Belgian Congo as its background.

Let us hope the nun in the "The Nun's Story" has some exciting things to do.

COURT INTERVENES

Bombay, January 16.

Mr. Tulzapurkar, Judge of the Bombay City Civil Court,

Kishore Kumar makes many monkey faces in "Miss Mary", a colourful comedy from AVM.

issued an injunction restraining the defendant, Habib Hussein, from exhibiting the picture "Toofan Aur Diya" at the defendant's cinema known as "Liberty Cinema" from January 11, 1957, or from exhibiting any picture at the said theatre or utilising any playing time at the said theatre in breach of the agreement of July 8, 1955, as modified by a subsequent agreement, pending the hearing of the suit.

A notice of motion was taken out by the plaintiffs, Mehboob Productions (Private) Ltd.

The judge held that the defendants and Mr. Shantaram had failed to make out a prima facie case on the alleged tripartite agreement and therefore, issued an injunction.

TV V. CINEMA

New York, January 20.

Television, according to Leonard H. Goldensen, president of American Broadcasting Paramount Theatres, is still the cinema's most serious rival and the cause of poor cinema attendance in the U.S. In 1930 cinema attendance used to be 90,000,000 a week. Now it is 46,000,000 in spite of the fact that population has grown from 123,000,000 to 167,000,000.

Over 5400 theatres out of 19,200 are reported to be running at a loss while 5200 are just paying their way.

Allied Artists' earnings per ordinary share came to only 0.27 dollars last year against 0.59 dollars in 1955; Columbia Pictures earned 2.28 dollars per share as against 4.40 dollars of the previous year; Warner Brothers dropped down to 0.84 dollars against 1.61 dollars and 20th Century Fox fell from 1.68 dollars to 1.20 dollars.

Probably the big profits of these popular Hollywood companies are becoming more and more invisible.

GOVERNMENT'S MITE

Bombay, January 17.

The Government of Bombay sanctioned lumpsum grants ranging from Rs. 400|- to Rs. 1000|- to 17 persons, during the current financial year, under its scheme of financial assistance to actors, dramatists, literateurs, etc., in indigent circumstances.

Some of them are Mr. N. S. Rajhans alias Bal Gandharva, stage actor, Rs. 1000|-; Mr. Hari Narayan Apte, novelist, Rs. 600|-; Mr. Chintamanrao Kolhatkar, stage actor, Rs. 500|-; Mr. R. T. Brahmabhatt, dramatist, Rs. 500|-. Mr. S. P. Barve, harmonium player, Rs. 500|-; Mr. S. G. Salgarkar alias 'Kunjavihari', poet, Rs. 500|- and Mr. Gaurishankar A. Vairati, poet, Rs. 400|-.

Anyway, artistes in financial difficulties today need not completely starve to death with these grants as in old days.

WHOM DID IT HURT?

Gurdaspur, January 18.

R. K. Films' "Jagte Raho"

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PAYING GUEST	★ SAMUNDER
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EK GAON KI KAHANI	★ NEEL MANI
YAHOODI KI LADKI	★ ABHIMAN
CHHOTE BABU	★ MISS INDIA
CAPTAIN KISHORE	★ MR. X
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KHUL JA SIM SIM	★ TALASH
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Columbia

starring Raj Kapoor has been banned for exhibition in Gurdaspur district for a period of two months by the District Magistrate under the Punjab Cinemas (Regulation) Act 1952 as "it is likely to cause breach of peace".

A GOOD IDEA

New Delhi, January 15.

The Union Education Ministry proposes to introduce a five-year course in music for the blind from 1958, since it is considered to be one of the paying professions these days.

After the 5-year course, the blind students will have to sit for examinations conducted by recognized musical institutions.

So the blind can sing and earn in future. Music will show them the way.

"NOO" OPEN AIR THEATRE

Bombay, January 17.

The Municipal Open Air Theatre now under construction at the Victoria Gardens, Bombay, will soon be ready.

The Standing Committe already approved the purchase of ancillary equipment for the Open Air Theatre.

That adds one more open air theatre to the few existing ones.

NO KESKAR THERE

Tokyo, January 20.

Under an agreement signed between Masaichi Nagata, on behalf of Walt Disney Productions, and the president of Sumitomo Trust Company, Okuno, 220 million yen from Walt Disney's accumulated yen account, will be made available for Japanese power development projects. Some years ago, a loan of 22 million yen from Disney's accumulated yen was utilized for a similar purpose.

The period of loan is six years, redeemable in every six months from the fourth year.

Soon Disney's yen in Japan is expected to reach 337 million. The balance after the present loan, 117 million yen, will be allowed to be remitted to the U.S. in dollars.

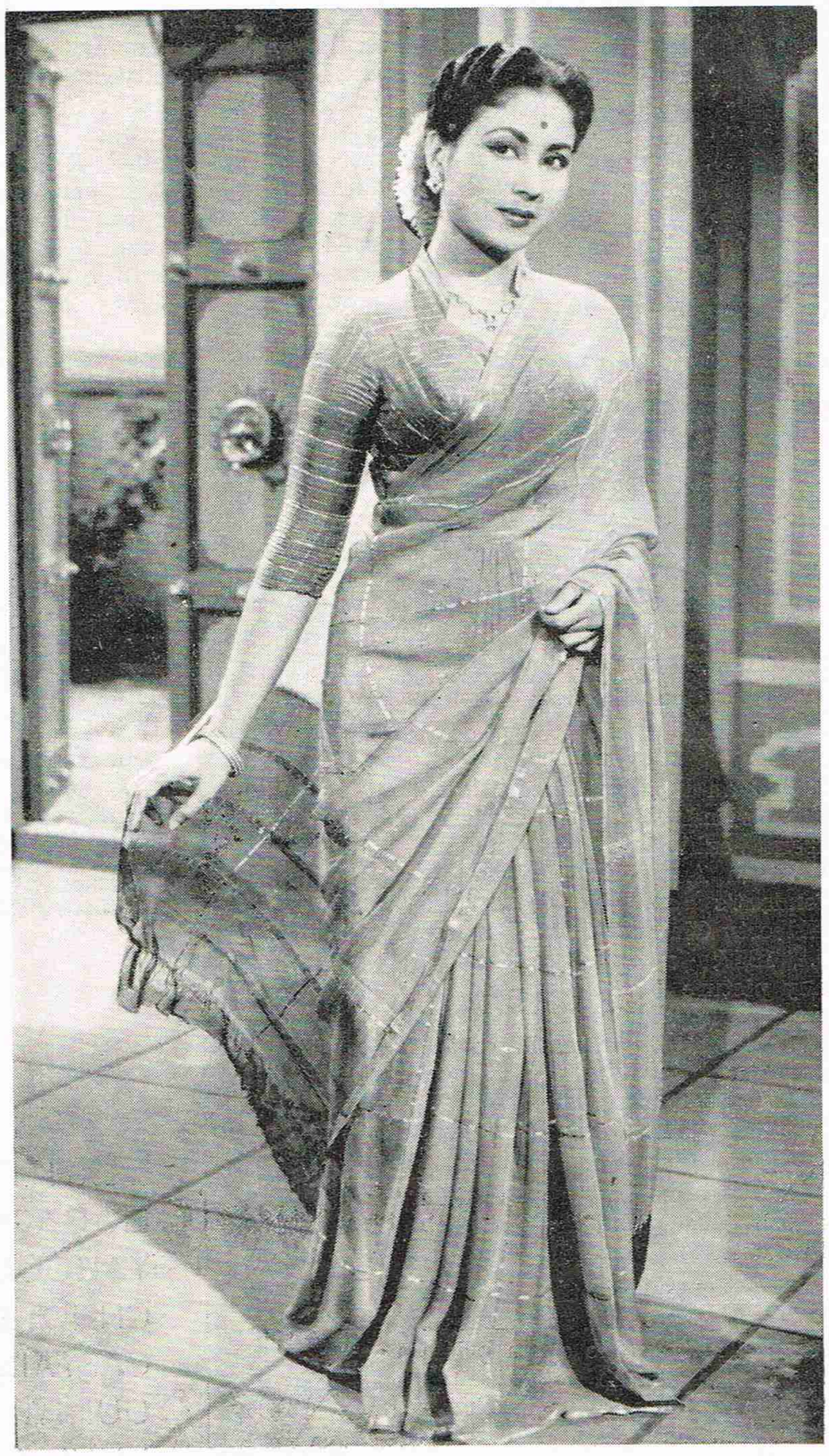
The Japanese seem to be great Walt Disney fans. And the Government of Japan is using the loan wisely—to further the progress of its country.

LESSORS V. CINEMA-OWNERS

Vijayawada, January 18.

Replying to a memorandum submitted at a meeting in Vijayawada by the members of the Andhra Film Chamber of Commerce, Mr. K. V. Ranga Reddi, Minister for Land Revenue, Andhra Pradesh, said that the State Government would take immediate steps for giving protection to tenants of leased sites in the State either by extending the provisions of legislation for the purpose existing in Hyderabad State or by shortly enacting a legislation similar to that of the Madras City Tenants' Protection Act, 1921 (Madras Act III of 1922), legislated and enforced in 1955.

The memorandum described the plight of several cinema house owners who had constructed their cinemas on leased sites and were being harassed by the landowners.



Can you smell mischief in the air? When a woman has laid her trap she looks like that waiting for the result and for the man to stumble, get entangled and provide her fun in more ways than one. Watch Meena Kumari bringing mischief and merriment to the screen in "Miss Mary", a colourful comedy produced by AVM.

GROSSES OF GROSS FILMS

New York, January 25.

Over 109 U.S. films grossed $ 1,000,000 or more for the domestic market in 1956. "Guys And Dolls" of M.G.M. grossed $ 9,000,000; "The King And I" $8,500,000, "Trapeze" $7,500,000, "High Society" $6,500,000, and "I'll Cry Tomorrow" $6,500,000.

Hits like "Around The World In 80 Days", "Giant", "The Ten Commandments" and "Oklahoma" have not been taken into account because they were all released in late 1956.

Americans seem to patronize their own pictures more than anybody else's.

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OUR REVIEW

"Basant Bahar" Draws Crowds At Roxy

Interesting Picture With Pleasant Music

Shri Vishwa Bharati Films' "Basant Bahar" is a two-and-a-half-hour festival of music punctuated with deep love sighs and resonant melodramatics, carrying a faint flavour of history and designed somewhat in the tradition of "Baiju Bawra". Its story however is better pedigreed inasmuch as it is claimed to be based upon a popular Kannada novel by Tarasu.

Though the musical menu of "Basant Bahar" is not outstandingly delicious and though its story, in spite of the pedigree, is nothing unusual, the picture succeeds in filling the screen with many pleasant airs, light and classical, and in generally sustaining audience interest in the story which has many moments of suspense and emotion.

COULD BE BETTER

The picture could be better produced and be more authentic in the representation of the story's historical background, and it could be better directed and be a more imaginative and effective portrayal of a love-and-song theme, but its makers seem to have been more guided by previous musical hits than by their own intelligence. And that is rather inexplicable seeing that they had an original story to tell and not a musical concoction to brew. On the whole, however, "Basant Bahar" emerges as an interesting picture with pleasant music and an interesting emotional story about a singer's glorious music and his tragic love.

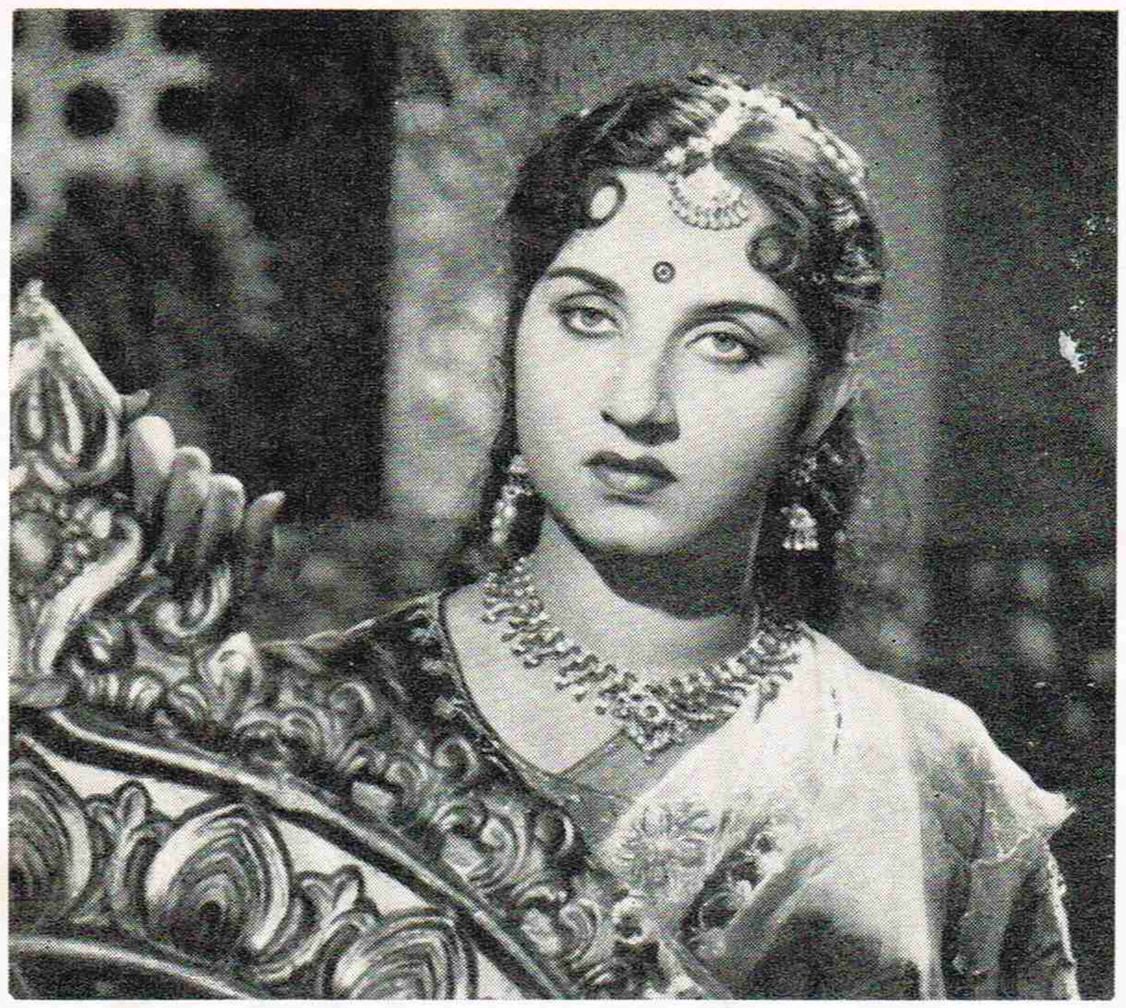
It tells about Gopal, the young and only son of the court astrologer of Chitaldurg, who disobeying his father refuses to seek his living in astrology and instead finds inspiration in music. He therefore keeps humming and singing undaunted by his father's fretting and fuming. Gopal's love of music however doesn't appear to be unjustified for he is already acknowledged to be a gifted singer by no less a person than the father of Mallayya, Gopal's chief rival and a contemptible creature craving to enter the royal court somehow with the help of his vocal chords.

On the eve of the musical contest which is held to select the court singer, Mallayya manages to administer something to Gopal which renders him unable not only to sing but to produce any sound from his throat and the coveted honour is won by the dishonourable Mallayya. To find an explanation for his humiliation Gopal goes to a temple and there meets Gopi, the supposed daughter of Neela Sani, a crude, fat and faded courtesan. An old admirer of his voice, Gopi gives Gopal sympathy and Gopal gives her grateful looks. He then plays the flute and she sings and dances and soon the two are in love with each other.

ECCENTRIC 'GURU'

Now comes the usual opposition to love from Gopal's puritanical father and the State's profligate ruler, Sarkar, who had long coveted Gopi. Having recovered his voice by now, Gopal agrees to run away with Gopi. But on the appointed night, first his mother faints seeing him leaving the house and then a voice starts singing nearby. Gopal puts his mother in bed and attracted by the voice rushes out after the singer—a shabby-clothed, shaggy-bearded eccentric man called Leheri Baba. Gopal requests the eccentric singer to make him his pupil but when instead of heeding his request Leheri Baba starts taking long strides away from him, Gopal, forgetting all about Gopi who was waiting to elope, starts chasing the bearded singer. After being tailed for quite some while Leheri Baba decides to yield and accepting Gopal as his pupil starts instructing him in music.

By the time Gopal's training comes to an end Leheri Baba's life also comes to an end, but before dying he reveals to Gopal that he had toppled down from the pinnacle of fame as a singer after becoming a victim of the wiles of Neela Sani and that Gopi was his daughter who had been snatched away by Neela Sani. Leheri Baba also makes a dying request to Gopal to marry his daughter.



A woman needs some fun and excitement in life to bring some lustre into her eyes. Indira's dull eyes show that she is missing the fun of life in "Mohini", a romantic tale produced by Navkala Niketan.

But on returning to the capital, Gopal finds that Gopi, disillusioned in love, had become a full-fledged singing girl under the training of Neela Sani. To raise money for a meeting with Gopi, Gopal pawns his voice and then conveys to her the news about her father as well as the information that Neela Sani was not her mother. After the meeting Gopi finds the dying flame of her love for Gopal burning bright again but when she receives a visit from Gopal's mother and learns from her that Gopal will not be able to sing in future as he had pawned his voice, she decides to make him free to sing again by agreeing to surrender herself to the lustful Sarkar. Gopal, who only hears the incomplete story that now Gopi had purchased his voice, becomes frustrated in love as well as life.

And now suddenly history steps in, in the shape of Tipu Sultan and his Begum. While Tipu exhorts the people to unite against the English, his Begum expresses her strong desire to hear Gopal singing. Tipu sends out the necessary order but the proud and frustrated Gopal refuses to fulfil the Begum's wish and declares that he will sing only in the temple and nowhere else. Realizing that Gopal will be awarded death for his defiance, Gopi takes a dose of poison and staggers towards the temple to hear his last song. In the climax Tipu appreciates the spirit behind Gopal's defiance and rushes to save him but he arrives on the scene only to see Gopal cutting off his tongue at the end of his song and offering it to the temple deity and collapsing in death next to the fresh corpse of Gopi.

AVERAGE PRODUCTION

The end strikes one as more morbid than moving and a rather confused direction in the closing reels generally minimizes the impact of the tragic story. It, however, still becomes an interesting picture charged with emotion and loaded with music.

The production values are not bad though they could be better. Sets generally serve the purpose of the story. Photography is good and erratic by turns. Sound recording is not quite efficient. The dialogue is appropriate with some vigorous passages. Lyrics are some usual rhyming. The music is generally pleasant, a couple of

They have a more intoxicating thing between them but they are fighting over a bottle of liquor. But then the real intoxicants in a picture are reserved for the hero, not for the clowns. Watch Johnny Walker and Tony Walker missing the belle (Shyama) and chasing the bottle in a picture which is titled "Johnny Walker" and directed by Ved and Madan.

songs carrying the necessary lilt for popularity. The direction succeeds in framing an usual musical but it falls short in the effective narration of an emotional tale. It could be more inventive.

From the players, Nimmi as Gopi gives another good performance, correct in expression and vibrant with emotion. Bharat Bhooshan as Gopal fits the role and gives a restrained and dignified performance. Chandrashekhar as the profligate Sarkar is awkward. Manmohan Krishna as Leheri Baba is effective. Om Prakash in the brief role of Gopal's father injects some usual but tolerable humour into the picture. Leela Chitnis as Gopal's mother looks too ugly and sounds too shrill for a sympathetic role. Parashram as Mallayya is unimpressive. From the rest, the man who plays Tipu Sultan attracts attention in a brief role.

In fine, "Basant Bahar" is an usual but interesting musical. It tells an interesting tale and tosses some pleasant tunes. And it seems destined to be popular with crowds.

BASANT BAHAR

Producers:	**Shri Vishwa Bharati Films**
Language:	**Hindustani**
Story:	**Tarasu**
Screenplay & Dialogue:	**Rajinder Singh Bedi**
Lyrics:	**Shailendra & Hasrat Jaipuri**
Music:	**Shanker Jaikishan**
Photography:	**M. Rajaram**
Song Recording:	**Minoo Katrak**
Cast:	**Nimmi, Bharat Bhooshan, Chandrashekhar, Manmohan Krishna, Kum Kum, Leela Chitnis, Om Praksh, etc.**
Released At:	**Roxy, Bombay**
Date of Release:	**18th January 1957**

Directed By:

RAJA NAWATHE

OUR REVIEW

"Mr. Lambu" Is Sheer Torture

Illiterate Entertainment Hurts The Senses

"Mr. Lambu" is an illiterate piece of entertainment and two and a half hours of sheer torture. It is a picture which may be more profitably used by the police as a device for winning confessions from criminals than as a vehicle of public entertainment.

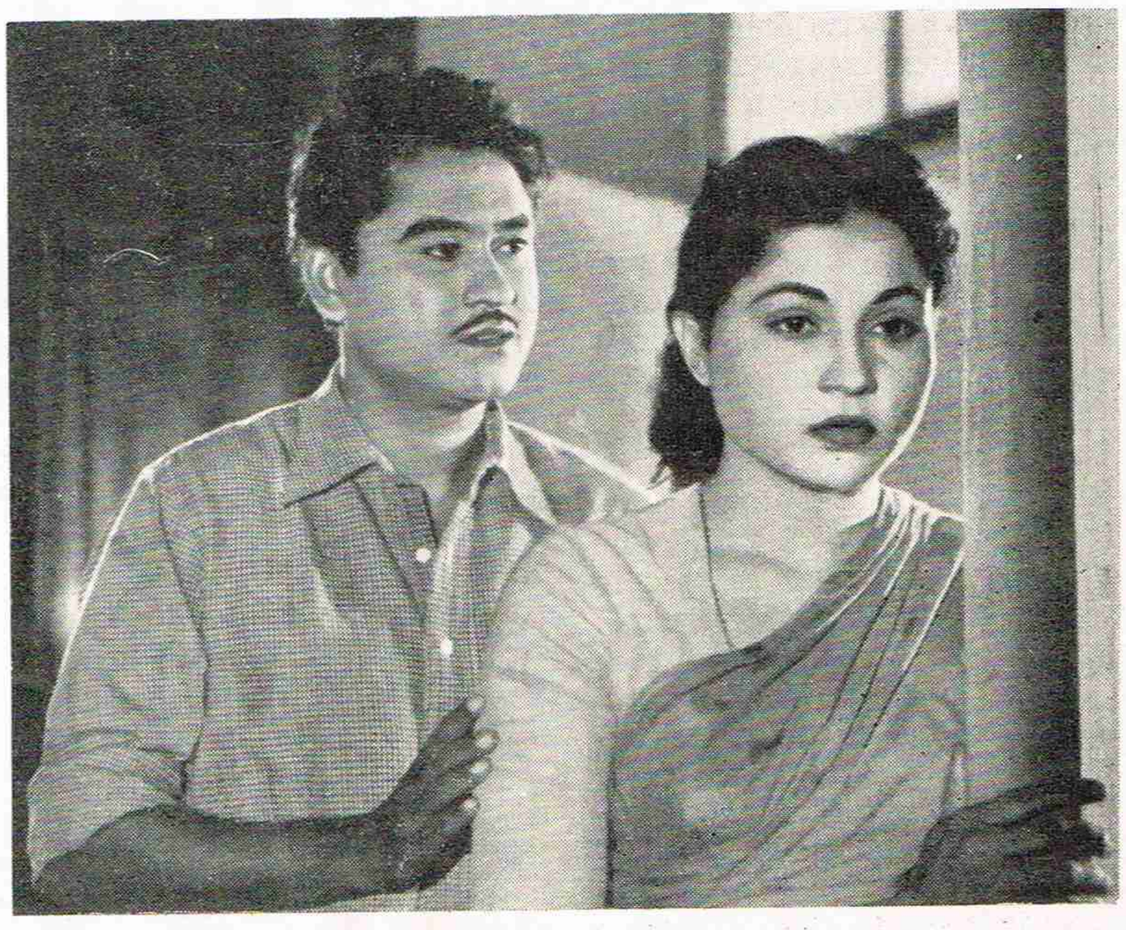
One of the worst examples of film making, the picture is utterly stupid in content, pedestrian in presentation and ugly in appearance. The story, which looks like a cross between a third-rate social tale and a fourth-rate gangster yarn, is a seventh-rate literary exercise devoid of all imagination, intelligence and common sense.

MORONIC HERO

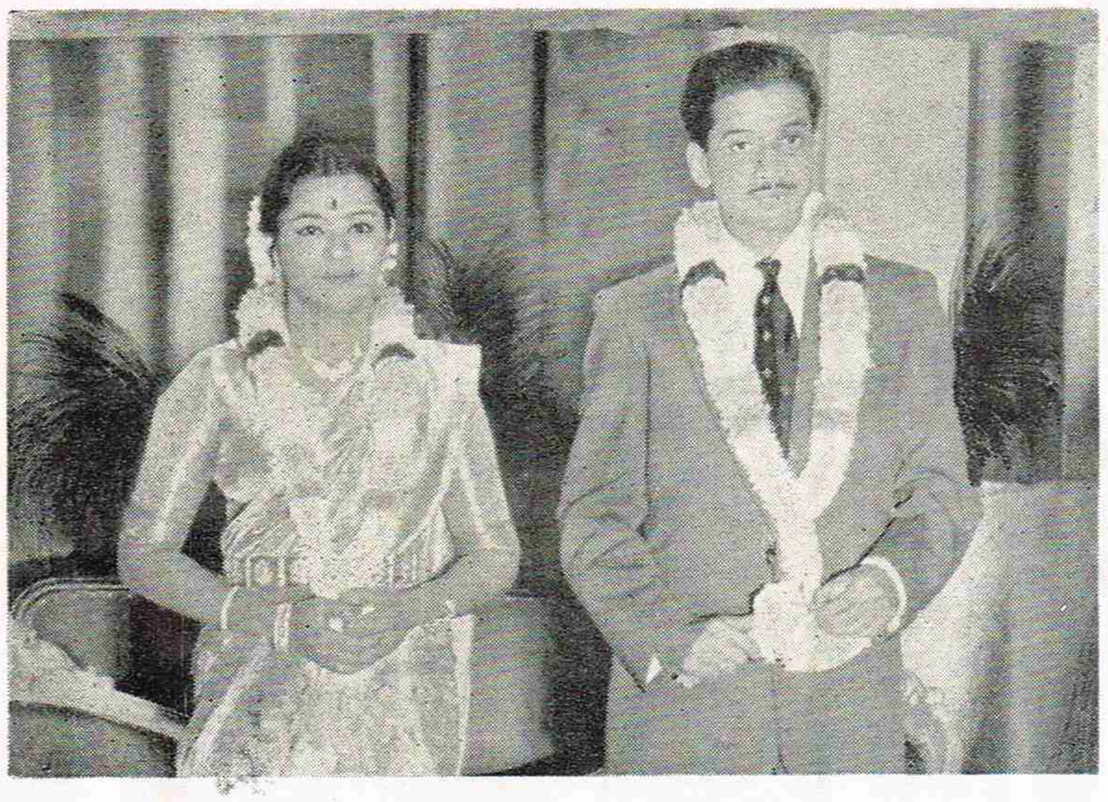
It tells about Bhola, a village tough who is tall in height and thick in the head. He is however, supposed to be good at heart as the moronic heroes in our films generally are, it needing much less intelligence to create a good-hearted character than to create an intelligent one. Bhola, we are told, is a frequent visitor to jail because of his habit of jumping into other people's quarrels with his own notions about dispensing justice and because he uses his limbs more than he does his head.

After serving his latest jail sentence Bhola goes home to his mother and his sister Jyoti and gets busy with an exhibition of moronic antics. In the midst of the antics, however, he somehow manages to grasp the fact that the biggest problem of his little family is Jyoti who is overdue for marriage but whom it is not easy to marry off because of the family's poverty and his own reputation. To find a solution to that problem Bhola dashes off to meet the father of an eligible boy, Prem, with whom unknown to Bhola, Jyoti is already in love. But all that Bhola succeeds in doing is insulting Prem's father and making the chances of his sister's marriage more remote.

The next step Bhola takes to find happiness for his sister is to burgle a rich man's house. He manages to get away with some documents and an expensive ring but the burglary coincides with the murder of the



Trained by nature to support weight, women themselves need support when in sorrow. Kishore Kumar offers his support to sorrowful Nirupa Roy but she seems to prefer the post in "Musafir", a thought-provoking tale produced by Film Group and directed by Hrishikes Mukherjee.



Kumari Lalithambika, the eldest of the famous and talented Travancore Sisters, was married to Sivasankaran Nair, B.A.B.L., nephew of Sardar K. M. Panikkar on 23rd January. The wedding was one of the biggest social functions at Madras. Let us wish Lalita's new career will be ever attended by the same felicity and harmony that distinguishes her art.

rich man by his scheming adopted son who now starts trailing Bhola for the documents in which the murdered man had disinherited his adopted son. After some excitement over a big lottery that Bhola wins, the picture becomes an ugly and stupid crime yarn punctuated with the sighs and songs of the loving couple, Prem and Jyoti, and the tricks of a hired temptress who tries to charm Bhola into handing over the documents.

Towards the climax, the hired temptress actually falls in love with Bhola and is murdered by her boss, Prem is locked up in jail as her suspected murderer and Jyoti is kidnapped by the gangsters. It all ends with Bhola rushing to the rescue of Jyoti and receiving a bellyful of bullets from the villain but still retaining life long enough to destroy the villain and shake the picturegoer's faith in the efficacy of fire-arms.

ROTTEN ALL ROUND

The picture is ugly not only literarily but technically as well. Sets are crude and unimaginative. Photography is poor and sound recording inefficient. The dialogue is dull and insipid. The music is tolerably pleasant but at times too familiar. The direction is clumsy and unimaginative.

From the players, Sheikh Mukhtar as Bhola, alias Lambu, looks tall all right but stupid all through. Suraiya as Jyoti does some tolerable if unimpressive work. M. A. Ansari as the villain in his get-up and doings and deportment seems to have walked out of the pages of a native 8-anna detective novel. Vijayalakshmi as the hired temptress looks crude and unimpressive. Bhagwan as a clownish companion of Bhola does his usual stuff. The rest deserve to be ignored.

In short, "Mr. Lambu" is an utterly clumsy, stupid and boring picture which shows no mercy to intelligent and sensitive picturegoers. It is a torture worth avoiding.

MR. LAMBU

Producer:	**Sheikh Mukhtar**
Language:	**Hindustani**
Story, Screenplay & Dialogue:	**Tahir Lucknowi**
Lyrics:	**Majrooh Sultanpuri, Jan Nissar Akhtar**
Music:	**O. P. Nayyar**
Photography:	**Pandurang Naik**
Sound:	**M. S. Chitnis**
Cast:	**Suraiya, Sheikh Mukhtar, Vijaylakshmi, M. A. Ansari, Bhagwan, etc.**
Released At:	**Novelty, Bombay**
Date of Release:	**25th January 1957**

Directed By:
M. A. ANSARI

OUR REVIEW

"Qaidi", Crude Entertainer For Masses

"Prisoner Of Zenda" Theme In Arabia

Eagle Films' "Qaidi" is a costume yarn inspired by "Prisoner of Zenda" and laid in Arabia. And it seems to contain everything—song, dance, adventure, romance, comedy—except some intelligence and imagination. But since it is obviously not intended to be a certificate of its makers' intelligence but merely a passport to profits, it can be called an effective pot-boiler. To a discriminating picturegoer it may be a piece of nonsense but to illiterate picturegoers it is likely to prove a satisfactory packet of entertainment. The chief item of interest in the packet is, of course, Padmini, the South Indian star, who does some vigorous dancing and provides a heavy dose of sex-appeal.

The tale begins in an Arabian town where Murad, the stocky son of a pint-sized Arab, carries on a noisy romance with Laila, the buxom dancing daughter of a pot-bellied Arab. Laila's father doesn't approve of Murad's attentions to his daughter and failing to cure the romantic ardour of the youth decides to take his daughter away to Smyrna. But Murad, not one to be shaken off so easily, decides to follow his sweetheart to Smyrna.

GOOD OLD PLOT

In Smyrna the 'Prisoner of Zenda' plot starts being unfolded. The crown prince of the kingdom, whom God in a forgetful moment had given exactly the same face as Murad's, spends his time bibbing wine and watching female dancers, while his scheming cousin, Anwar, weaves desperate plots to prevent his coronation and to grab the throne himself. Anwar finds a useful person in Laila to carry out his devilish scheme and holding her father as hostage he orders her to poison the prince. But when Laila lays eyes on the prince she thinks her old lover Murad is playing another of his pranks, shifts the drunken prince to an inn and goes to claim before Anwar that she had not only poisoned the prince but drowned his corpse as well.

The lie is discovered by Anwar when the prince's two clownish attendants desperately searching for the missing prince catch hold of Murad and tailor and tutor him to play the prince for the coronation. Anwar also discovers that there were two men in town carrying one face he hated. And it doesn't take Anwar long to kidnap the prince and place him in a private torture chamber of his own. The rest of the picture is the usual "hu-tu-tu" match between Murad and his supporters and Anwar and his cohorts with Murad emerging the winner, securing the prince's release and winning his gratitude and favour and, of course, the hand of Laila.

PADMINI APPEALS

The production values are mediocre. Sets are crude and unimaginative but they manage to serve the story's purpose which seems to be just to provide the characters with a dwelling place. Photography is generally amateurish. Sound recording is erratic. The dialogue is of the usual pedestrian variety heard in mediocre costume yarns. The music is pleasant but sometimes carries a familiar ring and sometimes it is grossly misplaced as in the scene where the Travancore Sisters, Lalita, Padmini and Ragini, are shown dancing in

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the Arabs' court to the rhythm of Indian classical music. The direction reveals neither art nor imagination but it manages to deliver the crude goods.

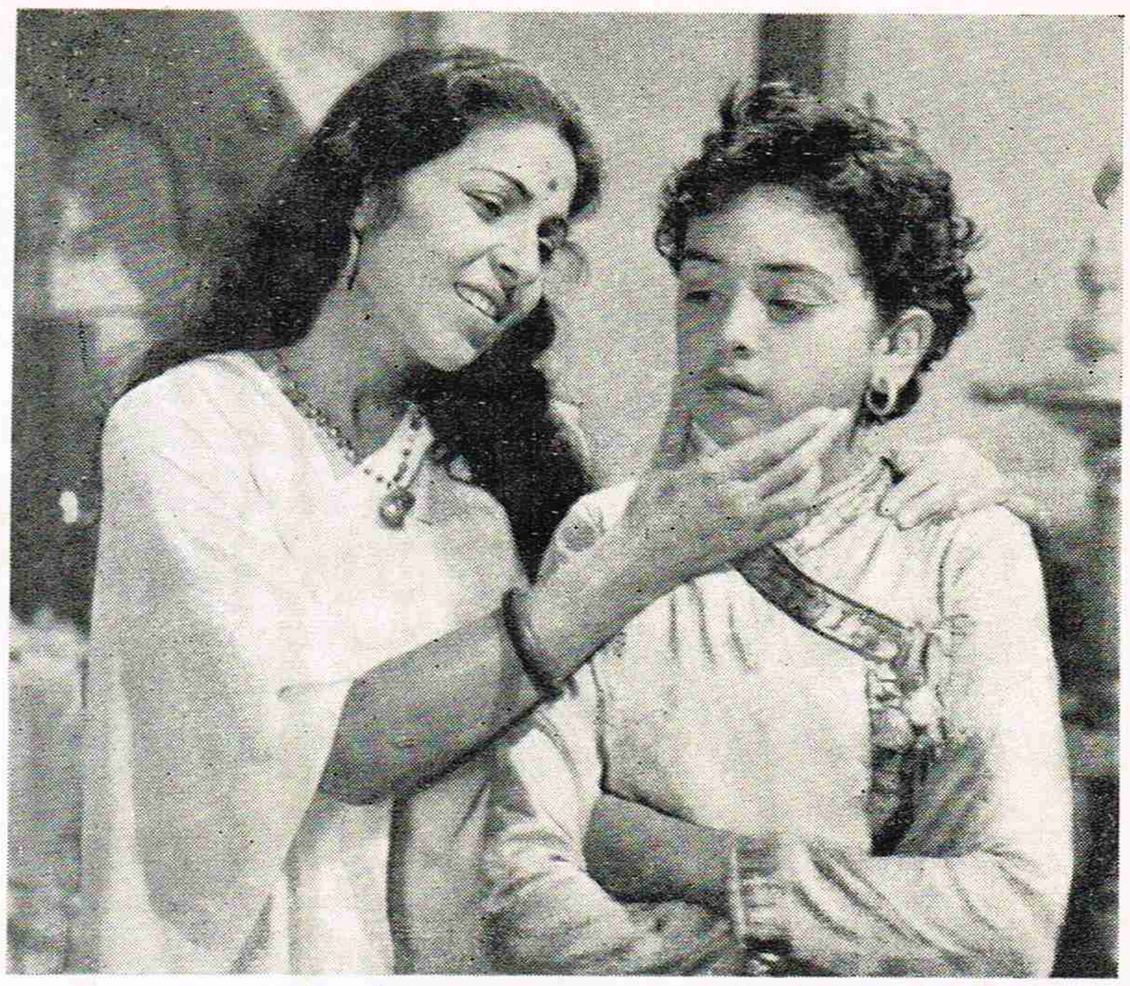
From the players, Padmini plays Laila and proves to be the chief item of interest in the picture. She presents a pretty face and a richly nourished figure, does some vigorous and graceful dancing and brings to the screen a new bundle of sex-appeal. She is adequate in expression but her Hindustani speech admits of improvement. Suresh in the double role of the prince and Murad is tolerable at times. Anwar as the villain looks rather cramped. Kumar as the faithful minister of the prince does good work. From the rest, Agha as a clownish attendant of the prince provides some usual comedy.

In short, "Qaidi" is a crude and nonsensical entertainer which may prove to be popular with illiterate masses.

QAIDI

Producers: **Eagle Films**
Language: **Urdu**
Screenplay: **Mohd. Husain**
Dialogue: **Adil Rashid**
Lyrics: **Jan Nissar Akhtar**
Music: **O. P. Nayyar**
Photography: **Shivram Malaya**
Sound: **Dev Roy**
Cast: **Padmini, Suresh, Agha, Anwar, Kumar, Helen, etc.**
Released At: **Super, Bombay**
Date of Release: **25th January 1957**

Directed By:
F. C. MEHRA



Achala Sachdev gets a youngster to fondle in "Angulimala", a costume tale produced by Thai Information Service. If you want his name, it is Vinod Kumar.

OUR REVIEW

Narang's "Yahoodi Ki Ladki", A Lethal Lump Of Boredom

Familiar Costume Tale Clumsily Presented

S. D. Narang's "Yahoodi Ki Ladki" is a lethal lump of boredom contrived with a poor knowledge of film making and a superficial knowledge of history and hurled at the public in the name of history-flavoured entertainment. It appeals neither to the head nor to the heart and it reveals neither intelligence nor imagination. It only shows a way of dissipating one's resources, for, the money and time spent in the making of this picture, which neither entertains nor educates, is money and time merely wasted.

Essentially a trite love tale, "Yahoodi Ki Ladki" is set in ancient Egypt and tells about the times and tyrannies of Pharaohs. But what it tells carries more the smell of familiar hearsay than a flavour of history and the locale it shows is more an instance of crude contrivance than a part of Egyptian geography. We thus see Egypt without the Nile and without the desert though we see some dull versions of the pyramids and the Sphinx. We see a Pharaoh who appears to have had the rabies all through his life and we see lean-legged Egyptian soldiers who look more like the village postmen of India than a Pharaoh's dreaded instruments of terror. We see a captive queen of Syria behaving like a cheap wench and the Pharaoh's commander-in-chief dönning a disguise and taking a job under a Jewish blacksmith to win the love of a girl who doesn't seem to be worth the trouble. We see the Pharaoh living in a crudely designed and clumsily executed palace and we see the general level of art and architecture of that celebrated civilization as exceedingly poor. And in that ancient land in those ancient times we hear strange rhythms and stranger phrases. In short, we see or hear in this picture nothing which is convincing, very little that is interesting but much that is dull and stupid.

OLD TALE IN NEW LOCALE

The tale tells us about a Pharaoh who calls himself God and delights in wine, women and tyranny. For an accidental insult shown to him, the Pharaoh once orders the small son of a Jewish blacksmith to be done to death. The Jew, who recognizes only a mortal monster in the Pharaoh and puts faith in the preachings of the wandering prophet Abraham, takes his tragedy with calmness and fortitude, but one of his associates kidnaps the little daughter of the Pharaoh the same night as a revenge and tries to kill her. The kindly Jew intervenes to save her life and decides to bring her up as his own daughter.

And soon we see the girl grown up as Farida and ready to receive the attentions of Sajjad, the commander of Pharaoh's forces, who bursts into her house in the line of duty and retreats struck by her beauty. Realizing that she dislikes him in the clothes and job given him by the Pharaoh, Sajjad disguises himself as a poor Jew and returns to take a job under her blacksmith godfather. And now for a long,

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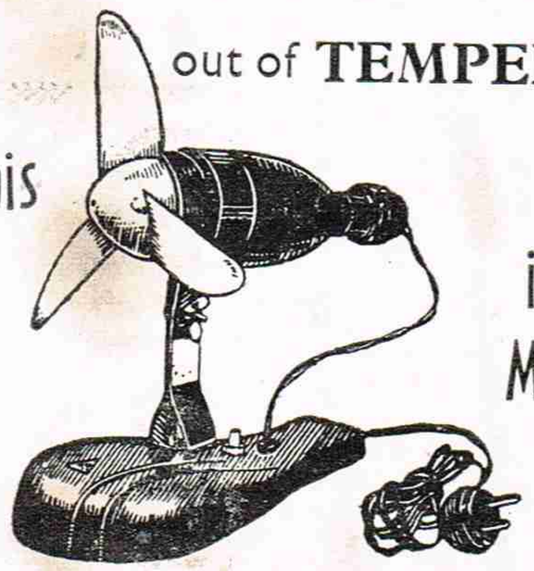

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She is giving a fair warning to keep away from her garden but who can heed the warning of a fair one like this and ignore the rest? And the rest is all a tantalizing tale of everything in bloom and a lethal temptation for a man to commit suicide. Let us find out the address of the garden Padmini tends in "Payal", an exciting entertainer produced by Madras Talkies.

boring while we see the spectacle of the Pharaoh's commander and his long-lost daughter sitting together near the anvil in the blacksmith's house and hammering metal strips and making eyes at each other.

By the time their love for each other takes roots, Sajjad finds his concealments suddenly revealed. Thanks to the scheming and wench-like queen of Syria held captive in Egypt whose advances are spurned by Sajjad, Farida and the blacksmith come to know his real identity while his father Zahir and the Pharaoh also discover with fury that he has been wooing a suspected Jewish rebel's daughter. After those exposures Sajjad finds himself in Pharaoh's dungeon where prophet Abraham had already landed. In the climax we see prophet Abraham's head away from his body and on a charger and the Pharaoh refusing to believe the blacksmith that Farida is his long-lost daughter and ready to kill her. The whole thing ends with the elements suddenly turning angry, the volcanoes erupting, the earth trembling and structures toppling and the Pharaoh and the other evil characters meeting their death, and with Farida and Sajjad and the blacksmith surviving the nature's fury and having a happy reunion.

UNIMPRESSIVE PRODUCTION

The picture strikes one as neither history nor geography nor intelligent fiction but as merely another crude costume entertainer which fails to entertain. It constitutes a sheer waste of celluloid.

The production values are unimpressive. Sets betray poverty of art as well as purse. Photography is uneven. Sound recording is far from satisfactory. The dialogue is generally silly. The music is rather familiar-sounding. The direction is crude, clumsy and unimaginative.

From the players, Madhubala as Farida makes some funny faces and leaves one cold and unimpressed. Pradeep Kumar as Sajjad is generally his usual wooden proposition. Jagirdar manages to give a good performance in the role of the Jewish blacksmith which is neither well-written nor well-directed. Hiralal as the Pharaoh gives a shriekingly stupid performance and looks idiotic and intolerable every moment of his appearance. Smriti Biswas as the Syrian queen looks crude and ugly. Sunder as the idiotic son of the Pharaoh provides some crude and silly comedy. From the rest, Lys and Lyn, a pair of dancers, do some brief pelvis-wriggling which is rather a new body movement for Indian picturegoers though it cannot be sworn that the Pharaohs were familiar with it either.

In short, "Yahoodi Ki Ladki" is a crude, unimaginative and utterly boring costume tale. It gives one a headache and deserves to be avoided.

YAHOODI KI LADKI

Producers:	New Oriental Pictures
Language:	Hindustani
Story & Screenplay:	Z. Hussain
Dialogue:	H. A. Rahi
Lyrics:	S. M. Bihari
Music:	Hemant Kumar
Photography:	G. Singh
Sound:	H. Dev
Cast:	Madhubala, Pradeep Kumar, Jagirdar, Hiralal, Smriti Biswas, Sunder, etc.
Released At:	Strand & Imperial, Bombay
Date of Release:	8th February 1957

Directed By:
S. D. NARANG

OUR REVIEW

"Inqilab", Trash That Stinks

Ugly Picture Presents Revolting Revenge Theme

W. S. Films "Inqilab" is another stinking trash in the name of adventurous costume entertainment. Piecing together some ugly dances by ugly dancers, some unmusical songs and some juvenile stunts around a stale and stupid theme of tyranny and rebellion in a mythical kingdom is not making a motion picture and "Inqilab" cannot be called a motion picture by the widest stretch of imagination. It is a hideous torture at best.

The story, whatever little there is, is a completely stupid affair and it has an utterly distasteful aspect in that it shows a wronged man seeking revenge against a tyrannical king by kidnapping the king's daughter in childhood and later when she grows up unknown to the king, planning to send her to her dissolute father so that he may use her in bed and later slay her as he had done with many girls including the revenge-seeking man's daughter. This is a disgusting episode and the character who seeks this revolting revenge emerges as a totally unsympathetic character.

TALE OF TYRANNY

The hideous affair begins with the vicious and tyrannical ruler of a kingdom sending a woman to death after she has been his queen for some time. We don't learn the crime of the woman but we gather that the king is fond of first sleeping with women and then slaying them. After the queen is killed her brother Sheroo takes to the jungle to organize rebellion against the king.

Another one who is filled with rebellion at the spectacle of the king's tyranny is Roohi, the supposed daughter of a gipsy but in reality the daughter of the king from whom she had been kidnapped by the gipsy whose daughter the king had slain. But Roohi keeps her rebellious spirit in check for the time being and first proceeds to win the heart of Salim, the son of the king's chief vazir, and lose her own to him. This exchange of hearts burns the heart of Naaz, the Amazon-looking daughter of another minister Khalil, who had long been pining for Salim's embrace. She soon starts emitting the usual fury of the scorned woman.

And now Mirza Beg, Salim's father, feeling that Roohi was an infectiously virtuous girl and not knowing that she was already his own son's sweetheart, decides to plant her in the palace as a queen hoping to improve the king—a work in which the revenge-nursing gipsy readily cooperates for his own revolting reasons. Salim and Roohi of course oppose the plan and run away to provide some stupid and dull adventures. Roohi however is caught at last and brought before the king where the ugly situation is somewhat saved by a sixth sense of the king who finds himself unable to sleep with her but who nevertheless orders her to be slain. The slaying of course never takes place because Salim and Sheroo arrive on the scene with their rebel hordes in the usual nick of time. It all ends with the king dying a repentant death and with a happy thought that he had escaped sleeping with his own daughter.

ROTTEN ALL ROUND

The production values of this dull and distasteful picture are ugly and fourth rate.. The sets are utterly crude and poor. Photography is ugly. Sound recording is torturously inefficient. The dialogue is stupid and witless. The music is noise that hurts the ears. The direction is matchlessly unimaginative and incompetent.

From the players, Shyama as Roohi looks worn-out and acts stupidly. Ranjan as Salim does not disappoint for he does just what one expects from him. Sapru as the king is graceless, while Tiwari as Khalil is crude and ugly. Kuldeep Kaur as Naaz and Sunder as a buffoon are stereotyped. Ramesh Sinha as the Vazir does some vigorous but unpleasant throat exercises. From the rest, the man playing the gipsy is unimpressive.

In short, "Inqilab" is a stinking trash which deserves to be kept at the longest possible distance by the picturegoers and the exhibitors.

INQILAB

Producers:	**W. S. Films**
Language:	**Urdu**
Story & Screenplay:	**P. L. Kapoor**
Lyrics:	**Raja Mehdi Ali Khan**
Music:	**Hansraj Behl**
Photography:	**S. K. Rane**
Cast:	**Shyama, Ranjan, Sapru, Tiwari, Kuldeep Kaur, Sunder, etc.**
Released At:	**Capitol, Bombay**
Date of Release:	**15th February 1957**

Directed By:

KEDAR KAPOOR

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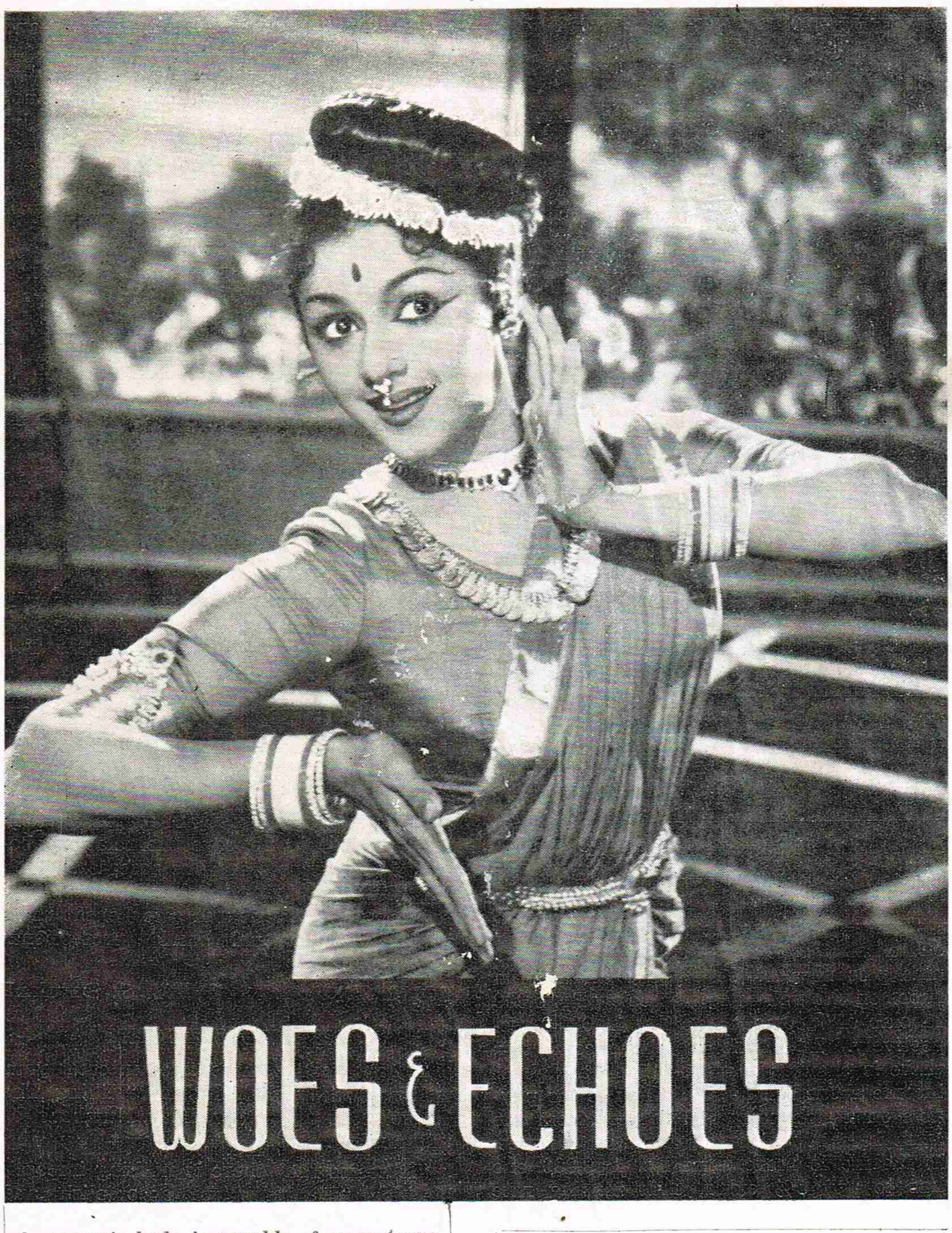


WOES & ECHOES

A woman's body is capable of more turns and twists than the policies of politicians. But each new twist a woman gives to her body is only another incident in the old story of the subjugation of mere man by woman. Watch Padmini executing graceful and tantalizing turns and twists in "Payal", a thrilling entertainer produced by Madras Talkies.

TAX-SQUEEZING TACTICS

"I am sure your editorial, "Killing The Goose", in the January issue, must have evoked the admiration of your father. The eminent lawyer and jurist must have been astounded by your legal knowledge and acumen which can naturally be recognised and appreciated more easily than mere language and style by an advocate. You have, however, written it not to please your pater, but to point out the loopholes

Letters submitted for this section should not have more than 25 lines. Rs.5/- will be paid for every letter published in this section.

in our Income Tax machinery and the dangers and evils that are bound to arise in its working. As usual, you have done it with full facts and figures and a rare insight into the undesirable developments which the Act and its administration are likely to lead to.

"It is really ironical that the penal provisions of the Act had to be increased after independence and that our citizens should have become more unwilling to pay taxes to our own Government which wants them badly for our various nation-building activities as also to keep its servants in luxury. There is no doubt that the sterner measures have been introduced to check the evils of tax evasion, but they may, on the contrary, give ampler scope for corruption and harassment. Unfortunately, those in the Government are no more proof against temptations than others, and they cannot be particularly blamed for this weakness. The net result of giving such wide and arbitrary powers to the Income Tax Officer can even turn out to be that the unpaid taxes may be shared on some "basis" between him and the evader and the Government cheated of its dues while the innocent or "adamant" assessees may be harassed in various ways. This is neither efficiency nor justice. The basic changes in the Income Tax Law and the division of responsibilities as suggested by you mark some definite improvements on the present Act and its mode of operation. We are told that the future of our democratic structure will depend on the successful completion of our Five Year Plans. Is it not therefore necessary to remove any factors which might contribute to their failure?"

BOMBAY. **B. Subba Rao.**

HARASSED ASSESSEE

"I have received a copy of filmindia, January '57 issue and I am glad to read your article under the head "Killing The Goose" and I heartily congratulate you for the same. My 3 years' case is still pending on the mere excuse of making enquiries on account of anonymous letters from jealous people and I do not know what will be my position when the case will be taken in hand. I will be happy if you will print the article in a small booklet form and post it to everybody in the Income Tax Department throughout India or the big gods in Indrasabha.

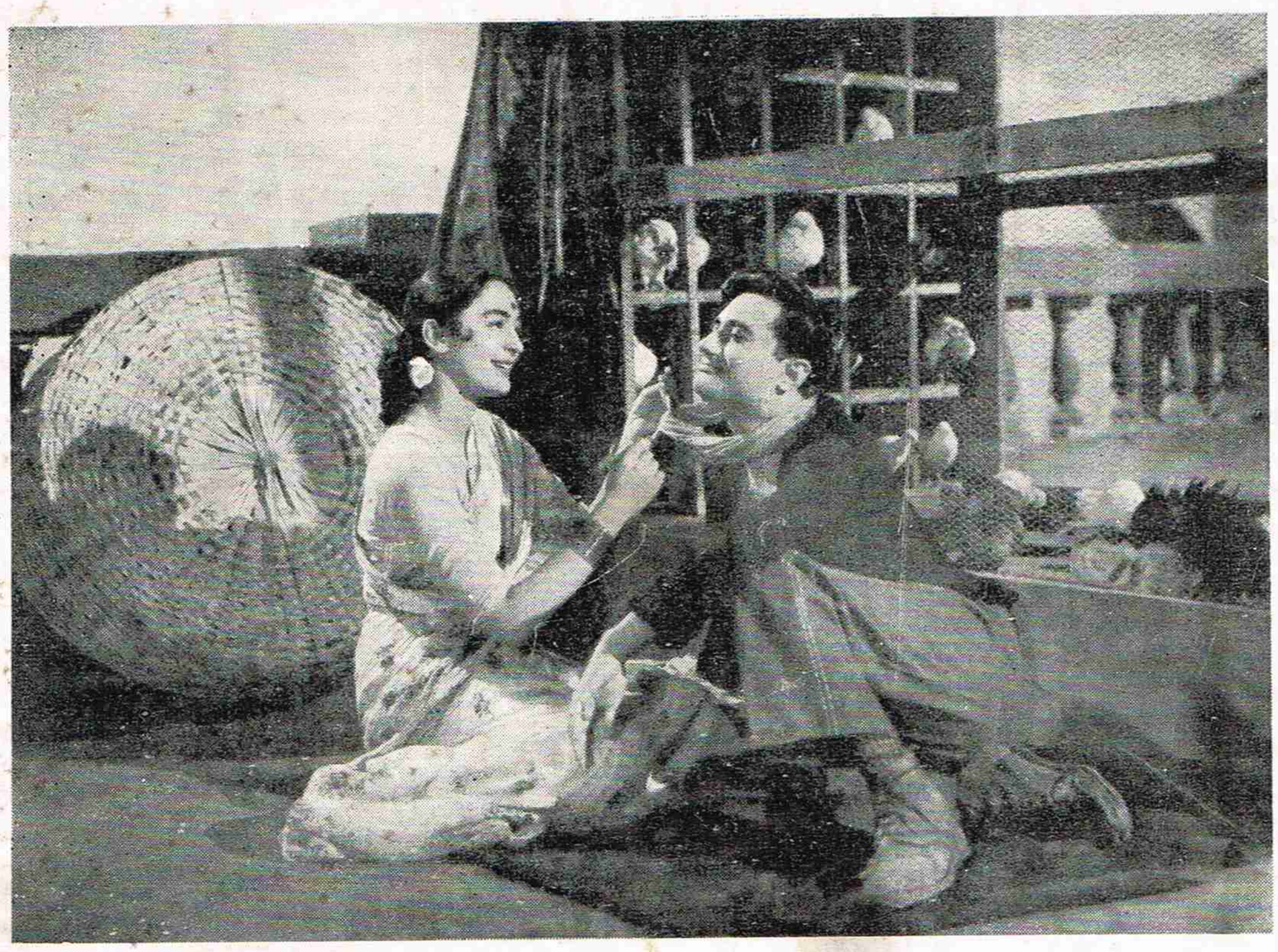
"Your views in this respect shall be highly appreciated".

POONA. **Dr. N. Shaw.**

TAXING INCENTIVE

"Thank you for your much needed article "Killing The Goose" in your New Year number, adding another feather in your cap. Let this powerful article, once again be a warning to the Congress leaders and show them that 'Filmindia' and its editor with the full support of its readers won't take their policies lying down.

"Indian economic growth, though not much to boast about, is due to its industries, which are springing up like mushrooms after independence of this country. When we permit anything to impair it, either in old, established industries or in small new enterprises, we are destroying our future ability to service as an independent people. Yet the fiscal policies of the Union Government have placed an almost intolerable and unbearable burden on business of every size and shape. The only reason why people work is to gain a



When pigeons are in the mood to bill and coo they care not a straw about where they are or who is watching them. Modern lovers follow the example of the pigeons and they don't care about the setting so long as the sweetheart is near and the feeling is right. Watch Nutan and Dev Anand playing a conventional game in an unconventional setting in "Baarish", a tale of love and sighs distributed by Kishendas Chhabra & Co.

reward for their labour. If they work for other people that reward is called the wage or salary. If they set up a business of their own, that reward—when and if they get it—is called the profit. And just as wages are the source of all working, so profits are the source of all business enterprise. Without hope of profits no business would ever be established and without adequate profits no business is able to live and grow.

"Since our independence more than half the profits which Indian industries had earned have been ploughed back into the business to support its growth; for growth is as essential to enterprise as to human beings particularly in infancy. That is why the mortality rate among new business is so enormous. But most of these established, die early because they are not able to earn the profit what they ought to have. For instance, Bombay Talkies or take Ranjit Movietone, who till very recently were going on in full swing, but unfortunately the last few of their movies failed to click at the box-office; so they had to be closed down never to be reopened. I am not sure, but it seems so. Thus we may say that profits are the food which support the life and growth of our business population, just as the wages provide the food which nourishes our human population. If too much of that economic food is taxed, this population will wither from malnutrition.

"With these elementary facts in mind, let us look at the present business taxes, which are so self-called 'Robin Hood' levies on us.

"The rate of income-tax which is based on a slab system gradually rises from nine pies in a rupee to four annas in a rupee on the slab of income below Rs. 5,000 to slab of income above Rs. 15,000|- respectively. In addition to this income tax, there is charged a super-tax on a slab of income above Rs. 20,000. This too is payable on a slab basis and it rises from one anna in a rupee to ten annas in a rupee. If income is more than Rs. 1,50,000 one has to pay 5% extra, thus making rate of income-tax and super-tax equal to 14 as. in a rupee to 14 as. 8 pies.

"If Dilip Kumar, for instance, earns Rs. 1,50,000 or a bit more, he really gets only Rs. 18,750|- minus 5%. Thus it amounts to paying the lump sum of Rs. 1,31,250|- plus 5% for a bit more. No wonder black marketing is in full swing. This can no longer be called taxing, it is muscling in business. More one earns the smaller the incentive to do so and this at a time when industrial expansion and increased production are vital national necessities. It does not make sense! Or does it?

"Surely, the power to tax, administered by men of little imagination and much prejudice, will probably, as a single measure become a power to destroy, and so long as we permit that power to be used in this indeceptive fashion, it can—and will—destroy us. No individual, family or business can dispense with security, and neither can any nation. We cannot add to the economic strength of India by subtracting from the economic strength of our individual citizen. We must no longer let the pockets of these highheaded Caesers be filled by weakening the productive powers of India's industry.

"Indian destiny must not be taxed away!"

BOMBAY. **Kishen K. Tinani.**

"GOOSE KILLERS"

"Allow me, sir, to express the urge which has overpowered me, since I have finished reading your masterly editorial "Killing The Goose" (January '57) written with such a perfect accuracy and unquestionable authenticity.

"I wish I were a man with enough resources to ask Editor Patel to print about a lakh of copies of this stimulating editorial and send them as "complimentaries" to all the "Goose Killers" (Income Tax Officers) all over India.

"I am sure if the Officers of the Income Tax Department and the Central Board of Revenue read this thought-provoking editorial of yours, for whom it is primarily written, and try to act according to the suggestions stated therein, it will not only improve the relations between the assessee and the assessor, which will ultimately bring wholesome prosperity to the nation, but it will also benefit them in their personal and professional careers."

BOMBAY. **V. G. Dayalani.**

STUDIED CRITICISM

"I have read with renewed interest your well-studied bright editorial "Killing The Goose" in the New Year Number of "Filmindia".

"It seems that there is nothing impossible for "Filmindia" to accomplish and that itself distinguishes "Filmindia" from innumerable journals published month in and month out!

"We would not be surprised if, one fine morning, we read in "Filmindia" an article criticizing even the mechanics of the Hydrogen Bomb, Mr. Patel!"

CALCUTTA. **Ebenezer S. Soans.**

HOODOO BUSINESS

"Recently I had the painful occasion of witnessing 'Sabaka'—a film from the notoriously anti-Hindu Hollywood. This film was also shown in the Capital of India prior to my unhappy encounter. The shooting of the film is claimed to have been done in India. But what I saw on the screen was not only a false depiction of India and her people, but a slanderous attempt to malign the great Gautam Bud-

Now, a woman in that dress need not wonder. She is a wonder in herself to those who get excited to see a girl in male attire. Vyjayantimala tantalizes filmgoers in Producer Arora's new social entertainer.

dha. The film unfolds a huge statue of Buddha vomiting fire from his mouth, encircled by scantily dressed Indians dancing in the fashion of Red Indians. The narration describes them as fire-worshippers. Now, this is happening right at the time when the Government of India has been busy celebrating the 2500th Buddha Jayanti. I fail to understand why on earth this ugly film was allowed to be exhibited, and more so, shot in India. Will the authorities concerned inquire into the matter and mend their criminal lapse by banning this film as unfit for exhibition in India?"

MEERUT. **P. C. Bansal.**

WELFARE MOTHERHOOD

"I happened to see recently a Films Division documentary titled — "MAA — the story of an unmarried mother". After seeing this, I had to hang my head in shame and curse the brains of those persons responsible for producing this documentary.

"The film instead of showing the evils and sins of unmarried motherhood, actually throws a ray of hope to these spinster mothers and tells them not to worry about their illegitimate issues, as the Government have well-built homes for the comfort and stay of these women and the illegitimate children can easily be given away to the thousands of childless parents, who apply for adoption of children to the superintendents of these Government Homes. It goes even one step further and details the nice steps taken by the Government to provide these women, even though runaway from their parents and lawful guardians out of shame, with decent jobs and marriages too with military officers, rich businessmen, etc., who apply for wives to these homes.

"I would not be surprised Mr. Patel, if after the screening of the film all over India, one finds a terrible increase in unmarried motherhood. Oh! What a documentary and what a shame!! Jai, Keskar!!! Keskar should rush this film for screening in the next International Film Festival."

HOWRAH. **M. A. Krishnamurthy.**

PRODUCERS NEVER LEARN

"'Vana Ratham', the Tamil version of Sunny's 'Uran Khatola', was released at Midland Cinema, 18 months after the production of the original Hindi version. On account of its late release and also due to its poor dubbing, the picture failed to click and was withdrawn after two weeks. The original Hindi version was then screened, but it had also to be withdrawn after two weeks. In all, the picture (both versions) had a run of four weeks. The producers who believe that by making the picture in two versions they will be doubly benefited are sadly mistaken. The Tamil version of

Falling in love is not a crime and that is about the most rash thing Dilip Kumar could have done. We wonder why then has he been put behind bars. But then no man is fully known even to himself. A man often does things at which he is himself the most surprised. Let us find out what Dilip Kumar has done to deserve the jail in "Musafir", a social theme produced by Film Group and directed by Hrishikes Mukherjee.

almost all the Hindi films that have been made so far, viz. 'Nam Nadu' (Shantaram's "Apna Desh" in Hindi), 'Ratna Deepam', (Devaki Babu's 'Ratna Deep' in Hindi), 'Ananda Matam', (Filmistan's 'Anand Math' in Hindi), 'Avan' (Raj Kapoor's "Aah" in Hindi), 'Thousand Nights' (Jayant Desai's "Hazar Raten" in Hindi)—all have flopped miserably. And once the Tamil version fails, the Hindi version also meets with a similar fate. The producers are thus losers on both counts. Will the producers stop, listen and think over this and stop burning their fingers?"

MADRAS. **S. A. Hasnath.**

OLD CONGRESS STORY

"A few years back the Government sponsored a scheme for the installation of Community Listening Radio-sets in rural areas. The Government prescribed certain specifications and required manufacturers who wanted orders in different states, to submit their sample radio-sets to the National Physical Laboratory for test and approval. The Centre agreed to pay half the cost, and the State Governments were to bear maintenance charges.

"This simple scheme underwent a metamorphosis in West Bengal. Here the Government entered into a contract with Flashlights Ltd. of Calcutta (as reported) for the production of radio and battery sets. No tenders were called and of course no samples were either sent to the National Physical Laboratory.

"The Flashlights factory was set up only in 1954. The West Bengal Government supplied the machinery and technical personnel, but its central management was vested in the Flashlights Ltd.! In three years an amount exceeding Rs. 14,00,000/- has been paid out against some 4000 radio sets etc; of these only 800 have so far been distributed, and that too at the full capital cost of Rs. 157/- each, plus one-third of the maintenance cost. This is in clear violation of the original scheme. The rest are rotting nobody knows where. And even of these 800, already more than half have been reported as gone out of service".

BOMBAY. **S. P. Mansharamani.**

NEW MODEL, INDEED!

"When I visited the New Model Talkies to see the film 'Devta', I saw that the 10½ annas class was bifurcated into two classes. One class was ordinary and the other was the family circle. All the tickets had numbers. But the door-keeper made the ordinary 10½ annas ticket holders occupy the family circle class seats. It was big fun when the family circle ticket holders arrived, and the door-keeper made the occupants of those seats get up and took them to the ordinary 10½ annas class. And then vice versa.

"If the management appoints such sort of personnel in the theatre the hardships of the cinegoers may well be imagined. Is it entertainment or tamasha?"

BOMBAY. **Samuel Hannock.**

BAN CRIME PICTURES

"Filmindia has been constantly warning the authorities that crime pictures spread crime and must be banned if a healthy society is desired. It seems, however, that our sleeping and slow-moving Censors are reluctant to give up their soft policy in dealing with such pictures. If they still mean to continue this policy even after the latest demonstrated proof of the truth Filmindia has been campaigning for, these people are not only ignorantly unpatriotic but also actively and dangerously foolish without doubt.

"The report of this demonstrated proof constitutes the first news in most of the dailies of December 25.

"On December 24, in the morning an army major, Ansoh Franz Cookie Sallick, raided the New Delhi General Post Office. In a daring armed holdup of a postal van he killed two persons and injured another and when held at bay by the police, shot himself dead.

"Let us consider some facts about this crime the details of which have been published in newspapers. The criminal was an army major. The car he used was a stolen one bore a false number. He wanted to rob government money which is escorted by police during transportation. The incident occurred in the morning and the crime in very prominent place of the City manoeuvre. All this means that the criminal was not without education, had a mind that could scheme and a heart which had confidence. How did this civilized army officer and what gave him confidence to adopt this dare-devil way of committing it? The correct answer is in the Hollywood crime pictures the major must have seen in his cantonment cinema. Only the desperadoes in those films could have taught and tempted him to do this reckless and dramatic crime. The crime does smell of fictional imagination. This robbery fortunately did not succeed though, sadly enough, it cost two lives. If the Censors have any love for human life this tragedy should teach them a useful lesson. Let the exhibition of crime pictures continue and the techniques and scheming of robbers in this country will soon improve and there will be less failures for them in future. If the Censors want that, they may not change their present soft policy for crime pictures. Then they can lay aside the dailies of December 25 after saying, 'the story of that crime in the capital is interesting'."

PILANI. **Shiv K. Parti.**

MANHANDLED THE MANAGER

"Some days back I visited the New Model Talkies, Kurla, to see the picture 'Devta'. I had purchased 5 tickets of Family Circle from No. 36 to 40. After some time a young couple came who had tickets Nos. 33 and 34. But when they went to occupy the seats, the seat No. 33 was found completely broken. It became a difficult problem for them to find suitable accommodation for themselves. When they questioned the doorkeeper regarding the broken seat he replied that he was helpless. The irate husband started abusing him. Meanwhile, I requested the couple to occupy my seats Nos. 36, 37 and myself and my family got accommodated in seats Nos. 38, 39, 40 and 34. I made my two youngsters occupy the seat No. 34.

"Thus it can be seen that the management of this theatre appears to be rather callous towards the cinegoers.

"What would have you done if you were there, Babs?"

BOMBAY. **Samuel Hannock.**

GIVING IT SUNLIGHT

"If you could in any way help me solve this problem, set forth by someone in the office of the Director General, Posts & Telegraphs, New Delhi, for the reasons, which can be found out only if an open face to face enquiry is held, I shall feel highly grateful.

"I am a retired Sub-Postmaster. My retirement has entered its thirteenth year but my pension case according to the Director General, Posts & Telegraphs, still under consideration of what Government and for what reason, the Director General avoids to see, despite my repeated requests for the same.

"The Director-General rejected my request for an interview on deputy staff, on the pretence that it would serve no useful purpose.

"The Communication Minister felt it perhaps his disgrace to meet a employee of a department under his supervision and did not even like to afford courtesy of a reply to my request for his interview.

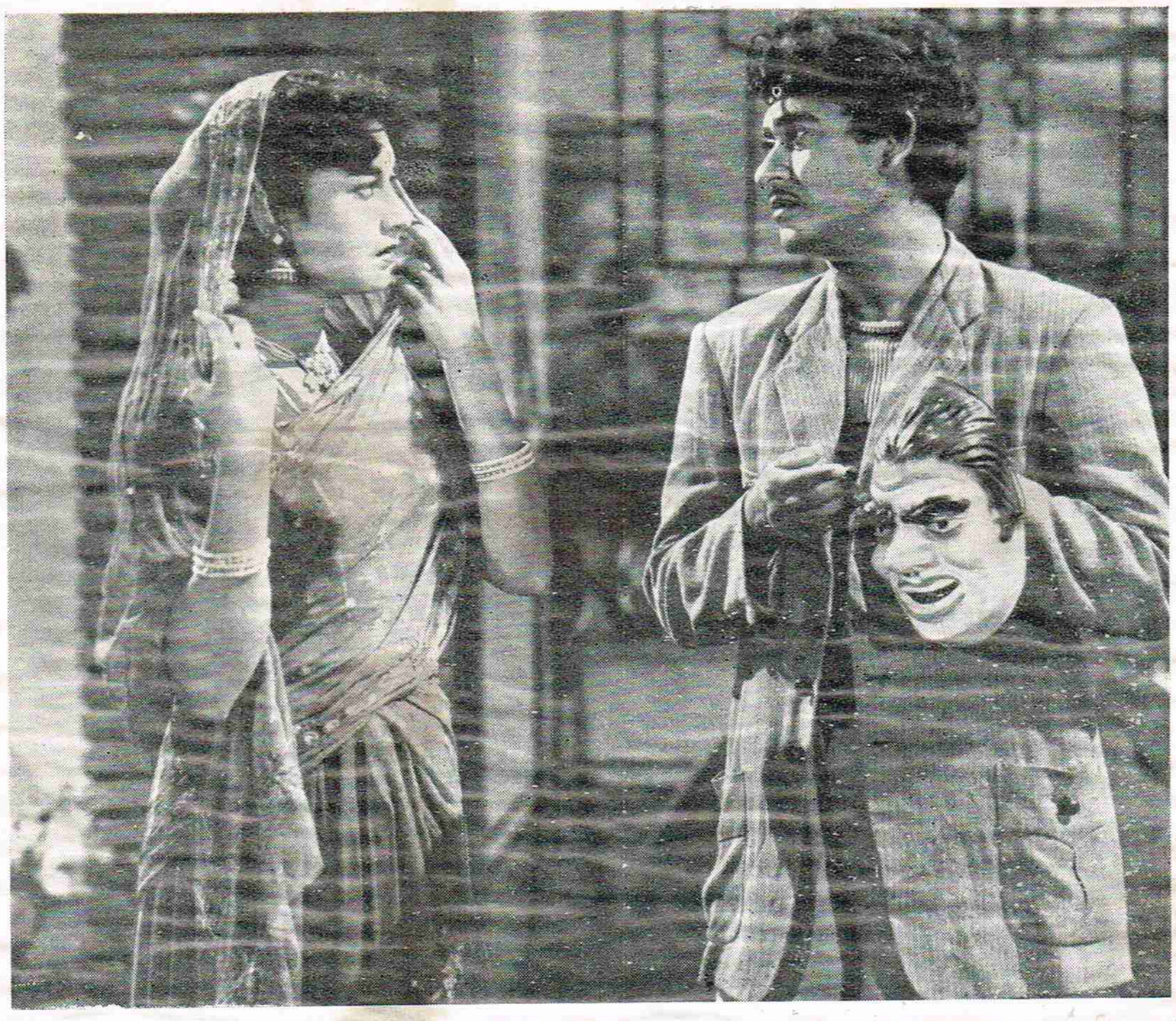
"The Postmaster-General in view of circumstances established and proved in my favour was prepared to finalise my pension case, in accordance with the contents of his office memorandum No. SA/P1635/I dated 12-3-53 said by him to be as ordered by the Government sometime in March or April 1952, but the Director-General's office hindered by not returning to him my service book for which he had placed even telegraphic requisition.

"Taking the worthy Prime Minister by one of his speeches from the public platform, condemning the offices for taking months to do what needs to be done in hours, I referred him to my two registered acknowledgment-due letters, sent to him by name but taken delivery of by his confidential assistant on 16-8-55 and 15-11-55 respectively still held at his offices unresponded and begged of him, vide mine dated 14-11-56, face-to-face enquiries into my complaints against the Posts and Telegraphs and the Rehabilitation departments. He simply passed it on to the Posts & Telegraphs department and the Director General, Posts and Telegraphs, repeated to me his stereotyped phrase, that the matter has been referred to the Government whose decision in the matter is awaited. This reply is coming to me from him since last one year and eight months. I wrote subsequently two letters to the Prime Minister but without getting any response.

"Marriages of my two daughters are held up for want of funds, which are to come only as arrears of my pay and pension and I am extremely perturbed and disturbed.

"I seek your help if possible through your estemed paper."

NEW DELHI. **Thakar Das Soni.**



Women are by nature kind and credulous and always ready to lend a sympathetic ear to any woeful tale. Here Minoo Mumtaz hears something sad from Kishore Kumar but for all she knows that sad face he is wearing may be as fake as the one he is holding in his hands. We shall find out what is the tale he tells her in "Aasha", a lavish entertainer produced and directed by M. V. Raman.

NATIONAL SERVICE

"Your timely and well-written feature article "Killing The Goose" deserves special applause. Anyone will fully appreciate your factual and concise survey of the working of the Income Tax Act. To an ardent reader of the nation's top magazine it was a real crazy most. But then the content of your page is of continual interest to me. During last month, using my year-end leisure I have re-read Filmindia's editorials of 1956 in their entirety. Once again and more profoundly than before I have been impressed by the goodwill and understanding which you bring to your readers month after month. As leaders and shapers of public opinion it falls to you to do goodly a share of that thinking. You are doing your part and nobly too".

MANNARGUDI. **D. William Moses.**

WELFARE TAXES?

"Your exhaustive editorial, "Killing The Goose" in the January issue of "Filmindia" is a timely reminder to us all, who seem to have been dazzled by the achievements of Nehru's Government in the sphere of foreign affairs. Recently, the Congress party changed their motto from "Co-operative Commonwealth" to "Socialist Co-operative Commonwealth". Let them not misuse the term like the British and the South African Governments who

Minoo Mumtaz provides rhythm and sex-appeal in "Aasha", a thrilling romance, produced and directed by M. V. Raman.

exploited the "Commonwealth of Nations" for their own mischievous ends, and devour the business-community in the name of "Socialist Co-operative Commonwealth", and the masses in the name of welfare-state. The law lays down, "one is innocent unless proved guilty". The same spirit is needed in the enactments and the implementations of the Tax-laws. The first duty of the Government is to educate the people in their duties towards the State. The right to tax more flows later on."

MEERUT. **P. C. Bansal.**

THANKS!

"Killing the Goose" is a bold, candid and well-studied description of the punitive Income Tax Department and the ruinous doings of our Income Tax Officers who are endowed with all the powers needed to slay the enterprising men. I would like to disclose, here, an incident in which an income tax officer, with his meagre education and ignorance of the hardships of life, persisted in his decision that he did not believe an assessee's accounts when he failed to show an average amount of profit, although he had kept bonafide records to show the same. These officers are so full of affected air of arrogance and are so provoked, as you said, by the life of ease and luxury enjoyed by the higher officers, that they never listen or at least prick up their ears (or pretend to lend an ear) to the well-marked appeals of an assessee and as such the Department has itself become unpopular. It has also been cast into the sloughs of demoralisation by the annual quota of tax collection system. Nobody can express any doubt of the justice of your animadversion upon the immoral aspects of the income tax department which will surely wind or draw the concerned authorities to a sense of popularising the department. There is much to be done, as your article rightly points out, in the matter of popularising the department. Your suggestions regarding the laws as well as the division of responsibilities form a good prelude for offering stronger incentives to efficiency and popularisation, although there may be difficulties in the way, which are not of their making. But Mr. Patel, a suggestion regarding the appointment of businessmen or men having some knowledge of the commercial world, as tax officers, which you have forgotten to mention, will also contribute much to the progress of the Department in an incredibly short time. In employing such men, the advantage is that they will have the patience to hear and comprehend the appeals of an assessee and also the dexterity to bring to light the culprits, as they know the subtle tactics of our commercial men."

UDIPI. **U. Upendra Pai.**

PLAYING CARD CENTRE

"I have before me a small but de-luxe publication entitled 'Indian Co-operation Union Report 1954 and 1955'. On page 17 of this Report begins a chapter on 'Social Welfare'. Here the very first thing mentioned is the Jhandewala Community Centre which is acclaimed as a great success. And yet what are the facts?

"The Jhandewala Mandir Trust gave accommodation rent-free for the 'Kalyan Kendra'. The idea was to serve the stone cutters' families in the neighbourhood. But after a brief flourish the centre is all but dead. A sum of Rs. 1250 is spent every month by way of staff salaries alone. The milk powder sent for children invariably finds its way in the bazar. The radio has been out of order for a year and a half now. Newspapers meant for the library go to the staff houses. In one year as many as five lady doctors have come and gone. The average number of patients in the dispensary is six a day. Disgusted with this state of affairs the poor stone cutters have started a small school of their own, that is what is learnt. The staff puts in an appearance for half an hour or so, of course the salary bill remains what it was. The Centre is patronised by the riff-raff who come and play cards. I understand that the whole thing has become a petty nuisance and the trustees want the centre to quit.

"So much for Indian Co-operative Union's Number One Centre. What must be the condition of less boosted centres? I dare say social service has become a costly stunt in this country."

BOMBAY. **K. S. Daryani.**

PEACE DENIED

"Writing under the heading, "Conversions Over A Corpse" in the January 1957 issue of "Filmindia" Judas discovered for us a mysterious phenomenon of the mass-conversion of the mourners of the late Dr. B. R. Ambedkar to Buddhism. Judas rightly lamented over the time and place of such a ceremony. In his misdirected zeal Shri B. S. Gaikwad, Secretary of the Bhartiya Buddha Mahasabha, aided and abetted by Bhikku Kausalyayana flouted their Master and degraded themselves by acting on the dictates of political opportunism. Buddha was one of the greatest men of the world, and a seeker of truth. He preached, "Blessed are ye when ye direct your best efforts to self-training and self-control". Shri B. S. Gaikwad and Bhikku Kausalyayana in their rashness not only gave a bad name to Buddhism, but also became instrumental in lowering the prestige of Buddha in the eyes of the world. Dr. B. R. Ambedkar was not even provided with the peace of the grave."

MEERUT. **P. C. Bansal.**

FLATTERY WILL

"Here is a news that appears in the 'Times of India' of the 6th January under the title "A Matter of Shame". "Laxmibai Nagar, January 4: The Prime Minister, Mr. Nehru, said here today that he felt ashamed that the salary of an average school teacher in India was less than that of a chaprasi in Delhi. Mr. Nehru, who was replying to the debate on the resolution on the Congress election manifesto at the Subjects Committee meeting of the Congress here said: "I am sorry to say that the condition of teachers who mould the character of children is not good and their place in society is not high".

"Pandit Nehru being the inventor-champion of Panchshila is naturally a great sentimentalist. Nothing bad in that. But his tendency to remain only a senti-

mentalist can hardly be thought advantageous to the nation. After over nine years of our freedom he has noticed the poor condition of teachers in the country. And all the time we were under the impression he knew this and would do something effective to improve it. Mr. Nehru spoke of his feelings of shame and sorrow. Expressed without any promise of efforts to improve the lot of teachers they have an odour of helplessness. What makes him helpless? He is the Prime Minister. Who interferes with his policies in such matters, communalists of India or warmongers of the outside world?

"To catch the eye of Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru who is so busy making peace among nations of the world as to have little time to look at what goes in his India that is Bharat, is no small matter. Our teachers ought to be proud of this. But they must be told for how many Plans they will have to wait to welcome a Plan for education. Or is it that Maulana Azad, the supreme diginitary in the education department of our government, does not believe in any plans? If the fact that the salary of an average school teacher in India is less than that of a chaprasi in Delhi, cannot make Nehru move into action, what else will?"

PILANI. **Shiv K. Parti.**

WEAK-KNEED BAHADUR

"During the new year it is a common complaint by many a firm and individual that diaries and calendars sent by book-post rarely reach the addressee. With the abnormal rise in registration fees to Re. 0|8|- (from Re. 0|3|- in the pre-independence days) everyone thinks twice before he sends an article by registered post. Union Communications Minister, Raj Bahadur, was himself a victim. He is reported to have confessed while laying the foundation stone of the G.P.O. building in Jaipur, that a large number of calendars and diaries sent to him by his friends were lost. He added, "It is strange they have not reached me so far and nobody knows who is to be blamed for this; myself or the Postal Department."

"The Minister says nobody knows who is to be blamed for this. This utterance by the Minister is surprising; the department has a large fleet of inspectors and it is up to them to see that persons who are responsible for pilferage are booked. It is better if the Minister tries to tone up the department instead of confessing that he was also a victim. Am I not right sir?"

MADRAS. **K. A. K. Ayyangar.**

DOUBLE-EDGED HONEY

"The Pakistan Minister for Commerce and Industry, Mr. Abdul Mansur Ahmed, has brought two pots of honey, one for President Rajendra Prasad and the other for Prime Minister Nehru as a symbol of the "sweet relations" that the people of Pakistan want to establish with the people of India. Mr. Ahmed, who leads his country's delegation to the current trade talks with the Government of India said, "Pakistan and Bharat are the twin Brothers born of Mother India. Brothers may sometimes quarrel but beneath that quarrel there is always that brotherly feeling." (Hindu 16-1-'57)

"A demonstration was conducted by Karachi students this morning in front of the Indian High Commissioner's office here, shouting "Kashmir Hamara Hai". Later they burnt effigies of Prime Minister Nehru and Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed in front of the United Nations Information Centre". (Hindu 17-1-'57)

"How come!"

MADRAS. **S. A. Hasnath.**

NEHRU'S WEAKNESS

"For the last many years, it has become a fashion to invite foreign dignitaries to visit India. In their honour, grand and sumptuous parties are arranged where thousands come and enjoy free meals. While we people have to face new kinds of taxes after every six months, hundreds of lakhs of rupees are spent just to hear a few words of praise from their lips. Not satisfied with this, there is another way of wasting money by sending the idiots abroad. Hundreds of delegations have been sent to many foreign countries, to enable few known and unknown flatterers of Congress Raj to enjoy the world, see new places, drink indiscriminately and then bring a lot of things from there free of custom duty and freight charges. A lot of money and time is wasted in organizing these silly functions and important problems are set aside. Dear sir, how long shall we be neglected like this in our own free and democratic India?"

GURGAON. **Madan Lal Sachdeva.**

SECULAR BHAI BHAIS

"Mrs. Lalitadevi Jugat's letter published under the title 'Bhai-Bhai' in the 'Woes & Echoes' columns of Filmindia of January 1957, is really an eye opener to many of us. So must it be to our Ministry of External Affairs. It is no wonder that with this 'Bhai-Bhai' relationship of our Officers in the key departments, Pakistan is really aware of all the goings-on in our country, and now actually itching to strike. One can easily imagine what these Bhai-Bhais can do when war is actually waged between the two countries. Will Pandit Nehru take note and act?"

B.R. PROJECT,

MYSORE. **K. Balachandra Naidu.**

WHITE-CAPSULED TECHNIQUE

"In this socialistic age of ours, many Maharajas and Congress leaders are reported to be searching each other for the disbursement of Congress tickets in the coming elections. That indeed would be an unanswerable proof of the "socialisticism" of the Congress. With princely money and Congress votes these Maharajas will become M.P.'s. And then they will enact socialism! Who said Congress politics is not interesting?"

BOMBAY. **Dharamdas.**

Here is a living legend of feminine grace and charm. See the undulating Vyjayantimala stopping the breath of millions of males in Producer P. N. Arora's yet un-named picture.

Some women only hear a tale but don't care to see who is telling it. If they did, the length of our screen stories would be shortened. Watch Pran quoting scriptures to Naina in "Aasha", a colourful entertainer produced and directed by M. V. Raman.

FILMIC PARADISE

"Yesterday I had a chance to see the Pakistani picture "Dulla Bhatti" in the Punjabi language in a theatre at Delhi. I was surprised to see the souls of the hero and the heroine meeting one another in the end and going towards heaven after both of them die together in the story. All this goes contrary to the Islamic theory of religion which propounds that all beings remain buried till the last day of the world when all are brought before God for their final judgement. Should we say—by seeing this—is it Kashmir or some other reason due to which our Pakistani brothers are now forgetting even their own religion?"

HAPUR. **Jagdish Jain.**

FAIRY-TALE HISTORY

"In two or three universities of North India, a cultural history "Evolution of Indian Culture" written by Prof. Lunia is prescribed as a textbook. One does not know how this book which is a rehash of several books has been prescribed: as this book establishes a new record in twisted, to be more exact, completely incorrect statements. A few examples should convince even a layman of the perversions abounding in the book.

"On P. 415 this great writer remarks "The Hindus.....went so far as to make an **avatar** of the Emperor Akbar". According to him Shivaji "was the last constructive genius that Hindu India produced" (p. 494). And then this Indian Grant Duff remarks, "The Marathas like a swarm of locusts swept down the plains of the North and carried fire and sword in the countryside". He again discloses that the great Swami Vivekanand "was well educated in school and college and in due course was married". And this learned author of the book is a head of the history department and takes post graduate classes. One can only pity his students. And now I can surely give credit for one thing to this great historian, and that is that I have never seen so many amusing remarks and conclusions in any single book. I only ask you, sir, whether you have seen these statements in any other history book?"

BOMBAY. **Dharamdas.**

TOUCHY WHITE-CAPS

"Stoning of ministers' cars, burning of leaders' effigies, black flag and other demonstrations against Government officials have become all too common of late and bespeak a highly deplorable state of affairs which must cause all responsible citizens to sit up and take notice.

"The future of the country cannot be bright if we should treat in this manner our own representatives elected by popular vote and show ourselves as essentially goondas. If this sort of tendency persists, democracy may well be endangered in India. It is not the question of an individual's honour that is involved, but that of the respect of his position. At this rate, there would soon be left little decency, dignity or democracy in our national life. Stonings and beatings are just the beginnings of fascism and, if not stopped, may lead to worse things. The other day I was discussing these untoward developments with my friend who ascribed these to the lack of respect shown to the ministers and officials by the public and the practice of criticising, condemning and ridiculing them for anything and everything by critics and journalists. I, however, begged to differ and pointed out that the exalted persons concerned had to share some of the blame. Evidently, they had been unable to maintain the dignity and respect of their position which they would have been able to do if they had kept the honour and integrity of their office. They can do this not by the show of power and pelf but by honesty, sincerity and humility. Men in high public positions should never cheapen themselves in the eyes of the critical and fault-finding multitude and they should ever remember that they should hold their office as a sacred trust and act accordingly. As the people cannot be totally wrong or misguided, it follows that there must be something to blame on the other side also. Is it not quite possible, Mr. Patel?"

BOMBAY. **B. Subba Rao.**

'BLACK BASTARDS'

"Yesterday I went to see "Bhowani Junction" at the Metro to gauge with an impartial and unprejudiced eye the extent of the anti-Indian content of the controversial film which, I learn today, has been banned in Malaya. Even the lazy and indulgent Malayans have been more touchy about the insult to Indians than we ourselves have been.

"I have to admit that the picture, in its revised version, was somewhat less offensive than the book. The production and other values were very good and the atmosphere of the 1947 naval and general mutiny, though exaggerated and misrepresented, was captured more realistically than in Indian pictures about our freedom fight. Making concessions, I am prepared to go to the extent of saying that perhaps no deliberate insult to Indians was meant by the author or the producers. But the superiority complex was discernible throughout and we have undoubtedly been presented in an unfavourable and dark light. The Indian characters, including the Sikh gentleman in "honourable love" with the Anglo-Indian girl who did not deserve the Sardarji's sincere passion,

have all been painted with liberal black, making us look more like Negroes than Indians. This is a glaring error, hardly inadvertent. There is no question of brown being superior to black any more than white is to the former, but I make mention of this as a fault in realism.

"An argument which I am particularly anxious to counter in connection with this picture is that the anti-Indian statements were not made by the author but by the characters to whose opinions he could not be held responsible. This is a dangerous theory, for pornographic writers could then easily escape with the plea that they have nothing to do with the obscenities committed by their characters. This will be a most convenient method for authors and producers to serve their ends. Whatever the motive, the atmosphere and effect of this picture is definitely anti-Indian and the censors might almost have been Russians to pass it to show us how we are despised by the Westerners."

BOMBAY. **B. Subba Rao.**

BAD SHOWMANSHIP

"On 22nd December, 1956, I went to the Ashok Cinema to see "Lagan". As the Government of India Documentary had already started showing, I entered the auditorium groping in the dark. And lo! what do I find? The curtains and the screen have all been removed from the stage and in its place, a white cloth tied at 4 corners by means of a thread is dangling in the centre of the stage and the film was being shown on it. Later I learnt that some repairs were being carried out in order to put up a panoramic screen. Agreed. But then the best course would have been to suspend the shows till the duration of the repairs and not to subject the public to such hardship and inconvenience. May I ask the proprietor one thing, if this is not cheating the public of their hard earned money, then what else is it?"

MADRAS. **S. A. Hasnath.**

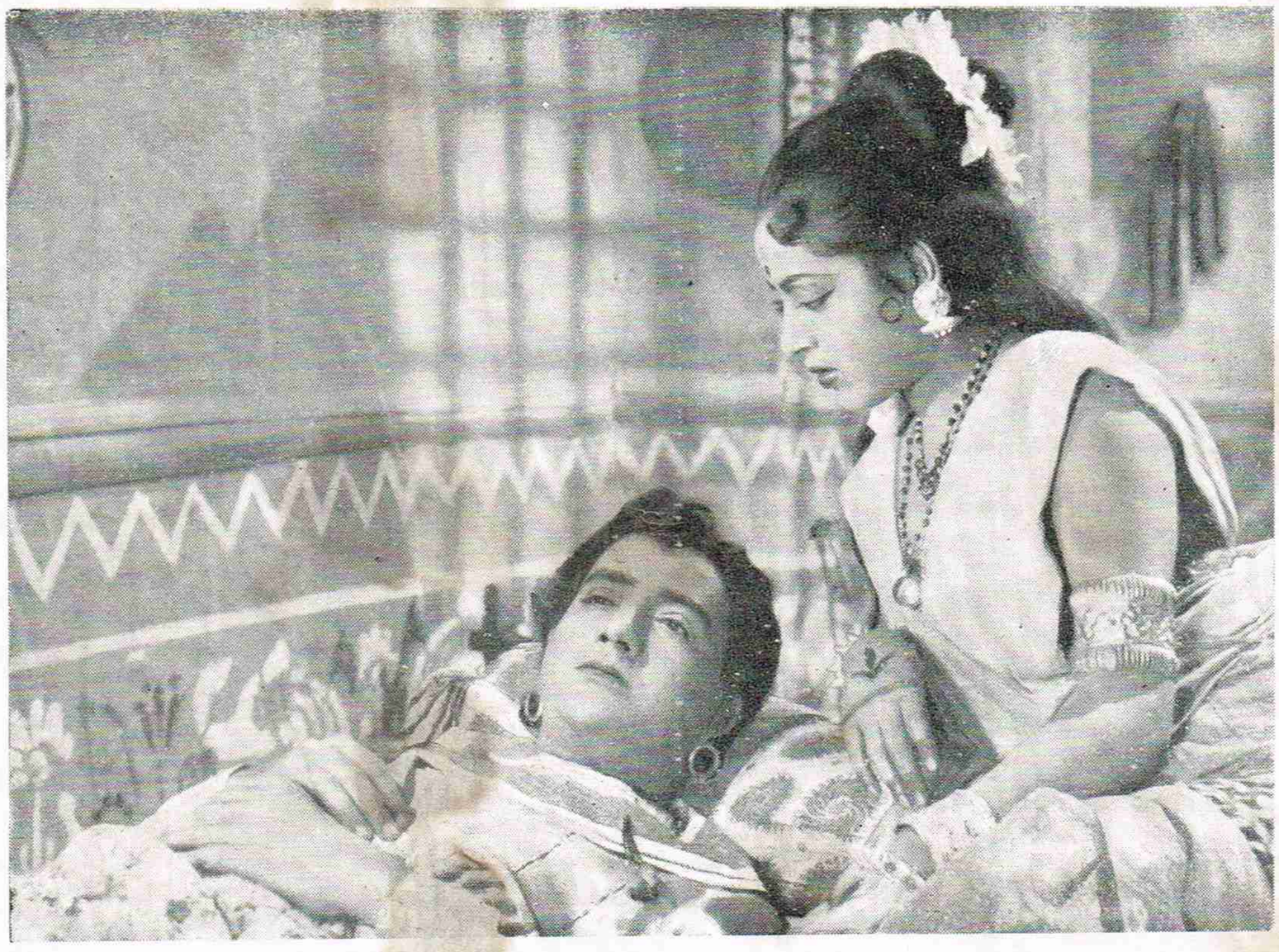
GO SLOW

"While inaugurating the 12th U.P. Lawyers conference at Agra, Mr. K. M. Munshi recently said that if we are in too great a hurry to replace English by Hindi in legal education and law courts, the standard of the profession and of the judiciary will continue to fall, and the common system of law throughout the country will be undermined and the country will be split into several forensic belts.

"It is, of course, essential that independent India should have a national language. But it is foolish to replace English by Hindi at this stage as English is the one language written and spoken among the educated classes all over India. Further, we have been using English for the last many years and it is only through this language medium we have raised our prestige among others in the international field. A language is not the property of any particular nation and it belongs to all who can speak it. As such, we will not suffer in prestige by retaining English.

"Since the majority of the people is non-Hindi speaking it is wrong to fix an absolute dateline for Hindi to be made the official language. It would have been wise if the Government had introduced compulsory Hindi in all schools all over India and stabilised instruction in Hindi in a satisfactory way, so that it may gradually take the place of English without much difficulty".

BOMBAY. **Parakalo C. Antonio.**



There is nothing like a pretty woman by the bedside to nurse a man back to health and many a bachelor has found a sick-bed a stepping-stone to a double bed. But even with a pretty parcel like Anita Guha by his side Bharat Bhushan looks gloomy. His ailment therefore must be serious. To find out what it is we must see "Angulimala", a costume tale produced by Thai Information Service.

GLUTTONOUS PRAISE

" 'Books are a treasured wisdom', the old saying of an occidental philosophy finds itself into habiliments in the pages of Sumati Publications' 'Burning Words'. Baburao, you have done a great service to the parched intellect of the country by publishing such an ambrosial monument. Though every article, on account of its stark sincerity of approach, is by itself a strong purgative to the somnolent political life of the country, yet the articles 'Rape Of Our Heritage', 'The Crescent Over India', 'Mistake Of Motilal Nehru', 'Nero And His Fiddlers', 'Hamlet On The Wrong Bus', 'Kalazaar Of Goa', 'Was Mahatma Gandhi A Bastard?', 'Confessions Of A Bride', and 'Footprints Of Christ' are worth their weight in gold. I congratulate you for this venture which rightly embarks at giving a chlorinated view of our existence since the advent of our independence.

"May you live long till sempiternity".

PATIALA. **S. Manohar.**

MORE STRIKES

"The Prime Minister Mr. Nehru on 4th January, 1957, at Laxmibai Nagar said that he felt ashamed that the salary of an average school teacher in India was less than that of a chaprasi in Delhi, reports PTI. And the 'Times of India' of 7th January says that 15,000 school teachers of Delhi will go on token hunger strike on 12th January in protest against non-fulfilment of their demands. The paper also says that 14 teachers of the Saini Rashtriya Kanya Pathshala, Pahari Dhiraj are facing near starvation. They have not been paid their salaries for nearly 17 months now and following the stoppage of aid by the Directorate of Education, over 400 girls have gone without their lessons from 17th December, 1956. With tears in her eyes a lady teacher of the school brought this sorry state of affairs to the notice of the annual general body meeting of Delhi Teachers Association. She said, "We are threatened by the management on one hand and by the landlord, the milk-seller, the tailor etc., on the other."

Padmini is looking out for her prey and whoever he is he is a lucky man. Watch this bundle of charms in "Payal", a tinkling entertainer produced by Madras Talkies.

"So the teachers are not being paid their legitimate dues (less than those of a Chaprasi (peon) in Delhi), leave alone meeting their other demands.

"A news item says that the Punjab Government has decided to introduce free and compulsory education within 5 years. In a statement at Laxmibai Nagar Mr. Gulzarilal Nanda, our Minister for Irrigation and Power, has said that free medical aid will be given by Government hospitals in 5 years, (an assurance which should have come from the Health Minister).

"We are kept well fed with promises all these years. How can we trust these politicians who bluff us heartlessly? How can they make promises of imparting free education when they cannot first satisfy the poor school teachers who in the words of Pandit Nehru 'mould the character of the nation'? Can you predict the result, Mr. Patel, if this state of affairs continues for long?"

NEW DELHI. **Mohan Lal Mohan.**

AMBEDKAR'S CHAMPION

"In your editorial of the November issue, while criticising Dr. Ambedkar for having accepted Buddhism, you have stated that your father was refused admission by Lokmanya Tilak, but that did not stop him from being a good lawyer. And for this injustice, he did not take vengeance on Hinduism.

"This may all be true, but it is certainly not analogous with the life-story of Dr. Ambedkar. The comparison would have become clearer, if you had worked in more details on the reasons of refusal of admission. In the absence of that, I am at a loss to know whether this was an injustice at all, especially when you attributed it to Lokmanya Tilak, who was himself a great fighter against injustice of any kind. Granting that it was an injustice, was it so much provocative as to discard one's own religion?

"With this background, Dr. Ambedkar's case looks entirely different. Injustice was done to him, from his first day in this world. He was declared to be an untouchable, as soon as he was born for no fault of his own and his hardships and handicaps began mounting on the advance of his age. He had been given the feeling of rejection in every walk of his life, every moment. They refused not only to touch him but to teach him also. But that did not stop him from becoming a veteran leader of sixty millions of people, the father of the Constitution of free India, an authority on law and a great scholar.

"Dr. Ambedkar, as an individual by himself, would not have much cared about his own religion, since he had achieved the greatest honours in life and untouchability had ceased to be of any consequence to him by dint of his elevated social status. But he could not be as complaisant as your father. He had the duty of carrying the miseries of sixty million subhuman beings on his shoulders. These untouchables in India were treated as beasts for thousands of years. They were refused everything in life. They were made the slaves of society to do all dirty work and even eat rotten flesh of dead animals. They were half-dead. Dr. Ambedkar had to raise them from their deplorable condition and inject the rebellious spirit into their veins to fight against this injustice done to them for ages by the caste Hindus. It was a difficult task, because all the avenues for progress and uplift were closed and properly guarded by the predominant classes. In their utter frustration, they had been left with nothing but the hatred against the injustice permitted by the Hindu society to which they never really belonged and therefore, they had to prepare themselves to fight tooth and nail against their accidental so-called religion which knew no equalities, no human values. Dr. Ambedkar, therefore, declared in 1935, his clear intentions to adopt a new religion, and waited for twenty years for a change of heart amongst caste Hindus, and miserably failed. He further tried to remove untouchability by making it a cognizable offence under law, but in practice, he found it did not work. These failures to attain fair things by fair means led him to discard the Hindu religion and embrace Buddhism which guaranteed equality in fundamental principles of living a life and recognized human values. Time alone will decide whether the step was right and whether it will lead to economic emancipation of the depressed classes."

BOMBAY. **Vamanrao.**

MAULANA'S ANCESTORS

"One can never say "thus far and no further" to secularism. In this India, that is Bharat, there is no limit to the height to which secularism will not sour, or depth to which it will not descend. In the primary schools of Madhya Bharat a new text book titled "The Great Sons of Bharat" has been prescribed. Among the great sons of Bharat listed in this book are—believe it or not—Mohammed Ghazni, Allauddin Khilji and Aurangzeb! Can Congress secularism run more amuck? If Allauddin Khilji was a great son of India, who was Padmini? If Aurangzeb was a great son of India, who was Shivaji? And to what part of India did Mohammed Ghazni belong? Perhaps the historical research department of Central Education Ministry will enlighten us on this point?"

BOMBAY. **K. S. Daryani.**

SUCHETA'S POWER GAME

"The prodigal has returned. Shrimati Sucheta Kripalani is again back in the Congress fold. The Praja Socialist Party has a wonderful knack of losing its leaders. But even the cynical common man of the street had no idea that it would lose a trump card like Sucheta. But why did Sucheta return so shamefacedly? When she left the P.S.P. it was reported that she was not joining any other party, and that she would contest a Parliamentary seat as an independent. But it seems in independent India no politician is anxious to be independent. And so Sucheta has sold herself for the loaves and fishes of a Congress election ticket.

BOMBAY. **K. S. Daryani.**

BRIBE-BOUND EXAMS

"It is really appalling to note how students, in a bid to get through their examinations, stoop to ignominious practices.

"In the recent Intermediate examinations held at Warangal Intermediate college by the Osmania University some students paid a bribe to the clerk concerned and obtained answer books well in advance of the examinations. At the time of the examinations, the students managed to send their question papers to their friends staying outside, who had answered the question papers by conveniently referring to the text books in the answer papers earlier supplied to them by the clerk. At the time of returning the papers to the invigilator, the students handed over their own written papers which were replaced by the answer books written by their friends, by the ingenious and ignoble clerk. These students, who have not even the elementary knowledge in their subjects, have thus managed to get through their examinations in flying colours.

"The authorities have been blind to these underhand malpractices ingeniously and ingenuously practised by the students aided by the clerks concerned. Whither bound education, Mr. Patel?"

WARANGAL. **Kumari Niranjani.**

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